POEMS

Chiefly consisting of

SATYRS

AND

Satyrical Epistles.

By ROBERT GOULD.

LICENSED.

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MDCLXXXIX.

TO THE

Right Honourable JAMES, EARL of ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,

IN all Ages the greatest and wisest of Mankind have been the *Patrons of Poesie*; They have taken the Authors into their *Con-*

verse, and their Works into their *Bosoms*, and both in the one and the other have not fail'd of an agreeable, and, oft, a *Divine Entertainment:* But neither of these is to be expected from *Me*, or my *Writings:* These *Poets* might pretend their Merit to the Favour and Protection of their *Patrons*; Whereas, I must consider your Lordship's Condescension to me meerly as an effect of your Goodness, which, because it would have me do well, gave me Encouragement, though to do well was not really in my Power: However, when *Vertue* and *Truth* were my Subjects, I never fail'd to exert my *Endeavours*. You found me, my Lord, an *Orphan*, without Fortune or Friends, and have rais'd me

to

to both; I have had the ſmiles of many Perſons, becauſe they knew I had your Lordſhip's; Your *Approbation* was the *Stamp* that made me paſs almoſt *Unqueſtion'd*, though, at the ſame time, you knew, or at leaſt I was conſcious to my ſelf, the Metal was not right *Sterling*. Nor has your Lordſhip only rais'd me, and left me there, but ſetled upon me ſuch a competence as has fixt my Ambition. Showing the World you are of the ſame mind of *Timon* in *Shakeſpear*,

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after.

But I am not the only proof, by many, of your Lordſhip's Bounty;

'tis of a more diffusive Nature than to be so narrowly confin'd: No Man that ever had the Honour of being a *Retainer* to your Lordship, but has known it in a high degree; To be admitted your *Menial* is, in effect, a Maintainance for Life: And what may the good Servant expect when even the bad (such as my self) meet with Rewards so unproportion'd to any Merit they can pretend by their Service? Neither are these Showres of Liberality rain'd only on your *Domesticks*; Strangers, as well as they, have their share. The Widow, the Fatherless, and the Poor, are the continual Objects of your Charity; amid'st affairs of the highest moment (in which y'are now employ'd) you

have

have a thought that stoops to the Relief of the Wretched. Our Divine *Herbert* tells us,

---- *All* worldly Goods *are less*
Than that one good *of doing kindnesses.*

This is a Principle you live up to in all its Latitude; for, certainly, your Lordship may pass under this general Character, that never any Man was known to you but to his Advantage. The Oath *Pindar* enjoins his *Muse* (in Praise of *Theron* Prince of *Agrigentum*) might with equal Justice be said of your Lordship:

Swear

Swear in no City e'r before,
A Better Man, or greater Soul
was born;
Swear that Theron, *ſure, has ſworn*
No Man near him ſhou'd be poor;
Swear that none e'r had ſuch a grace-
ful Art,
Fortunes Free *Gifts as* freely *to im-*
part
With an unenvious hand, *and an* un-
bounded Heart. *Cowley.*

The Reſpect I bear to Gratitude and Truth, and the unfeigned Duty I owe your Lordſhip, wou'd not ſuffer me to paſs by making this Declaration, which poſſibly may be no derogation or leſſening of your Fame, if what I have written happen

happen to live to Poſterity: They will then ſee (bad as this Age is) there was ſome Vertue extant, that there was one juſt *Theme*, at leaſt, for *Panegyrick* amid'ſt our num'rous *Subjects* for *Satyr*. And, indeed, it muſt be a ſublime Pen that does your Lordſhip Right; who were one of the very firſt that appear'd in the glorious Occaſion of redeeming us from the Mercileſs Jaws of Popery and Slavery, and once more make the reform'd Religion flouriſh in its primitive Purity, as deliver'd to us by the holy *Apoſtles*, before *Innovation* and *Superſtition* had crept in, and the *grand Impoſtor* trampled upon *Crowns* and *Mitres*. *Piety* and not *Power* is the *Rock* on which the *Church* ſhou'd be founded.

The

The Fisher *to convert the World began,*
The Pride convincing of vain-glorious Man;
But soon his Follower *grew a* Sovereign Lord,
And Peter's Keys *exchang'd for* Peter's Sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted Son;
Vast Patrimonies, *though himself had* none;
Wresting the Text to the old Gyant's *sense,*
That Heav'n, once more, must suffer violence. Denham.

'Tis indisputable, *Popery*, for many Years, has been the source of

of all the *Troubles* and *Divisions* among us: And nothing less than we have felt, cou'd be expected from the *restless Temper* and *diligent Malice* of our *Adversaries.* We have now a new Example (though the old ones, methinks, might have serv'd) That *Nature, Piety, Brotherly Love* and *Charity,* with all the *Sacred Ties* that constitute *Christianity*, are of no more strength to them, than *Sampson's* Cords when his *Harlot* said, *The Philistins are upon thee.* Had things run on in that Chanel they had cut for 'em, we are not sure the Blood had till now been running in our Veins. But 'tis to be hoped our *Fears* of the introducing that *Persuasion* are over --- It remains we should be thankful for

our

our *Deliverance*, Honour our *Deliverers*; and endeavour, by the Living up to the *Religion* we profess, that Heav'n wou'd grant a Continuance of it to us. But to be signal upon this Account, is not the only glory of your Lordship; your Life is but one continued Series of Honourable Actions, which from the first, as well as at the late *Crisis of Affairs*, have been known to the Publick, and every where discours'd to your Advantage: *Abingdon* is a sound that has reacht every Ear: If *Poets* may presume so far, I cou'd methinks prophesy, that in after days no name will be more generally celebrated: They will ev'n then be secur'd by what has been done now; and seeing their *Safety*, *Ease* and *Plenty*,

Plenty, with a long Uninterruption of their *Religion*, *Liberty* and *Property*, ſprung from ſuch as your Lordſhip, who ſtood in the *Breach* when ſo bold a Blow was ſtruck at the *Fundamental Conſtitution* of our happy Eſtabliſht Government, they muſt, conſequently, reflect on your Memoires with double Veneration. The *Poets*, too, of thoſe Times will not be ingrateful, but to your Iſſue deſcribing the Gallantry of their great Progenitors, make 'em endeavour to tread in the ſame tract of Glory. Nor indeed ſhould I paſs by this ſubject my ſelf, but that 'twill be diſcretion to decline it, ſince I know I am incapable of doing it Juſtice; and for that Reaſon waving it, will be as great a kindneſs as the little

little Modesty I have, ever did me; for I am, now at last, thoroughly satisfy'd of my inability of performing any thing well in *Poesie:* And if a hearty Protestation of leaving off Writing in that way, and betaking my self to those Studies that may make me more useful in the Station your Lordship has placed me, will give me a better Title to your Lordship's Protection than any I can yet boast of, I shall not doubt to approve my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's Faithful, humble,

And entirely Devoted Servant,

Robert Gould.

PREFACE.

I *Should say something, methinks, in relation to the* Papers *I here publish; and truly the first thing I shall say is, that I do not conceive they deserve that trouble: However, that the* Reader *may be enclin'd to forgive some of the many Faults he will be sure to meet with, I must inform him they were all writ in an Age that has some* Pretence *to a* Pardon; *as also without those advantages of Learning, necessary for the management of such studies; the* Greek *and* Latine Poets *being, in their* Original Tongues, *wholly unknown to*

me. This is a kind of Confession that wou'd have grated some Men to have publish't, but 'tis Truth, and that takes away a little from the reproach on't, though I hope 'twill be thought none, since the avoidless Circumstances I have been in deny'd me all access to the bettering my self by Letters, the necessary and daily Provision for an honest subsistence taking up my Time; and no Man can be Disposer of his Fate, a supreme hand governs. Notwithstanding, I must declare I found admittance into the best and most refin'd Conversation; But Conversation, 'tis allow'd, is not able to make a Poet, *though, indeed, it may improve him: There shou'd be a Foundation laid in the* University, *which also shou'd be mellow'd and pol-*

lisht

lisht by Travel and Correspondence, for that gives us a clearer Inspection into Men, and their variety of Dispositions; without this, to speak plain, there will appear some of the Rust of the College *in a Man's Manners and Intellect: A Man of* general Knowledge *is not to be made so there; meerly for a* Divine *it may do indifferent well, yet 'twere better they knew the World more, without which they cannot truly teach us to despise it. Beside all this, there shou'd be some skill in the Modern as well as* Learned Languages, *and a good Study of Books (some of all Authors) to resort to at Pleasure; for nothing but that which makes a* truly accomplisht Gentleman, *can make a* good Poet: *and to push the Parallel home; as one*

born a Gentleman, *unless his Education illustrate his Extraction, is more contemptible than the vilest Peasant: so a* Poet, *though so by* Nature, *will prove himself to be little better, unless* Art *and* Judgment *are ready at hand, to give the last* touch *and* gracefulness *to his* Writings, *and make that a* finisht Piece, *which before was but a* Sketch, *or* Rough-Draught *of the* Fancy. *A Man must have an equal Portion of both, though of different* Species *they must be made one* Individual, *like the* Hermaphrodite *in* Ovid, *without which nothing can be produced that will bear the* Test of Ages.

'Twas this the Ancients meant; *Nature* and *Skill*
Are the *two Tops* of their *Parnassus Hill.*

Thus

Thus Sir John Denham (*who, indeed, in his* Cooper's Hill *has reacht those* Two Tops *he there speaks of; and if the most Excellent things deserve most Imitation, certainly no Man ought to write in English without laying down that Poem as his Pattern; there we see of what our Language is capable,* Life, Sweetness, Strength *and* Majesty.) And Mr Waller, *whose Works claim the same Veneration, tells us,*

Though *Poets* may of Inspiration boast,
Their Rage, ill govern'd, in the Clouds is lost;
He that proportion'd Wonders can disclose,
At once his *Fancy* and his *Judgment* shows.

And in the late Admirable Essay upon Poetry *by the Earl of* Mulgrave.

As all is dullneſs when the *Fancy*'s bad,
So, without *Judgment*, *Fancy* is but mad. ---
--- *Reaſon* is that ſubſtantial uſeful part
That gains the *Head*, while tother wins the *Heart*.

Ben Johnſon, *too, lets us know in his Elegie upon Divine* Shakeſpear,

That, though the *Poet's Matter Nature* be,
His *Art* muſt give the Faſhion; and that *He*
That means to write a *Living Line* muſt ſweat,
And (*without tiring*) ſtrike the *ſecond Heat*
Upon the *Muſes Anvil*,---
Or for the *Lawrel* he may purchaſe *ſcorn*;
For a *good Poet*'s *made* as well as *born*.

And, in ſhort, the difficulty of being a good one is ſo very great, 'tis ſcarce attainable ev'n by the well Learned; for an Excellent Scholar *may be a* bad Poet; *how hard is it then for one that is* no Scholar *to be a* Good Poet?

Poet? *And indeed the Consideration of the Disadvantages I labour'd under, which made it impossible for me to be so, ought, in Discretion, to have made me lain down my Pretensions to that* Art, *as soon as taken up, and not have follow'd the Violence of an* Inclination, *which though pleasing to my self, might make me Obnoxious to the just and sharp Rallery of the* Criticks; *as the late Famous Earl of* Rochester *naturally expresses it:*

Your Muse *diverts you*, makes the *Reader sad*,
You fancy y'are *inspir'd*, he thinks you *mad*;
Consider, too, 'twill be discreetly done
To make your self the *Fiddle* of the *Town*.

And certainly there is no worse Fate upon Earth than being laught at.---- But if the Reader *will for-*

give what is amiſs, I will never give him any freſh Occaſion for that Favour; for here I renew my Promiſe (made to two great Men) *of yielding up all my Engagements to that Study, together, if the* Criticks *pleaſe, with the very Name of a* Poet, *which I confeſs I do not deſerve; Reſolving ſeriouſly never more to write a line, unleſs in command to thoſe I dare not diſobey; though ev'n there I am ſo far ſecur'd, that no man of ſenſe will think it worth the while to lay ſuch an Injunction upon me, and I pay no obſervance to Fools. Yet, methinks, I comfort my ſelf with this, that by leaving off ſcribling betimes, the moſt malicious can but ſay I have thrown away the ſpare Intervals of five or ſix youthful years,*

which

which is in ſome ſort aton'd, in that I ſhew the World 'tis poſſible for a Poet *to lay aſide* Verſifying, *and encline to* Buſineſs. *However, thus far I may juſtly boaſt, that I am the firſt that ever, under thirty Years of Age, took a voluntary leave of the* Muſes.

THE

THE TABLE.

POEMS chiefly consisting of Satyrs and Satyrical Epistles.

SONG

Love-Verses.

Miscel-

Miſcellanies.

Funeral

The TABLE.

Funeral Elegies

Pindarick Poems.

Satyrs.

Jack

PO-

H

POEMS

Chiefly consisting of

SATYRS

AND

Satyrical Epistles.

SONG I.

Fatal Constancy.

(1.)

Clara charming without Art,
The wonder of the Plain,
Wounded by Love's resistless Dart,
Had over-fondly giv'n her Heart
To a regardless Swain:
Who, though he well knew
Her Passion was true,
Her Truth and her Beauty disdain'd;

While thus the fair Maid,
By her Folly betray'd,
To the reſt of the Virgins complain'd.

(2.)

Take heed of Man, and, while you may,
Shun Love's Deceitful Snare;
For though at firſt it looks all Gay,
'Tis ten to one y'are made a Prey
To Sorrow, Pain and Care:
But if you love firſt
T'are certainly Curſt,
Deſpair will inſult in your Breaſt:
The Nature of Men
Is to ſlight who love them,
And love thoſe that ſlight 'em, the beſt.

(3.)

Yet, let the Conq'rour know my mind,
Ingrateful Celadon,
That he will never, never find
One half ſo true, or half ſo kind,
When I am dead and gone:
But, as ſhe thus ſpoke,
Her tender Heart broke;
Death ſpares not the fair nor the Young:
So *Swans* when they dy
Make their own Elegy,
And breath out their Life in a Song.

SONG II.

No Life if no Love.

(1.)

CÆlia is Chaſt, yet her bright Eyes
Are Motives to deſire,
Each Look, each Motion does ſurprize,
And laſting Love inſpire:
Her ſmiles wou'd make the Wretch rejoyce,
That ne're rejoyc't before;
And O! to hear her charming Voice,
Is Heav'n, or ſomething more!

(2.)

And thus adorn'd, where e're ſhe turns,
Freſh Conqueſts on her wait;
The trembling, Reſtleſs Lover burns,
Nor can reſiſt his Fate.
Ah! *Cælia*, as thou'rt fair, be kind,
Nor this ſmall Grace deny;
Though Love for Love I never find,
Yet let me Love, or Dy!

SONG III.

Pity, if you'd be pity'd.

(1.)

WHY, *Celia*, with that coy Behaviour
Do you meet *Amintor*'s Flame?
Why deny him ev'ry Favour,
That ſo much adores your Name?
Adores it, too, with ſuch a Paſſion,
Fervent, laſting and Divine,
That wou'd from all Hearts draw Compaſſion,
All, but that hard Heart of thine.

(2.)

Gods! Why thus d'ye waſt your Graces?
Why thus Bountiful in vain?
Why give Devils Angels Faces,
Firſt to pleaſe, and then diſdain?
Where ever was a Beauteous Creature
That bore lightning in her Eye,
But to her Lover ſhew'd ill Nature,
And cou'd ſmile to ſee him dy?

(3.)

'Tis true, at laſt, Heav'ns Indignation,
Cauſeleſs hatred to Reprove,
Makes her doat with equal Paſſion
On ſome Youth, averſe to Love;

One

One that, regardless, sees her languish,
Like a withering *Lily* pine---
O pity then *Amintor*'s anguish,
Or that Fate may soon be thine!

SONG IV.

The reasonable Request.

(1.)

FOR pity, *Celia*, ease my care;
The scorn your Eye does dart,
Swifter than Lightning pierces Air,
Runs to my trembling Heart,
The Pangs of Death are less severe
When Souls and Bodies part:
But Death I've oft invok't, and shall again;
For what fond wretch wou'd on the Rack remain,
And have no use of Life but still to live in pain?

(2.)

I not presume to beg a Kiss,
Twou'd heighten my *Desire*;
And a kind look's a happiness
That wou'd but mount it higher;
Nor yet your *Love*, for that's a Bliss
Where I must ne're aspire:
No, this is all that I request, and sure
A smaller Boon was never beg'd before,
Do but believe I love you, and I ask no more.

SONG V.

The Hopeless Comfort.

(1.)

NOT though I know she, fondly, lies
Clasp't in my *Rival*'s Arms,
Can free my Heart, or keep my Eyes
From fixing on her Charms!

(2.)

Tell me, ye Pow'rs that rule our Fate;
Why are frail men so vain,
With so much *Zeal* to wish for that
They never can attain?

(3.)

Some Comfort 'tis I'me not alone,
All are like me undone;
And that which does, like Death, spare none,
Why shou'd I hope to shun?

SONG VI.

The Fruitless Caution.

Amintor. *Cælia.*

Am. TAke heed, fair *Cælia*, how you slight
The Youth that courts you now;
For though fresh Charms, like dawning Light,
Still flourish on your Brow,
Yet fairest Days must know a Night,
And so, alas! must *Thou:*

In vain, in vain
You'l then complain,
In vain your Scorn and Cruelty bemone;
For none can prove
So dull, to love,
When Age approaches, or when Beauty's gone.

Cælia. Cease, Fond *Amintor*, cease your Suit,
For 'tis but urg'd in vain;
Who'd sow where they can reap no Fruit
But *Anguish* and *Disdain?*
Your whining Passion I despise,
And hearken to't no more
Than the deaf Winds to Seamen's cries
When all the Billows roar:

For if when Youth and Beauty's gone
I muſt be ſcorn'd of Men,
I'le now revenge, e're Age come on,
My *Perſecution* then.

SONG VII.

The Wanderer fixt.

(1.)

E'Re I ſaw *Silvia*, I, with eaſe,
Cou'd find out many that cou'd pleaſe;
With Beauty fraught and free from Pride;
To gain their Loves I cou'd have dy'd!
But when I firſt your Eyes did view,
Streight to my Heart ſwift Magick flew:
Before your ſweet obliging Air,
So fine your Shape, and Face ſo fair,
All others Charms did diſappear,
And were no longer what they were!

(2.)

So of the Stars that gild the Sky,
They've Rev'rence paid from ev'ry Eye;
Not one but does deſerve our Praiſe,
Not one but does our wonder raiſe,
Not one but what is gay and bright,
Able, alone, to Rule the Night;

Yet

Yet, though ſo bright and glorious, they
All, in a Moment's time, decay,
Grow dim and ſeem to dy away,
When once *Aurora* opens day!

SONG VIII.

The unwilling Inconſtant.

(1.)

THough She's ſo much by all admir'd,
That ev'n cold Age is with her preſence fir'd;
Yet, by ſome more Reſiſtleſs Art,
You raze her Image from my heart,
Which nothing, nothing elſe but Death could (part!

(2.)

Say quickly (O enchanting Maid!)
By what ſtrange witchcraft I am thus betray'd?
Since *She* to whom I've ſworn is true,
I ſhou'd a high Injuſtice do,
To place what only ſhe deſerves, on you.

(3.)

O try, thou who, without controul,
Haſt ſhot thy glorious Form into my Soul,
Whoſe Eyes as ſoon as ſeen ſubdue,
O try to make me hate thee too;
But that, alas! is what you cannot do.

SONG

SONG IX.

Nothing wanting to Love.

(1.)

YES, *Silvia*, I was told but now,
While on your Breast I lay
My Head, and thus obsequious bow,
I fool my Fame away;
That *Glory* while I thus do join
My Lips and glowing Cheeks to thine,
Starts wide, and cries, She'l ne're be mine.

(2.)

Let the false World true Passion blame,
And Heav'ns best Gift despise;
I'de rather be the Fool I am,
Than, without Love, be wise:
Fame, *Glory*, and what e're we find
That captivates th' Ambitious mind,
I have 'em all, if thou art kind!

SONG X.

The Result of Loving.

(1.)

CÆlia is cruel; *Silvia*, Thou,
I must confess, art kind;
But in her Cruelty, I vow,
I more repose can find:
For O thy Fancy at all Game does fly,
Fond of Address, and willing to comply.

(2.)

Thus he that loves must be undone;
Each way on Rocks we fall:
Either you will be kind to none,
Or worse, be kind to all.
Vain are our Hopes, and endless is our Care;
We must be Jealous, or we must despair.

SONG XI.

Prescription for Falshood.

YOU that have lov'd, and too soon believ'd,
You that have lov'd, and been deceiv'd,
No more complain,
For Grief is vain,
But make Musick with your Chain,
A sort of Melancholy Joy;
Nor rashly blame
The perjur'd Dame
That did your Peace destroy:
Though they the Paths to Falshood tread,
They yet but follow as they're led,
They do but as their Mothers did;
Flatter, smile, deceive, betray,
By certain Instinct go astray:
But e're since *Eve*,
We may perceive
'Twas those that bore 'em shew'd the way:
Then blame 'em not; but mourn with me
That *Females*, fair
As Angels are,
Shou'd so destructive be,
And have so old a claim to *Infidelity*.

The end of the Songs.

LOVE-

LOVE-VERSES.

The Captive.

LOng I had laught at the vain name of *Love*,
Too weak to charm me, and too dull to move;
It ne're cou'd make a Conqueſt of my heart,
Freedom and that were one, and were too fond to part;
Freedom, without whoſe aid ev'n Life wou'd tire,
And, e're it reach't th' allotted Goal, expire:
But ah! too ſoon I found that Bleſſing gone,
Whoſe Loſs, I fear, I muſt for ever mone.
I ſaw her and no more, one pointed view
Softn'd my flinty Breaſt, and pierc't it through and through.
O who can love's reſiſtleſs Darts, controul,
That, through our Eyes, ſo ſoon can reach the Soul!
Yet Liberty, I'll not thy Loſs deplore;
I lov'd my Freedom well, but love this Slav'ry more:
For though ſtern *Celia*'s Captive I remain,
And ſtoop my Neck to Love's Imperial Chain,
There's a ſtrange nameleſs Joy incorporate with the pain.

To Cælia desiring his Absence.

YES, now you have your Wish, but Ah! be kind
To the poor Captive Heart I leave behind;
For though I go, yet that with Thee remains,
Proud that 'tis Thine, and triumphs in its Chains:
For all the Beauties that are now unblown,
When in their gaudiest prime they shal be shown
And kneeling to be lov'd, I'de not my Flame disown;
Though by that time perhaps thy charms might wast,
And the gay bloom of smiling Youth be past.
Yet you inflexible, obdurate prove,
And say, *'Tis false, 'tis feign'd, not real love:*
O cease those thoughts, and cease to be severe;
For by thy self, thy awful self, I swear,
I love too well, and must with grief confess,
Those Men much happier that can love thee less.

The Prayer.

HEar me, O pow'rful Charmer! e're my Breath
Is stopt by the ungentle hand of Death;
E're my quick Pulse has ever ceas'd to beat,
And from my Heart drain'd all the vital heat;
E're

E're on my Tomb you ſtand and drop a Tear,
And cry, *The hapleſs Youth had not lain here,*
If I had been leſs rigid and ſevere;
'Twas my cold Frowns that wing'd his timeleſs Fate;
Too ſoon he lov'd, and I believe too late!
Hear me, I beg (if truth may beg for Grace)
Let not thy Heart bely thy Angel's Face:
Thy Face is with Compaſſion cloath'd around,
With mildneſs and with ſmiling mercy crown'd;
If not there, where is Pity to be found?
Kind Glances from thy Eyes for ever move,
And kindle all Beholders into Love
O let me, then, beſeech your gentle Ear,
For once, to ſtoop to your low Vaſſal's Prayer.
Which is no more, but that you would not hate
That Paſſion which your Beauty did create.
I do not ask your Love, or, if I do,
He does but ask your Love that will be true.

An Expoſtulation for diſcover'd Love; which yet could not be conceal'd.

CUrſt be the time when firſt my Soul inclin'd
To ſay, 't was Love of her oppreſt my mind.
Curſt too, the Wretch that did the Meſſage bear,
That made her tender Nature grow ſevere,
And plung'd me, hopeleſs, deeper in Deſpair,

And

And curst my Self (if there a Curse remain,
If yet there be a Plague beyond disdain)
That did the Inauspicious lines indite,
That banisht me for ever from her sight,
When, were I to see Heav'n it self, 'twou'd be
with less delight!
O Slave! O wretch, hopeless, forlorn, undone!
I graspt at Joy and pull'd my ruin on.
Did I not hear her talk and see her move?
Her negligence it self was fuel to my Love:
She sung, she danc't, conquer'd without controul,
And every motion flasht upon the Soul,
Forc't it, with Charms o'er-power'd, to retire,
Which, when recover'd, did enhance desire,
And made me more adore and more admire!
All this with Silence I had still enjoy'd,
But my too forward Zeal all this destroy'd.
O Slave! O Wretch!--yet why shou'd I complain?
By Fate compell'd, I have reveal'd my pain,
And so shou'd do, were it to do again:
Long smother'd Flames at last will force their
way,
And, when once Master, will no more obey.

The

The vain Purſuit.

To a Lady that deſir'd him to write to her in Verſe.

CHloe, when you are pleas'd Commands to lay,
Though 'twere on Kings, they'd readily obey;
Much more may I then, ſo much leſs than they.

But Ah! I fear, my humble Verſe will move
You rather to deſpiſe it than approve,
For I can write of nothing elſe but Love:

Of nothing elſe, 'tis my eternal Theme,
That flows, ſtill, with an unexhauſted ſtream
In all I ſay, or do, or think, or dream.

Sometimes I take my Book and go to Prayer;
But Love, fond Love, ev'n interrupts me there,
And turns my vain Devotions into Air.

Yet, though ſo true to Love, I ne're cou'd find
No Balm of comfort for my wounded mind;
There's not a Star in Heav'n but what's unkind!

For the hard ſhe that I am doom'd t' obey,
From my purſuit for ever flies away,
And Fate it ſelf's too weak to bribe her ſtay.

Shadows that Fleet before us o'er the Plain,
Follow as faſt when we come back again,
But ſhe ne're turns, and cannot be o'ertane.

This is the riged Fate I'me forc't to bear;
And tell me, Fair one, is it not ſevere,
That ſo much Love ſhou'd meet ſo much deſpair?

Deſpair, the bitter Bowl, which, I've heard tell,
Does to the Brim with ſuch ſtrong Poiſon ſwell,
As makes the Furies laſh themſelves in Hell.

Her Name I will conceal; my Reaſon why,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not blame me when I dy,
That one ſo low ſhou'd have a thought ſo high.

Love and Deſpair.

IN vain I write, in vain I ſtrive to move
Her whoſe ſtern nature is averſe to love:
Ah Cruel *Nymph*! Ah moſt regardleſs Fair!
Still ſcorning, ſmiling at my reſtleſs care.
'Tis ſaid, the glorious World and all above
Was rais'd from *Chaos* at one word of Love:
Through the wide Waſt bleſt order ſwiftly flew,
And wild Confuſion chang'd her grieſly hew,
Diſcord

Discord by her own Off-spring was forsook ;
And the glad *Spheres* their constant motion took,
And with a joint consent for ever march
Their mighty rounds over the spangl'd Arch :
From Love's eternal sway there's nothing free ;
'Tis strange, then, *Cælia*, there is none in Thee,
But sure there is, though not design'd for me.
And, to say truth, my hopes must needs be frail
When Interest more than Passion does prevail,
And vulgar breath kick up the sacred scale :
Besides (what plainer proof of stedfast hate ?
She says she scorns, and what she says is Fate :
For if 'twere possible she shou'd be kind,
Her very Eyes, e're this, had told her mind ;
But Ah! instead of Love, when I gaze there,
In plain, broad Characters I read, *Despair !*
Despair then wretch, nor longer strive to move
Her whose stern Nature is averse to Love.

The Hopeless Lover ;

In a Vision to Cælia.

TWas now the Time when all remains of day
By the thick shades of night were chas'd away ;
Silence and gentle sleep fill'd every Breast,
And Natures self seem'd to retire to rest :

Nothing but Fancy (for ſhe ever wakes,
And, unconfin'd, her roving Journey takes
O'er Hills, o'er Dales, o'er flowy Meads and Lakes;
And ſometimes mounts aloft where Angels dwell,
And in a trice ſhoots down from thence to Hell,
There all the tortures of the damn'd does view,
And almoſt makes us think we feel 'em too.)
Nothing beſide was free; and 'twas her will
To ſhew the Paſtimes of her antick skill:
Wrapt deep in ſleep I lay, the Scene was drew,
And this was that preſented to my view.

I lookt, and lo! I ſaw a Nymph, as fair
As Guardian Angels in Idea are;
So ſoft her Carriage, and her Eyes ſo bright,
Their Luſtre did ſupply the abſent light.
Charm'd with the dazling object, and amaz'd,
I eagerly on the ſweet Viſion gaz'd:
But witneſs for me Heav'n, for you know beſt
What Admiration ſeiz'd my trembling Breaſt,
When drawing nigh to take a ſtricter view,
(Not thinking that the Beauteous form I knew)
I found 'twas *Cælia*, cauſer of my ſmart,
Cælia, the cruel Empreſs of my heart;
Whoſe Eyes, methought, at my approach ſhot flame,
Arm'd with that fatal Weapon, ſharp diſdain;
Backward I ſtarted, Horror ſeiz'd my heart,
And ſtab'd it round in every vital part;
Nor had I ſtrength to bear the painful wound,
But fainted, and fell ſpeechleſs to the ground;

And

And loſt had been beyond Fate's power to ſave,
Had not theſe words recall'd me from the grave.

Amintor, *riſe, give Ear to what I ſpeak;*
I bring the Cure, the onely Cure you ſeek:
Deſpair *no more (the bane of all delight)*
Shall break your peace by day, your reſt by night,
But, chas'd by me, take everlaſting flight:
Up then, to meet thy coming Joy prepare,
And think me now as gentle as thou'ſt thought me fair.

Reviv'd with theſe kind words I upward ſprung,
But Fear had yet bar'd utt'rance from my Tongue:
A thouſand doubts rowl'd in my troubl'd Breaſt,
While I ſtood trembling to expect the reſt;
Kind though ſhe ſeem'd, her Eyes commanded Death,
And my pale fate hung hov'ring o'er her Breath.

Dear Youth, continu'd ſhe, *the ſcorn I've ſhown*
Was only to confirm you more my own;
For, if your Paſſion was unfeign'd and pure,
I knew all tryal 'twou'd with eaſe endure:
'Twas this to be aſſur'd of, made me feign
All the ſharp rigours of unjuſt diſdain;
And who, alas! will blame me, that reflects
How many of our frail believing Sex
Are ruin'd, loſt, caught in the worſt trapan,
By the fair ſpecious Arts of faithleſs Man;
How oft ye vow y'are our eternal Slaves,
Then Tyrants *grow and drive us to our Graves:*

When once possest for what you feign'd to burn,
You treat us with disdain, neglect and scorn,
And mighty Love *to rude contempt does turn:*
Such thoughts as these made me with caution move,
And on a sure foundation build my Love;
For who e're gain'd it, I well knew wou'd find,
'Twas not the Passion of a fickle mind,
Changing as Tydes, and wav'ring with the Wind,
But fixt like Fate from whence its Essence came,
Ever to last, and always be the same:
And so, Amintor, *so to you I give*
A Heart, which for you only wisht to live.

Charm'd with the tuneful sound her Language bore,
I now was lost in Joy, as in despair before:
Not the least sign of sorrow did remain,
This one blest moment cancell'd all my pain:
So a new enter'd Saint through Heav'n does range,
And so does wonder at his happy change.
At last, recover'd from the Trance, I spoke,
And in these words the pleasing silence broke.

Thou truest Image of the Powers above,
For they, like you, will frown on him they love;
But when through much Adversity h' has past,
Like you, they bounteously reward at last;
For Perseverance gains their love divine,
And Perseverance too, has gain'd me thine.
Thou'st sav'd me from despair and rais'd me higher
Than my most tow'ring wish e're durst aspire.

O how shall I enough thy worth declare!
How sweet! how soft! how merciful and fair!
Description droops when I'de thy praise relate,
And Language fails beneath the pond'rous weight.
O strange reverse! --Oft have I sent my cries,
Through yielding Air, up echoing to the Skies:
How oft in each thick Melancholy Grove
Have I sat mourning my improsp'rous Love?
How oft did I to senseless Trees complain?
Whose whistling leaves wisper'd back grief again:
Hard stones of Adamant *ev'n seem'd to hear,*
And, in Compassion, oft wou'd drop a Tear;
But harder you ne'r wept, or lent a pitying Ear.
So moving was each tender sigh and groan,
Ev'n Philomel *has ceas'd her midnight mone,*
And thought my melancholy strains more pitious than her own.
'Unkind, Relentless Cælia, *wou'd I cry,*
'Must I thus scorn'd and thus unpitied dy?
'Wou'd she vouchsafe one smile to ease the Slave,
'I'de go without reluctance to the Grave;
'But she denies me that; what then remains
'But with one stroke to free me from her Chains?
'In Death the Lover's eas'd from all unjust,
'Her pointed Frowns can't reach me in the Dust.
Such were the words my wild despair let fall,
But this blest moment has o're paid 'em all.

Thus I, methought, my Passion's progress mourn'd,
When, *Cælia*, weeping, this reply return'd.

Amintor, *how shall I your Peace restore?*
Or how reward the Pangs for me y'ave bore?
My Love, I fear, is a return too small;
Take with it then my Life, my Soul, my all!
All! (cry'd I) --- *By Heav'n the Gift's so great,*
As ev'n in Angels might Desire *create,*
And make 'em wish they mortal were, like me,
T' enjoy so fair an Excellence as thee!
Who if I ever cease t' adore and love,
May darted vengeance brand me from above,
And, if 'tis possible, to plague me more,
Plunge me in sorrow deeper than before.
What then, Dear Charmer, what remains but this?
What? but to rush on our approaching bliss;---
But first, we'll seal the Contract with a kiss.
But, Ah! no sooner had the cursed sound
Of those last words unwary utt'rance found,
But the fair Vision took her unseen flight
And swiftly vanish'd through the shades of night.
Awak't, I started up and gaz'd around,
But not one glimpse of the dear shadow found,
'Twas gone! 'twas gone! and with it fled away
All the dear hope I had of future Joy!

Eternally relentless Pow'rs above!
Must all my constant sighs so fruitless prove
As not to pierce the heart of her I love?
Must I for ever be (O cursed State!)
The wretched mark of her obdurate hate?
Must I for ever in these pangs remain?
Doom'd to love on, yet doom'd to love in vain?
But, 'tis your will, and I must not complain.

Yet

Yet, O ye Powers, had you been my Friend
So far, to 've let the Vision known no end,
That raptur'd with Imaginary Charms,
I might have slept whole Ages in her Arms;
Of all th' unnumber'd Joys you have in store
For Vertue, nothing cou'd have pleas'd me more:
But Ah! when we expect a sure relief,
To find we are but deeper fixt in grief,
Is of all human Curses, sure, the chief;
For know, O *Celia*, O disdainful fair,
I must still love thee, though I still despair.

Silvia *in the Country*, 1682.

AS in that Region where but once a year
The Sun does show himself and disappear,
Leaving no glimpse behind, but just to see
All Comfort flies away as swift as he;
Through the dark Plains wild Echo's hoarsly ring,
And Lyons roar where Birds were us'd to sing;
If by hard chance some wretch is left behind,
(For 'tis a Climate shun'd by human kind.)
He must endure an Age of ling'ring pain,
E're the bright Lamp of Heav'n returns again.
So, till you left the Town, 'twas all clear day,
But night, perpetual night, now y'are away.
Like him, alas! (his Northern Climes among)
Your stay is short, but, O! your absence long,

And

And O! how long so e're it is design'd,
That killing absence will afflict my Mind;
Nor me alone, for all that know you, mourn,
And all invoke the Gods for your return.
But why, alas! do I offend your Ear
With that which you, perhaps, disdain to hear?
Or wish you back in this ill Town again,
The *vast Exchange* of all things lewd and vain;
When you so much the happier lot enjoy,
Free from those storms which here our Peace destroy;
No *State-Plots* there disturb your blisful hours,
But every moment is worth ten of ours;
Where the harmonious Quire in Copses sing
Their Airs Divine, and prophecy of Spring;
Where Nature smiles and yields you all things rare,
At least she, sure, must smile now you are there.
No, rather let me wish my self with you,
And to that wish I'll add this other too,
That you'd be gracious to an am'rous Youth,
Nor let him suffer Martyrdom for Truth.

Silvia, *Luke-warm.*

NOw, while I languish on your gentle Breast,
(That Pillow where my Cares are hush't to rest)
While our plump veins are full of youthful fire,
And nature able to make good desire;

Why,

Why, at this Season, in Love's choicest prime,
Shou'd you believe, that I indulge a crime
To urge enjoyment? which you rather ought
To think th' effect of Passion, than a fault:
Think, dearest Charmer, how the Minutes fly,
And the preventing spite of Destiny;
Our vig'rous days, alas! will soon be gone,
And Impotence and Age come swiftly on;
Let us not then thus wast the pretious time,
Tis that, O *Silvia*, that's the greatest crime,
For as that fails, as that consumes away,
Who knows too but our Passions may decay?
Enjoyment will preserve the Flame entire,
For that's the fuel that maintains the Fire,
That's Love indeed, the rest is but desire;
That is the Oyl that makes the Colours last,
While Paints in Fresco fret away and wast:
For pity then change your half-yielding mind,
To be but kind in part is much unkind;
Luke-warm Indifferency I cannot bear,
Such tedious Hopes are worse than quick Despair.

Silvia, *Perjur'd.*

SHE has, ye Gods, forgot the Vows she made,
And, conscious, flies the wretch she has betray'd!
But, if she's yet not past the pow'r of Love,
If Constancy have Charms, or Verse can move,

I'll fetch thy Vertue back, forgetful fair,
And prove that plighted Oaths are something more than air;
In that sad Language I'll my wrongs impart,
So lively will I paint my bleeding heart,
Ev'n thou thy self shalt blush, and think it strange
It shou'd be capable of such a change!
Yes, fair perfidious Maid, twill make thee pause,
To see all this and know thou art the cause:
For by your Falshood, to soft Peace a Foe,
I'm rais'd to the extremest pitch of woe,
From whence surveying all the numerous fry
Of Men, I see not one so curst as I.
Did Angels know my truth as well as you,
Ev'n they wou'd wonder Man shou'd be so true.
But wonder more thou shou'd'st unfaithful prove
To such an inexhausted fund of Love.
You know, and I shall nere forget the time,
(If Love was Vertue then, why is it now a crime?)
When I lay raptur'd on your panting Breast,
Raptures not lawful here to be exprest;
When by the awful pow'rs above you swore,
Nay, by our mutual love, and that was more,
That to me only you your heart resign'd,
And for my sake rejected all Mankind:
Did I not there, too, vow the same to you?
You heard me, and your own bright Eyes did view
How zealously I lookt on Heav'n above,
Wish't it unkind to me if I prov'd false to love:
Have we not since too often done the same?
With fresh indearments fed th' eternal Flame?

Eternal

Eternal! --- No, 'twas momentany, ſlight,
A ſhort-liv'd Meteor, a glaring light,
A blaze, an *Ignis fatuus* of the night;
By which thou'ſt led me over Buſh and Thorn,
Drill'd on by hope, and driven back with ſcorn:
Sure thou doſt think thou at Love's Auction art,
And doſt, by Inch of Candle, parcel out thy heart;
Thy Flame ſo far from laſting, I ev'n doubt
Thou doſt but light it up to put it out,
Or ſindge us purblind Moths that fly about.
Deſtructive Sex! for as thou uſeſt me,
So each Man's us'd by ſome perfidious ſhe.
Cruel, or falſe y'are all; and he is bleſt,
He only, that excludes you from his Breaſt,
Nor lets your Tarrier Love diſlodge his reſt.
O wou'd kind Heav'n my ancient peace reſtore,
That Liberty which I contemn'd before,
Away, I'd cry, with Love, and think of it no more.

The end of the Love-Verſes.

Miſcel-

Miſcellanies.

TO

My Lord E. *Eldeſt Son to the Marqueſs of* H.

Upon his Marriage and Return, &c.

PArdon, my Lord, if a poor Poet, one
That is not, nor deſerves not to be known,
Preſume not only (hardn'd in his Crime)
To greet your ſafe Return with dogrel Rhime,
But wiſh your future Years may this atone,
And Bleſs no other Country but your own;
Which, as it griev'd to want your Luſtre here,
Envy'd it's ſhining in another Sphere.

Many there are that travel Foreign parts,
They ſay, to know the Manners, Men and Arts;
But 'ſtead of leaving their own droſs behind,
Bring back a droſs, too courſe to be refin'd,
Affected Body and affected Mind:

For

For such Accomplishments what need we roam,
Thanks to our Stars, these may be had at home.
But you, my Lord, have nobler Conduct shown,
And brought from the *French Court* what will adorn our own;
A *Vertuous Wife!* a thing so rare to see,
Ev'n *Holy Writ* mentions but two or three:
To her own Native Soil she bids adieu
For dear *Religion*, and her Dearer *You*;
Nor has she lost, but in your Arms will find
Sublimer Blessings than she leaves behind:
For early y'ave the chase of Fame begun,
Nor are, but by a Father's name outdone,
He, when three parts of four in darkness lay,
Broke the thick Scales and made us see the day,
And drove our *Fears* and *Jealousies* away;
False Fears and *Jealousies*, those useful things
That Knaves insinuate when they'd ruin Kings:
His Noble Image we in You may find,
Lively in Person, livelier in your mind,
For both have climb'd the Mountains top, there (sit,
He Judge of Wisdom, You the Judge of Wit.

TO

TO THE

Earl of Dorset *and* Middlesex, *&c. upon his Marriage with the Lady* Mary Compton.

OF all men His is the most pleasing Life,
That Heav'n has favour'd with a Vertuous Wife;
She loves him with a chast, but cheerful Flame,
And in all changes still will be the same;
She brings him home Content, and shuts out strife,
Content, the Cordial that does lengthen Life:
This Fate, my Lord, is yours, 'tis you have found
This Miracle, with true perfection Crown'd:
Her Youth's adorn'd in Nature's freshest Charms,
Her Youth she brings, unsully'd, to your Arms:
Nor is Heav'n only to her Person kind,
She is as nobly furnish't in her mind:
Good Natur'd, Pious, Affable to all,
Meek as the *Turtle Dove* that has no Gall,
And free from Pride as *Eve* before the Fall:
Ah had she been in her first Mother's room,
Sure Paradise had not been lost so soon!
But as the Treasure's vast which you possess,
'Tis your own Right, your Merit claims no less.

You to whom Nature kindly does impart
All that can please the Eye, or charm the Heart.
Shou'd our *Apollo* his pretensions quit
Of being sacred *President* of Wit,
With th' Acclamations of the general Voice,
You wou'd succeed, at least, you'd be the Poets
Choice.
To judge of Poesie some make pretence,
Damn what does please, and praise what gives
offence,
But all your approbation stamps goes currant
off for sense.
Yet though your Judgment we so much admire,
Your Charity does lift our wonder higher!
'Tis not for nought propitious Heav'n does bless
All that you undertake with such success:
Ev'n that rough Sea where most Adventurers fail,
That *Bay of Biscay* that tears every Sail,
Has favour'd you with an Auspicious Gale,
And brought you safe to the delightsome shore,
The golden Worlds of Love's eternal store,
Where unconcern'd you sit, and daily see
The Wrecks of Marriage, from the danger free;
For where the sacred Ty of Love does join
With that of Marriage, there the Knot's divine;
There Life like an untroubl'd stream does flow,
No murmuring sound or perturbation know,
But, Crown'd with daily Blessings, glides away
With an almost insensible decay.

To

To Sir Edward Nevil *Baronet, upon his Marriage.*

NOW, Sir, when your good Angel does rejoyce,
And looks down pleas'd upon your happy choice,
When Love and Beauty dreſt in all their charms,
Give up their only Darling to your Arms,
It may be thought Impertinence in Me,
To grate your Ears with worthleſs Poeſie;
For while Love's ſacred Muſick charms the ſenſe,
All other ſounds are harſh and give offence;
And yet, alas! though conſcious of my crime,
I ſtill go on; a Slave condemn'd to rhime.
'Tis grown almoſt a Miracle to ſee
Two Natures form'd by Nature to agree;
Your lovely Bride, Chaſt, Courteous, Noble, Good,
And you, Sir, Eminent in Worth as Blood,
Juſt, Loyal, Brave; --- but let me ſay no more,
Nor for a ſecret tell what all cou'd tell before.
Hail then, bleſt Pair! your Race of Love's begun,
And may you ſtill be eager to love on;
May Pleaſure flow, and, becauſe all muſt taſt
What ſorrow is, may ſorrow ebb as faſt,
That this firſt day may be a Prologue to the laſt:
May long Life bleſs you, and a health as long;
And may you, too, be fruitful while y'are young,
That from your Loyns a *Loyal Race* may ſpring,
T' *adorn* their Country, and to *ſerve* their King.

To my unknown Brother, Mr R. R. *hearing he was happily Marry'd.*

'TIS, sure, the fairest Branch of Nature's Law
To love all men, ev'n those we never saw;
By the same Rule, it follows we should still
Rejoice at their good Fate and mourn their ill,
Ev'n general Charity thus much shou'd do;
But I've a nearer Ty to grieve, or Joy for you:
Thy Sister, still indulgent to my ease,
And good, as she were only made to please,
Suspends my Care, and silences my grief,
Which, but for her, had never hop'd relief;
Ingrateful then, ill natur'd shou'd I be,
Did I not wish as good a Spouse to thee,
Did I not wish, that she whom you have chose
May make her chief diversion thy repose;
For Vertuous we will think her, though unknown,
Ev'n in thy Choice her Worth and Wit are shown:
What cou'd inspire thee with a Lover's care,
Must needs be something very Chast and Fair.
O may you long be happy in her Arms,
You never want for Love, nor she for Charms,
But smoothly glide along the stream of Life,
A tender Husband and Obedient Wife;
And O may never Jealousy destroy
Your Peace of Mind, and clog your rising Joy:
May ev'n the World to thy own wish agree,
The World, which has too often frown'd on me.

To

To G. G. C. *Eſq; upon the Report of his being dead.*

WHen to my Ears the diſmal Tydings flew,
And my own Fears had made me think 'twas true,
A ſilent ſorrow on my Soul did ſeize,
And fill'd my Breaſt with ſuch ſad thoughts as theſe.

Ah! why ſhou'd mortal Man on Life depend,
Which once, and none can tell how ſoon, muſt end?
Ev'n he who was but now all blythe and gay,
Cheerful as April's *Sun, and freſh as* May,
Whom every grace adorn'd and doated on,
In the full bloom of Life is dead and gone!
Cropt from his Stalk his vernal ſweets decay'd!
So flouriſh't Jonah's *Bower, and ſo did fade;*
Nor cou'd that loſs th' impatient Prophet bear,
He beat his Breaſt, and griev'd ev'n to deſpair:
Ah! how can I then mourn enough for thee,
Who always wert a Jonah's *Gourd to me,*
A ſhelter from the ſtorms of Poverty?
Yet, Witneſs Heav'n, it is not only gain,
The loſs of ſo much worth I moſt complain.
Honour he priz'd, and has this Honour gain'd,
'Twas ne'r by an ignoble action ſtain'd;
Nor was his Wit of a leſs ſterling Coin,
He ow'd it not to Blaſphemy, or Wine.

Ah! Why, ye Pow'rs! why was his Morn so bright,
If you design'd so soon to banish light,
And bring on gloomy death, and endless night!
But, lo! while thus I did indulge my grief,
The happy news arriv'd that gave relief;
A gust of Joy ran through each vital part,
Flam'd in my Eyes and revell'd in my heart!
He lives! I cry'd, --- *dy those that wish him ill,*
He lives! the great young man is with us still;
He lives! that word shall dwell upon my Tongue,
He lives! shall be the burden of my Song,
He lives! and 'tis my Prayer he may live long.

To P. A. *Esq; on his Poems and Translations*, &c.

THE sacred *Wreath of Bays* is worn by few,
Scarce in a hundred years by one, or two,
Yet from that hope we must not banish *you*;
You, who so well and with so strong a wing,
Of love and the bright charms of Beauty sing:
Thy *Version* does th' *Original* refine,
Though oft 'tis rough in that, 'tis always smooth in thine.
To thee the Languages so well are known,
We may, with Justice, call 'em all thy own;
And by thy learned converse e'en presume
At *Madrid*, *Paris*, *Portugal*, or *Rome*,
Thou art as true a *Native* as at home.

Had'st

Had'st thou at *Babel* been, and, but allow,
Thou'd'st understood the *Tongues* as well as now,
In vain had Heav'n their *Structure* overthrew,
Thou'd'st made 'em carry on the *Work* anew,
Their *different Dialects* had'st reconcil'd,
And made all regular when all was wild.
Ah Friend! it grieves me that at such a time,
When all that's learn'd or good, is thought a crime,
Thou should'st be doom'd to the hard fate of rhime.
So base, ill natur'd are our Criticks grown,
They will damn any thing but what's their own:
These lines of thine, which well deserve to live,
And have what praise Judicious Men can give,
Must not, though nicely written, hope to be
From their ungovern'd, Lawless Censure free;
But let not that disturb thee, though they frown,
Insult, despise thy Works, or cry 'em down,
For *Resignation* is the mark of *Grace*,
And *Persecution* shews the *chosen Race*.

To Mr G. F. *then in the Country. Writ in* 1681.

AH Friend! Oft have I wish't my self with you,
Walking among the Meads and pregnant Fields,
Now in sweet Dales, and then on Hills to view
How every Spring fresh streams of pleasure yields:

Where true content ſo very ſeldom found,
(If any where) eternally does dwell;
Where all the ſtore of Nature does abound,
To feaſt the Eye, the Ear, the Taſt and Smell:
But, Ah! reſerv'd for ſome more rigid fate,
I'me doom'd to a perpetual Bondage here,
Juſt in the Boſom of a murmuring State,
Where Tumults reign as in their proper ſphere.
The greateſt Storms are ſooneſt overpaſt,
They do but make a Viſit and away;
But here the wrack eternally does laſt,
And without Intermiſſion Night, or Day.
Wer't poſſible to mount among the Clouds,
When Thunder does with greateſt fury rave;
Compar'd with *London* they were peaceful ſhrouds,
Still as a Calm, and ſilent as the grave.
Nor wonder at it; Murder, Schiſm, Debate,
Treach'ry, Revenge, with thouſand Miſchiefs more,
Make a more loud Report than anger'd Fate,
When Winds below and Heav'n above does roar:

Ah loving Friend! how happy ſhou'd I be,
Were I remov'd as far from the lewd Town as thee?

To

To the Counteſs of Abingdon.

IF to commend and raiſe true *Vertue* high,
To fix it's Station in the Starry sky,
To cloath it gay and make it flouriſh long,
Be the beſt ſubject for a *Poet*'s Song;
Then, *Madam*, I may hope you will excuſe
This dutiful preſumption of the *Muſe*:
For ſince in that bright track ſo far y'ave gone,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs ſtill keep on:
Something we ought to your vaſt Merit raiſe;
What all Mankind admires, 'twere impious not to praiſe.
Long the fair Sex under reproach have lain,
And felt a general, oft a juſt diſdain:
But you redeem their Fame; in you we find
What Excellence there is in Womankind!
Of ſome bright Dames w'have been by Poets told,
Whoſe Breaſts were Alabaſter, Hair of Gold,
Whoſe Eyes were Suns, able to guide the day,
In which ten thouſand *Cupids* basking lay,
And on their Lips did all the *Graces* play:
Flow'rs ſprouted, and th' obſequious Winds did bring
Arabian Odours and around 'em fling;
Where e're they came 'twas everlaſting ſpring!
Their Voices ev'n the Rivers ſtopt to hear;
Not ſinging Angels, when they tun'd a ſphere,
Made ſofter Muſick, or more charm'd the Ear!

This

This we thought Fiction all; but, seeing *You*,
We own 'tis possible it might be true.
So finely temper'd, and so nobly form'd,
With so much sweetness, so much Grace adorn'd!
If ought like Angels we can see below,
It is to You that Happiness we owe!
None sees you that, unwounded, can retire,
He knows his errour, but he must admire:
Yet though he loves, he dare not hope your Grace,
For your chast heart is spotless like your Face.
Had you but liv'd in the blest days of old,
What Stories had the *Antick Poets* told?
It had been doubly then an Age of Gold:
The *Goddesses* had (though in Beauty rare)
No more contended which had been the Fair,
But with a joint consent resign'd the *Ball*,
Asham'd your Lustre shou'd eclipse 'em all.
Succeeding Times (for they shall know your Fame)
Will have just Cause to celebrate your Name;
Blest with a noble Issue, 'tis your doom
For this Age to provide, and that to come:
Those *Beautys* then shall shine, now in their Spring,
And the *then Poets* of their Praises sing,
Like you in every outward Gift compleat;
And may, ye Gods! their Vertues be as great:
A Race of *Hero*'s too that Age shall know,
Who by their Deeds will their Extraction show,
Add lasting Honours to the *Bertie*'s Fame,
And with fresh Laurels crown that Noble Name.

Happy

Happy the Children sprung from vertuous Wives;
Thrice happy those to whom that Fate arrives!
The bright Example, through Life's vitious maze,
Does guide 'em in the path that leads to praise.
A Vertuous Wife! but such, alas! there's few,
And in the Van your Merit places *you*.
A Vertuous Wife! which who e're does attain,
Has got the chiefest good, the richest gain,
No greater Blessing can the Gods bestow
When they'd oblige a Favourite below.
A Vertuous Wife! which Heav'n and Earth regards,
And Heav'n and Earth, too, bounteously rewards;
For she'l in both Worlds meet the highest doom,
Honour in *this*, Glory in *that to come*.

To my Lady Anne Bainton, *on the* 28th *of* April, 1688.

'TWas night, and, with a weight of grief oppreſt,
Though weary'd with much toil, I took no reſt;
All wrapt in Melancholy thought I lay,
Wiſh't 'twou'd be ever dark, or ſoon be day:
But Heav'n, ſtill mindful wretched man to eaſe,
Inſpir'd me with a pleaſing thought, when nothing elſe cou'd pleaſe;
A thought which all around did joy diſplay,
And drove the anxious throng of cares away:

So,

So, in a Dream, oft Fancy to us brings
A thousand frightful Images of things,
Confus'd, but at the op'ning of the Eye
Their shapes dissolve, the airy Fantoms fly.
Gods! streight I cry'd, why ly I longer here?
When Pleasure's nigh, why thus indulge my care?
Up, then, and to high Heav'n Devotion pay
For the return of this Auspicious Day,
The day that gave fair *Adorissa* Birth,
And with another *Lucreece* blest the Earth:
Chast *Adorissa*, high in Heav'n's esteem,
The *Grace's Darling*, and the *Muses Theme!*
Which every *Pen* to write, and every *Ear*
With an uncommon Joy inclines to hear!
While in her Conduct we see, fairly writ,
Her Mother's Heav'nly Modesty, her Father's pow'rful wit!

As thus I spoke, *Aurora*'s cheerful ray
Brought the glad Tydings of returning day,
The *Larks* did mount, their morning *Carols* sung,
To Heav'ns wide Arch the tuneful Echo's rung:
And now the *Sun* let loose the Reins of light,
And ne're before, methought, appear'd so bright;
No gloomy Cloud did interpose between
His Beams and us, nor rising Fog was seen:
The Winds were hush't; only a balmy breeze,
With am'rous Wings, fann'd perfume through the Trees.
Lo! here, cry'd I again, when all around,
Above, below, a general Joy I found,
Nature her self, to shew we well admire,
Puts on her gorgeous Robes and Spring attire,

That

That we may ſay, her gentleſt looks ſhe caſt
To grace this day and bleſs it as it paſt.
Never, O Grateful Goddeſs! was it known
Thy Glories were more proper to be ſhown.
For, O! what Charms can in that *Sex* abound
That's not in the more charming *Adoriſſa* found?
Her Vertues, which the niceſt Teſt will bear,
Her eaſy, flowing, yet commanding Air,
A temper, which no trifling will abide,
Sweet without Art, and ſtately without Pride;
How all ſhe does becomes her, ſuch a Grace!
Such lovely Motions! ſuch a lovely Face!
Though young her ſelf, yet how in Judgment old,
Are things too full of wonder to be told.
Theſe, *Madam*, were my Thoughts, but while you ſtay
To read 'em, you throw pretious time away,
And mar the better Pleaſures of the Day;
The Gueſts, Impatient, long you ſhou'd appear,
And I ſhou'd err to keep you longer here.
Now ſtrike up Muſick, let the Virgins feet
With equal Harmony your Meaſures meet;
And you, fair Dam'ſels, give delight the rein,
Though often tir'd, take breath and to't again:
But, O kind Youths, let not the *Nymphs*, though fair,
Make you fix Adoration only there;
O give not *Cupid* all, let *Bacchus* have his ſhare.
So, to the top fill up the flowing Bowl,
Come, he that ſpills leaſt has the greateſt Soul:
Let no dull ſniveling Coxcomb baulk his *Glaſs*,
But if he will not drink, diſmiſs the *Aſs*;

Ill fare the man that will, at such a time,
Think *Dancing*, *Love*, *Delight*, or *Drink* a crime:
What if they call us *Sots*, so let 'em do;
Your *Sober Sot*'s the dullest of the two.
O *Solomon!* thou never spok'st amiss,
If *time* for *all things*, now's the *time* for *this*.
Fill round again, to the large Brim fill up,
'Tis *Adorissa*'s Health, unlade the Cup;
But prithee, though y'are merry, don't forget
The *Poet*;--- Wine's his best pretence to wit.
But whither does the Muse intend her flight?
Or has the Jilt forgot to whom I write?
Or I am drunk indeed? turn'd giddy with delight.
Howe're it is, *Madam*, I'm confident
'Tis all obedience, 'tis all humbly meant.
Permit me, then, to hope you will forgive
These lines, and condescend to let 'em live;
The *Poet*'s Friend, whene're y'are pleas'd to smile,
You wing our *Fancy* and improve our *stile*.
Wherefore this *April's Sun* shall cease to warm,
Your *Spouse* to Love, and your own Eyes to charm.
E're I decline (indulgent to your Fame)
To write your Praise and celebrate your Name.
Long may you in your Partners Arms be prest,
With the same Ardour that you first carest,
When the *dear man* came panting to your Breast.
May you see *many* of these days return,
And all the while have not *one* cause to mourn:
And O! (which will be more than double Joy)
May your next *Birth-day* prove the *Birth-day* of a *Boy!*

To

To Mrs H. Key.

FAir is your Sex, but, Ah! so faithless, they
Indeed deserve what we in Satyr say:
But some among the rest, a very few,
Like *Diamonds* in the dust, attract our view;
Among which number sparkling like a Star,
You shine above the rest, and spread your lustre far.
Ah Noble Maid! but in thy Age's noon,
And make perfection all thy own so soon!
Showing thy Sex (and O that more wou'd please
To trace thy steps) they may be good with ease;
That *Vertue*'s not a Scarecrow to affright, (light:
But soft as kindling love, and mild as dawning
Indeed our *Teachers* with their Haggard looks,
And *doz'd* with *poring* upon *Musty Books*,
Say 'tis a Blessing ev'n the best can't gain,
But with an Age of Patience, Toyl and Pain;
O, why shou'd they make *rough* what you have made so *plain*?
But while of these *Impediments* they tell,
They but discourage those that wou'd do well,
Unwing their mounting thoughts, which else might fly (ple sky:
A tow'ring height with yours and reach the am-
'Tis granted that Temptations still abound,
But whom seduce? the rotten, not the sound:
Gold charms in vain, in vain the *Siren* sings,
To one that does contemplate higher things;

That

That sees the *Goal*, and with a *sober pace*,
(For some run fast and tire) keep on and win
the race.

Ill fare the rigid Dame and wrinkl'd Face,
As far from common sense as Sin from Grace,
That think none can be wise or good, but those
That whine and cant, and snuffle in the Nose,
And wear, by choice, unfashionable Cloaths:
But decent Ornament, though such abase,
Instead of a reproof does claim our praise:
Why shou'd that Female be thought vain, or proud,
That loves to be distinguish't from the croud?
The crowd (not Sin shou'd be avoided more)
Those two leg'd Bruits, more senseless than the
four.

Yet that a mean shou'd be observ'd is true,
And 'tis as sure that mean's observ'd by few:
The Servant shou'd not like her Lady dress,
(She may let her Impertinence be less)
Nor Drabs of the *Exchange*, of base report,
Be trick't like a fine Lady of the Court:
In *Quality* there's many things allow'd,
Which, in a meaner State wou'd be too proud;
Though oft in Quality, it self, we see
A strange Corruption of this Liberty:
Extravagance in dress is the abuse,
And that, in no degree, admits excuse.
The Merchant's tawdry Spouse does most affect
That costly wear the better-bred reject;
Such will have rich attire, and when that's done,
They're awkardly and flauntingly put on:

Just

Juſt as a Bully's know by full-mouth'd Oaths,
So the Cit's Wife by ill-choſe tawdry Cloaths;
Which yet, to make it worſe, the ſenſeleſs Elves
Think beſt, and for their fancy hug themſelves. ---
But thou art to the happy mean inclin'd,
Ev'n in thy outward dreſs we ſee thy inmoſt mind,
So much of Modeſty it dazles ſight,
And renders thee our wonder and delight:
Fine, not coquetiſh, as if too much care
Were us'd in dreſſing; then thy gentle air
(Neither too ſtiff, nor, which is worſe, too free,
But juſt what true deportment ought to be)
Mixt with thy pleaſing Converſe, is a Charm
That wou'd give Statues Life, and make cold
Hermits warm.
Happy for Womankind, as Happy too
For us, were all your charming Sex like you;
Wou'd they Behaviour from your Conduct learn,
Dreſs well, but make high Heav'n their chief
concern:
But Ah! Mankind wou'd then too happy be,
And Heav'n has ſhew'd us, in Creating Thee,
Such Worth's a thing we muſt but ſeldom ſee;
For, unlike thee, moſt of thy Sex, we find,
Not made to Pleaſure, but to plague Mankind.
Vain are our Youths to let thee, then, ſo long
Live in thy Virgin State --- but 'tis themſelves
they wrong:
Or elſe unkind art thou, that wilt not take
Th' Addreſſes, which without diſpute, they make;
For they have Hearts Impreſſion to receive,
And you have Eyes to Conquer and Enſlave!

Yes, yes ! I ſee 'em at your Footſtool kneel,
I hear 'em ſigh, and with a pang reveal
That Love they did with greater pangs conceal!
O be n't Inexorable, but incline
To Pity --- Love's a Paſſion all Divine!
Make ſome one happy, and reward his care,
And eaſe the reſt by giving 'em deſpair.

Abſence.

THree years, *Almira*, has our Souls been join'd,
For what's true Love but mingling of the mind?
To ſay w'are the ſame fleſh is far too low
T' expreſs the Faith we to each other ſhow:
Ev'n Friendſhip burns but faint, not worth a name,
When 'tis compar'd with our more mutual flame,
And not ſo well deſerves Immortal Fame.
In thy dear Arms my Cares were always eas'd,
Nor cou'd I ever grieve when you were pleas'd;
Still ſo concern'd, ſo ſtudious of your good,
For every tear you ſhed my Heart wept blood.
Nor was your Paſſion, dear *Almira*, leſs,
Too ſtrong to warp, too mighty to expreſs,
A languiſhing, a laſting, lambent flame,
Bright as thy Eyes, untainted as thy fame,
Freſh as the dawn when firſt *Aurora* ſprings,
And ſoft as *Down* upon an Angel's Wings

Such

Such was our Love, ſo we, entranc't, did live,
Contented, and what more had Heav'n to give?
Bleſt were theſe hours, and Ah! they ſwiftly flew,
But who e're kept ſoft pleaſure long in view?
For ſince our Hearts were *one* by mutual vow,
We never knew what *abſence* was till now;
Ne'r knew what 'twas to wander all alone,
Ly by a murmuring Brook on Moſs, or Stone,
And make the liſt'ning ſtream attend our mone,
With ſharp complaint the neighb'ring Air to wound,
And tire kind *Echo* with the mournful ſound;
Ne're knew what 'twas at dead of night, diſtreſt,
(When ſilence does invite the World to reſt)
With ſighs abrupt to think on our late Joy,
Which we once thought ill Fate cou'd not deſtroy;
Ah fooliſh thought! let none hereafter be
So fond to aſſure themſelves Felicity;
If we, in whom unſully'd Love did reign,
Cou'd not be priviledg'd from hateful pain,
For others to expect a kinder Fate is vain.
Not through paſt Ages can a pair be found,
Whoſe truth deſerves more nobly to be crown'd,
Or will in after Days be more renown'd.
To lay down Life for her dear ſake I love,
Though great, were far too ſmall my Faith to prove;
I cou'd, nor doubt I but your love's like mine,
Endanger ev'n my Soul to reſcue thine,
Nor does in this ought that's profane appear;
For Heav'n wou'd not be Heav'n, were not *Almira* there;

Though I enjoy'd what cou'd on Man befal,
All that in *this world* wise men happy call,
Absence from thee wou'd turn those sweets to gall.
Think then thou lovely Partner of my heart,
Lovely I call thee, lovely without Art,
Lovelier than those that ly in Princes Arms;
For she that's vertuous has ten thousand Charms.
O think if *absence* can such woe create,
What 'tis I suffer from relentless fate!
Unhappy shou'd we be, indeed, and know
No ebb of grief, but a perpetual flow,
If unkind Fortune longer shou'd conspire,
With inauspicious hands, to cancel our desire:
But, thanks to Heav'n, their kindly Influence
Our Stars begin, in pity, to dispence:
For the time's nigh that will redeem our harms,
And bring us, blest! to one anothers Arms.
Fly then, ye minutes, you that grace the van
Be quick as thought, and lead the following on;
And you succeeding moments ('tis no crime
When once you enter the cariere of time)
That you the sooner may our Peace restore,
Push on the sluggards that took flight before.
And thou, my Soul, no more at Fate repine,
No longer blame decrees that are Divine;
Compose thy Griefs against thy Joys return,
For when *thou* art at rest, *Almira* will not mourn.

Pro-

Prologue deſign'd for a Play of mine.

OF *Poets* living poorly oft you tell,
But you may wonder how they live ſo well:
How many vain Fops do there daily ſit,
Trick't like my Ladies Monkey, in the Pit,
That wou'd be poorer if they liv'd by Wit?
Not that the *Poets* have ſo vaſt a ſtore,
But they might, very well, diſpence with more:
Of late, indeed, what e're they want in ſenſe,
Is made up with *Poetick Impudence*;
No Trophies to the good or great they raiſe,
But *Fool* and *Knave* they over-whelm with praiſe.
They feed on Flattry, and it keeps 'em ſtrong;
So *Maggots* get beſt *Nutriment* in *Dung*:
Theſe are the things our *wretched Poets* do,
Yet moſt of ye wou'd be thought *Poets* too.
There hardly was an Age e're known before,
Vertue was leſs in uſe and *Verſes* more.
Courtier and *Peſant* equally poſſeſt,
Write, and 'tis hard to tell which writes the beſt;
For, when examin'd, we are ſure to ſee
But little *Reaſon* and much *Ribaldry*:
Nay ev'n the *Women* of this *Frantick Age*
Think they're inſpir'd with *Poetick rage*;
If any vain, lewd, looſe-writ thing you ſee,
You may be ſure the *Author* is a *ſhe*.
The *Lawyer*, too, does verſify amain,
But falls, by ſtarts, to his *own Trade* again;

For *Knavery*, that Functions, fertile clime,
Is far more difficult to leave than *rhime*;
Once of that *Tribe* you can be juſt no more,
They're thorow tainted, rotten to the core.
The *Flutt'ring Spark* that has lov'd *Chloris* long,
As his laſt hope, attacks her with a *Song*,
And with *ten* whining lines does charm her more,
Than with *ten thouſand* whining words before;
Songs will prevail, in ſpite of *Vertue*'s *rules*,
For that *vain Sex* is ſtill moſt kind to *Fools*:
All theſe pretend to Wit, but, ſtill 'tis ſhown,
The way they ſtrive to prove it, proves they've none.
Our Author by this *rhiming Fiend* poſſeſt,
Does put in for a *Fool* among the reſt;
For *Fools* e're now (he ſays) have written *Plays*,
Nay more than that, *Fools* have had good *third days*;
He therefore begs, and he'l deſire no more,
Shew *him* the Favour *they* had heretofore;
He'd fain be thought a *Fool* upon *that ſcore*.

On the new Edition of Godfrey *of* Bulloigne, *in* 1687.

LOng this *ſtupendous work* has lain obſcur'd,
From gloomy Times a long Eclipſe endur'd:
But now it riſes like a Cloudleſs Sun,
And brings as great a Tyde of glory on.

Hail

Hail, *Heav'nly Poem!* while theſe ſtrains we hear,
The Soul does mount into the raviſh't Ear,
Diverts our Anguiſh and ſuſpends our Care!
So wond'rous are the Actions here enroll'd,
And in ſuch high harmonious numbers told!
See here, you dull *Tranſlators*, look with ſhame
Upon this ſtately Monument of Fame;
And, to amaze you more, reflect how long
It is, ſince firſt 'twas taught the *Engliſh Tongue*;
In what a *Dark Age* it was brought to *Light*,
Dark? no, *our Age* is dark, and *that* was bright.
Of all thoſe *Verſions* which now brighteſt ſhine,
Moſt (*Fairfax*) are but Foils to ſet off thine:
Ev'n *Horace* can't of too much Juſtice boaſt,
His unaffected eaſie ſtyle is loſt;
And *Ogilby*'s the lumber of the ſtall;
But thy ſuccinct Tranſlation does atone for all.
'Tis true ſome few *exploded* words we find,
To which we ought not to be too unkind;
For, if the truth is ſcan'd, we muſt allow
They're better than the *new* admitted now:
Our Language is at beſt, and it will fail
As th' inundations of *French* words prevail:
Let *Waller* be our Standard, all beyond,
Though ſpoke at Court, is ſoppery and fond.
For thee too, *Taſſo*, I a wreath wou'd twine,
If my low ſtrain cou'd reach the praiſe of thine:
Homer came firſt, and much to him is due,
Virgil, the next, does claim our wonder too,
And the *third Place* muſt be conferr'd on *You*:
Thy *work* is through with the *ſame ſpirit* fir'd,
Will laſt as long and be as much admir'd.

If lofty Verse undaunted thoughts inspire,
And fill the *Hero's* Breast with martial Fire;
May that * *great Chief*, who does the *Turk* engage,
Makes Armies tremble, and restrains their rage;
May he (a scourge to *Infidels* unblest)
Take Pattern by the *Warriour* here exprest,
And drive like him, with an avenging hand,
Those *Unbelievers* from the *sacred Land*,
Free *the great Sepulchre of Christ* once more,
And be what *mighty Godfrey* was before.

* *Lorrain.*

The True Fast.

A Paraphrase on the 58th *of* Isaiah.

CRY, let thy Voice like the loud Trumpet sound,
Through the wide Air diffuse it all around,
To tell *My People* how their Crimes abound:
And yet, alas! they seem to take delight
To know my ways and study what is right,
As if they did not trespass and rebel,
They justify their Errors, and think all is well:
Wherefore (say they) do we make tedious *Fasts*?
Thou see'st not, still thy Indignation lasts;

To

To mortify our Luſts why do we roam,
And wander ſuch a wicked way from home?
Why ſuch lean Penance do we undergo?
Thou tak'ſt no knowledge, though thou all doſt know.
Hear me (O Rebels!) that can thus report,
Do you not *faſt* for wantonneſs and ſport?
Is it true Piety? Is it Remorſe?
No, no, A Ceremony made in courſe,
Of neither Efficacy, Power, or Force:
Under this thin diſguiſe much ſin you hide,
Hypocriſy, Revenge and Canker'd Pride;
And Strifes, that you may have pretence to blame
The *wiſer few* that will not act the ſame,
Participating in your guilt and ſhame;
Such as the *Nonſenſe* of your *Faſts* detect,
And clearly prove they are of no effect.
But *Faſts* you call 'em, and you *Faſts* proclaim,
When *Luxury* oft were a more proper Name;
The Deep is ranſack't, all her Treaſures ſhown;
For *Fleſh* one day deny'd, the Sea is all your own:
In vain with this *looſe Cuſtom* you comply,
In vain for this you lift your Voices high,
They come lame *Interceſſors* to the Sky.
Obſerve, O *Stubborn Brood!* your *Maker*'s voice;
Is this a *Faſt* which I have made my choice?
Is to afflict the mind, to ſigh and mone,
And drawl my name out in a Canting tone?
Is it to ſob and fawn with heads reclin'd,
Like Bull-ruſhes that bend before the wind,

To

To dress in Sack-cloath and the lash to feel,
With all th' External Pomp of hair-brain'd Zeal?
What stress upon such trifling will ye lay?
Or can this be to me *a Fast*, or *Acceptable Day*?
No, no, the *Fast* that pleases *me* is this;
To loose the Bands of all that is amiss,
To fly from willful sin and every way
In which th' unwary Soul is led astray,
Release the heavy load, break every yoke,
And free the wretched from th'Oppressor's stroke;
To deal thy Bread to those that sit in want,
And, to thy power, ready still to grant
(For he that has but little, yet may be,
By giving little, sav'd for Charity)
To think not thy own House too good and great
For Strangers to sojourn, and th' indigent to eat;
To let the mourning Widow be thy care,
To cloath the Naked that they be not bare
In the Inclemency of Winter's Air;
Not to detract, or be with Passion wild,
But ever merciful and ever mild,
Nor be a cruel Father to thy Child;
Not to be Proud, or in Discourse profane,
But free thy Lips from all obscene and vain:
Reach but this Goal, and happiness you win;
This is *a Fast indeed*, --- *A Fast from Sin.*
Then thou shalt be exempt from every pain,
Thy health shall quickly come and long remain;
All thy Good Deeds shall in the *Front* appear,
And Glory shall attend 'em in the *Reer:*
Then thou shalt call, and I will hear thee streight,
Nor long shalt for a Gracious Answer wait:

From

From dark Obſcurity thy light ſhall riſe,
And take it's lofty Station in the Skies;
The Sun himſelf ſhall hardly ſhine ſo bright,
Hardly diffuſe around a more refulgent light:
Nay more (what better Fate can Man betide?)
'Tis I my ſelf, ev'n I will be thy guide,
I'll ſet thee in the Path, I'll ſhew the way;
O happy Man, that cannot go aſtray!
In Famine thou ſhalt daily have ſupply,
In tedious Droughts thou never ſhalt be dry,
But like a water'd Garden ſtill be gay,
Or Fountain riſing in a Sun-ſhine day,
Whoſe Springs ne're fail, but ever mount and play.
The noble Structures ras'd by War and Time,
Thy Sons ſhall build more ſumptuous than their prime,
But thine ſhall be the Glory, thine the Fame;
The Age to come ſhall bleſs thy honour'd name.
Yes, *this was he*, th' united Voice ſhall cry,
That the foundations laid, and rais'd the ruins high.
And if to this thou add theſe Vertues more,
I'll yet add other Bleſſings to thy ſtore;
If from all looſe deſires thou turn'ſt away,
Not following Harlots on my *Holy-Day*,
But think it honourable, pure, ſublime,
And take delight then to redeem the time,
With Zeal and ardour wiſh its coming on,
And, when 'tis with thee, that 'twou'd nere be gone;

And

And all this while not walking thy own way,
Nor after dull Enthuſiaſts run aſtray,
Not ſpeaking thy own words, but cleave to what I ſay;
In the *true Faſt* that I have nam'd remain,
(For t'other's ſuperſtitious, fond and vain)
Then thou ſhalt be my Darling, my Delight,
Dear to my thought and pleaſing to my ſight;
High I will lift thee and far ſpread thy Name,
The Globe ſhall be too narrow for thy Fame,
With me to Heav'n I'll carry it along,
An Endleſs Theme for the Celeſtial Song:
All Nature's Products too thou ſhalt command,
And feed upon the fatneſs of the Land; ---
'Tis *I* have ſpoke it, and *my word ſhall ſtand.*

The Harlot.

A Paraphraſe on the 7th of Proverbs.

YOung Man, let what I ſpeak attention draw,
Obſerve it as you wou'd Heav'n's ſtricteſt Law;
Hear my Commands and weave 'em in thy heart,
Make 'em both one that they may never part;
Do this, you'l quickly find the good effect,
But ſwift deſtruction follows the neglect.

To

To *Wiſdom* ſay, thou my fair Siſter art,
My Hope, my Guide, and Goddeſs of my Heart,
Dearer than Life, with Life I'd ſooner part;
Diſcretion too thy near Relation call;
Get theſe (O happy Youth!) and thou haſt all;
No better Gift can bounteous Heav'n beſtow,
No ſafer Guard from human ills below:
Envy may hiſs, but ſhe can do no harm,
She flies, ſhe dies before the pow'rful charm.
Particularly, it will keep thee free
From the *looſe Strumpet*'s ſpecious Flatt'ry,
Whoſe words like Oyl on Rivers glide along,
Her words more tuneful than the *Siren*'s Song;
She makes Perdition pleaſing with the Muſick of her Tongue:
Keep, keep from her Inhoſpitable Coaſt,
But once incline to hear her, you are loſt;
Regret, Remorſe, Repentance come too late,
Nought but a wonder can reverſe your Fate;
While on her wanton Breaſt your head you lay,
For *one* thought that does cry, Riſe, Come away,
You'l have *ten thouſand* preſſing you to ſtay:
But let the Wretches Fate which here is ſhown,
Encline you to be careful of your own.
Juſt in the cloſe and ſhutting up of day,
When the laſt gleams were hurrying ſwift away;
The *Harlots* hour their ſubtle Trains to lay;
As in my Window I ſtood leaning out,
Penſive and thoughtful, gazing round about,

Among

Among the Youths (behold!) a Wretch I spy'd,
Loose, foolish, vain, nor strove his guilt to hide,
What shou'd have been his *shame* he made his *Pride*;
For to his *Drab*'s Apartment he was bent,
His glowing Cheeks discover'd his intent;
Pleas'd with the thought, he scarcely touch'd the ground,
But, like a Mountain-*Roe* did leap and bound:
But (lo!) she met him, coming forth to see
For some kind Friend of her *Fraternity*;
For any *Fop* had serv'd as well as *He*:
Those that are learn'd and known to gain by sin,
Must trade as well without doors as within;
At every Corner of the street they ply,
To angle Coxcombs, which in shoals glide by,
As soon as e're the *Bait* appears in sight,
Eager to be beguil'd, the *Gudgeons* bite:
Have you e're seen (what time the Seasons yield
Suck kind of sports) a Spaniel range the Field,
And mark't what pains he takes to spring his Game?
Th' industrious ranging Drab is just the same:
Thus, streight, the Youth she spies, and round him cast
Her snowy Arms, she prest, she held him fast,
And with a warm Lascivious fierce embrace,
Laid Cheek to Cheek and suckt him to her Face:
Bare were her Breasts, and Careless her attire,
Learn'd in the Art how to enflame desire,
And kindle what was found too apt to take the Fire;

Harlot

Harlot throughout, each motion that she made
Show'd her true Punk, and perfect in her Trade:
But after some fond looks and dalliance past,
Thus the *fair faithless* tun'd her Tongue at last.

'Tis Peace (said she) *'tis Peace and Love I bring,*
This day I've paid my vows and made my Offering,
And therefore came I forth; with thee to meet,
Thus late, and thus alone, I rove the street;
The dangers of the night not frighten me,
At least, they vanish at the sight of Thee:
Without thee what a tedious night I'd past?
And who knows too but it had been my last?
Depriv'd of thee must have strange Tortures wrought,
And plung'd me deep in Melancholy Thought;
But I have found thee, long I've wisht it so,
And it shall longer be before I let thee go.
I've deck't (my Love) I've deck't my Bed with Flowers,
Not sweeter were the Gods delicious Bow'rs;
With costly Tap'stry *I have hung my room,*
Not richer ever stretch't the Tyrian Loom;
There Venus *is in all her Postures wrought,*
And how Loves Pleasure she with hazard sought,
Surprizing to the Eye! transporting to the thought!
Perfum'd with richest Scents, such as inspire
Gay Loves and melting Joy, and soft desire!
Come then, away, and take of Love our fill;
In Passion, such as ours, there is no ill:
Let aged Matrons rail, and Gown-men preach,
They are too wise to practise what they teach:
Away! come let me plunge into thy Arms,
Find you fresh Love, and I'll create fresh Charms:

Come,

Come, till the Morning let us sport and play,
Nor rise the sooner for it's being day.
Nor let the thought of Husband pall your Joy,
He's now far off upon a grand employ,
Cash he has took long Charges to defray,
And will not come till his appointed day;
And O (ye Gods!) I wish he never may;
My right in him I'd willingly resign,
Millions *of his embraces are but* one *of thine:*
But ah! the hours have Wings, away! away!
Let not the pretious time be lost when Love and Pleasure stay.

With her fair Speech she forc'd him soon to (yield,
But force is needless when we quit the field;
Too credulous, her Flatt'ry he believ'd,
Nor was he the first Fool that she deceiv'd:
She turns, he follows, nor his Joy conceals,
Nor sees destruction dog him at the heels:
As Oxen to the Slaughter (wretched State!)
So on he walks, unmindful of his Fate;
Or as a Vagrant to Correction goes,
To lasting scorn he does his Fame expose:
As Birds hast to the snare their food to find,
And think not that their ruin is design'd;
So a Dart strikes him through, a fatal Knife,
And lets him see h' has fool'd away his Life:
Disease o'ertakes him, makes his health a prey,
Meagre and wan he looks that once was gay,
His *Winter* his *December* comes in *May:*
Too late his Lustful error's understood,
He feels her Poxt Embraces in his tainted Blood:

With

With aches crampt, and strong Convulsions torn,
Sciaticas too grievous to be born,
Till the *Gout* comes, the pains of Hell scarce worse,
And his last Breath evaporates in a Curse.
Hear me (O Youth) and to my words attend,
Despise 'em not because I am a Friend,
But persevere in good, and glory crowns the end:
Let not thy Footsteps to her Paths decline;
She's worse than Devil though she seems divine:
Strip her but of her Silk, her Patch and Paint,
And see how fit she's then to make a Saint;
Then mark her shrivel'd Face and sallow Skin,
Rank all without, and rotten all within:
And yet, alas! (such Charms she does display)
The rich, the noble, witty and the gay, (prey;
The great, the strong, have been, by turns, her
Warriours themselves have by her *Arts* been slain,
Have lain down by her, but ne'r rose again:
Her House is the destructive path to sin,
From whence there's no return when once y'are in,
Down to the Courts of deepest Hell it goes:
O don't thy Safety to this Rock expose!
'Tis but a *Kiss* you gain, and 'tis a *Soul* you lose!

To Madam G. *with* Mrs Phillips's *Poems.*

O *Rinda*'s lasting Works to you I send, (Friend;
Not doubting but you'l prove her lasting
Accept and lay her to your Breast, you'l find
She's Entertainment for the noblest Mind,

And to your Sex this laſting Honour brings,
That they are capable of higheſt things:
Her *Verſes* and her *Vertuous Life* declare,
'Tis not your only Glory to be Fair.
How can you fail to Conquer, when your Darts
Are double-pointed ſtill that reach our Hearts?
Wing'd with your *Beauty*, guided by your *Wit*,
What mark ſo diſtant that they cannot hit?
Darkneſs in vain wou'd interpoſe between;
With theſe advantages you wound unſeen.
But by what Magick has her Heav'nly Song
Lain from thy knowing view conceal'd ſo long,
When not the *Sun*, who is the God of Wit,
Makes more unweary'd ſearches after it?
Great *Shakeſpear*, *Fletcher*, *Denham*, *Waller*, *Ben*, *Cowley*, and all th' Immortal, tuneful Men
Thou'ſt made thy own, and none can better tell
Where they are low, and where they moſt excel,
Can reach their heights when thou art pleas'd to write,
Soaring a pitch that dazles human ſight!
But O! when thou haſt read this matchleſs Book,
And from it's excellence a Judgment took,
What the fair Sex was then, thou, ſure, wilt mourn
To ſee how juſtly *now* they're branded with our ſcorn.
Farces and Songs obſcene, remote from Wit,
(Such as our *Sappho* to *Liſander* writ)
Employs their time; ſo far th' abuſe prevails,
Their Verſes are as vitious as their Tails;
Both are expos'd, alike, to publick view,
And both of 'em have their Admirers too.

With

With just abhorrence look upon these Crimes,
And by thy chaste Example fix the Times; (Name,
Right the wrong'd Age, redeem thy Sex from
'Twas so *Orinda* got her deathless Name;
Thou art as fair, hast the like skill in Song,
And all that thou dost write will last as long.

To Madam Beaw. *Occasion'd by a Copy of Verses of my Lady* Ann Bainton's.

AS when the Blest up to their Heav'n are gone,
And put their Fadeless Wreaths of *Laurel* on,
How are they pleas'd to hear their Vertues there
A Theme for Angels songs that met Reproaches here?
No less amaz'd, nor less with Rapture fraught,
Rais'd above Earth with the exalted thought,
I stood, to hear my Praise, contemn'd by Men,
Employ our Beauteous *Adorissa*'s Pen!
All that we *Merit* we but think our *due*,
So but bare *satisfaction* can ensue;
And Blessings hop'd for half the Bliss destroy,
For ev'n the Expectation palls the Joy;
But when unthought of, undeserv'd, they come,
They give us transport, and they strike it home!
So she, like Heav'n, does her Rewards impart,
Which fly beyond the Bounds of all desert.

I now

I now may boast I have *Eternity*;
For, sure, what she does write can never dy:
Her Beauty may, perhaps, to *Time* submit,
But *Time* must fall a *Trophy* to her *Wit*.
Beneath her shelter, like a *Shrub*, I ly,
And, safe intrench't, the envious Men defy;
While, like the *Mountain Cedar*, she surveys
The Plain, and whom she please does Crown
with Bays:
They cannot reach to her, nor dare reject
(To her high worth preserving their respect)
What she has deign'd, to like and to protect.
But while her Wit is in our Praises shown,
Why is she so forgetful of her own?
Why honour others, and neglect the claim
To her undoubted Right, Immortal Fame?
'Tis therefore, Fair One, that these lines you see,
That on this subject you may join with me:
You can both write, and judge of what is writ,
A Priestess of the Mysteries of Wit.
Though her own *Modesty* won't soar on high,
But clips the Wings with which her *praise* shou'd (fly,)
Our *Gratitude* must not with that comply:
We shou'd, how e'r, attempt to do her right;
The *subject* will instruct us to *indite*.
Does not her Form, which we with Joy behold,
Transcend Fictitious *Goddesses* of old?
Yet Matchless though her Beauty be, her smile
Is not more sweet and lively than her stile;
Her Eyes themselves have not more moving
charms,
And ev'n her Love not more Divinely warms!

Sure

Sure from her Godlike *Sire* her *Genius* came,
Who living warm'd three Nations with his Flame:
She, *Phenix*-like, soars from his Urn aloft,
Her Flight as steady, and her Plumes as soft.
Here we shou'd all her other Gifts declare;
(For of all else she has as great a share)
Her Piety, unblemisht Love and Truth,
A Converse sin'd from all the Dross of Youth;
A Faith unsully'd to the Nuptial Bed,
And strict Obedience to her lawful head.
On *Marriage* do depend our Peace of Life,
Our greatest good or ill springs from a *Wife*,
Eternal Comfort! or eternal strife!
Eternal Comfort, then, is *Damon*'s Lot:
But where *one* has it, *Millions* have it not.
He only cou'd deserve so great a good,
Who in the *Bud* the *Flower* understood,
And knew to what advantage 'twou'd be shown,
When *Spring* was come, and all its Glories *blown*.
A hundred Seasons may the Gods allow
This Blessing to him, and she fair as now.
But O! what *Pen* or *Pencil* can we find
Able to paint the Beauties of her mind?
Which open'd to our view diffuse around
A Flood of lustre that does sight confound,
Forces the Muse her airy flight to stay,
Which here must stop, or else must lose her way.
So when from Heav'n (and brighter than the Sun)
A sudden Glory round th' Apostle shon,
Too much refulgence did oppress his sight,
And he fell blind amid'st the blaze of light.

Instru-

Instructions to a Young Lady.

Y'Are now, *Asteria*, on the publick Stage,
Live in ill Times, and a Censorious Age,
But seen few years, yet like an Angel Fair,
As great your *Merit*, great must be your *Care*.
Be strict, if you'd have *Reputation* stay,
The least neglect throws the *rich Gemm* away.
Th' *Hesperian* Fruit, though by a *Dragon* kept,
Was by a bold Hand gather'd while he slept.
The more your Beauty shines, it but gives light
To the sharp Darts of prejudice and spite,
To take their fatal aim, and hit the *white*.
Beside, alas! though every Woman's frail,
The fairest are most liable to fail:
If fruit we chuse, we take the loveliest first,
The rest goes down, but not with such a gust:
Think of *Lucretia*, then of *Tarquin*'s lust.
If Barefac't Violence does not prevail
To work your Ruin, Flatt'ry will not fail;
But O! beware the smooth enchanting Tale.
You know the Truth, *the Snake's beneath the Flower*,
Avoid his *Tongue* and you avoid his *Power*.
Let ev'n the good with Caution be believ'd,
For not to trust is not to be deceiv'd.
But who, alas! can scape sharp *Envy*'s sting,
That wounds up from the Beggar to the King;
Nothing is free from it's unlicens'd rage,
Nor Innocence of Youth, nor Reverence of Age.

Shou'd

Shou'd Angels, as of old, from Heav'n come down
T' inſtruct, as then to ſcourge a Luſtful Town,
They'd find ill Tongues wou'd ſlander ſpreadabout,
And bring their Heav'n-born Purity in doubt:
If this be ſo (as Truth 'tis to our ſhame) (Fame;
You can't with too much niceneſs guard your
That to ſecure ſhou'd all your thoughts employ;
Hard to preſerve and eaſy to deſtroy.
Vertue, though ne're ſo pure, may ſully'd be,
She's made, or marr'd by *Credibility*;
Toſs'd like a Ship, *Opinion* fills her Sails,
And they all ſlacken as *Opinion* fails:
That is the *Sterling Stamp* that makes her go,
For you are Vertuous if we think you ſo:
Strive then (nor is your labour ſpent for nought)
When we think well of you, we may improve
the thought.
'Tis true, you'l ſay when Clouds as thick as night
Obſcure the Sun, yet in himſelf he's bright,
Breaks through at laſt, and does exert his light;
And Vertue, though oppreſt, at laſt may riſe,
And with it's cheerful Glories gild the Skies:
But do not let this Anſwer be forgot,
This may arrive, but much more likely, not.
If we a Voyage take (and let Life's Scene
Be that avoidleſs Voyage that I mean)
Is it not better far ſtill to be free
From Reckleſs Storms, and Heav'ns Inclemency,
That no rough Waves ſhou'd rowl, no Winds
ſhou'd blow,
But all be ſtill above, and ſmooth below,
Till we have gain'd the *Port*, in Harbour ly,
And there, ſecure, their baffled rage defy?

To

To be more plain; had we not better live,
And take what Praise a grudging World will give,
Let life glide gently on, an even stream,
Free from ill Tongues and every wild extream,
Till to the Grave we go, and there enjoy
That long repose which Envy can't destroy?
Were it not wiser thus, than, by fond ways,
Proud of our worth, pull down what we wou'd raise?
For vertuous we may be, but when respect
We wou'd assume for being so, it dwindles to neglect.
Let it then be your study and delight
Never to give the least pretence to spite;
A Mad Dog, if not hooted, may not bite.
But above all, *Religion* be your Care;
Your Thoughts and Actions must be centr'd there:
It must not be with a light Air receiv'd,
For then as lightly it will be believ'd;
The great Deceit is when w'are by our selves deceiv'd.
What Arguments so e'r some men may bring
To make it seem a sowre unlovely thing,
When once embrac'd, you'l find it has more charms
Than Love, or Wealth, or Power can usher to your Arms.
Yet, have a care, for, to our lasting shame,
All's not Religion that does bear the Name.
'Tis not a hot dispute, or Zeal that's cold,
Or Legends very false and very old,
Dull, superstitious, such as sense destroys,
And only fit for Chimney talk for Boys.
Nor is it whining, when, with Maudlin Eyes
W'are told the grunting Spirit's just about to rise.
That's true Religion that does make you strive
To love your Neighbour, and the Poor relieve,
To do no wrong, nor at no wrong connive,
And all the wrong that's done you to forgive.
Now Fair One let me this request obtain,
That these Instructions you would not disdain,
Because they're told you in a homely strain;
Not but I know your Conduct has been try'd,
And that you'l find out Fame without a Guide.

Funeral

Funeral Elegies.

TO THE

Memory of Mr John Oldham.

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too busie with *Immutable Decree*,
I cou'd, dear Friend, have blam'd thy cruel doom,
That lent so much to be requir'd so soon!
The Flowers with which the Meads are dreſt so gay,
Short-liv'd though they are, yet they live a day;
Thou in the Noon of Life wer't ſnatch'd away!
Though not before thy Verſe had wonders ſhown,
And bravely made the Age to come thy own!
The Company of Beauty, Wealth and Wine,
Were not ſo charming, not ſo ſweet as thine;
They quickly periſh, yours was ſtill the ſame,
An everlaſting, but a Lambent Flame,
Which ſomething ſo reſiſtleſs did impart,
It ſtill through every Ear won every Heart;
Unlike the Wretch that ſtrives to get eſteem,
And thinks it fine and janty to Blaſpheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme.

Ah foolish Men! (whom thou did'st still despise)
That must be wicked to be counted wise!
But thy Converse was from this error free,
And yet 'twas every thing *true Wit* can be,
None had it but, ev'n with a Tear, does own,
The Soul of Dear Society is gone!
But while we thus thy Native sweetness sing,
We ought not to forget thy Native sting:
Thy *Satyr* spar'd no Follies nor no Crimes;
Satyr the best Reformer of the Times.
While diff'rent Priests eternally contest,
And each will have his own Religion best,
And in a holy huff damns all the rest,
Their Love to Gain, not Godliness is shown;
Heav'ns work is left undone to do their own.
How wide shoot they that strive to blast thy Fame
By saying that thy Verse was rough and lame?
They wou'd have *Satyr* their Compassion move,
And writ so pliant, nicely and so smooth,
As if the *Muse* were in a flux of Love:
But who of *Knaves*, and *Fops*, and *Fools* wou'd sing,
Must *Force* and *Fire*, and *Indignation* bring;
For 'tis no *Satyr* if it has no sting:
In short, who in that Field wou'd famous be,
Must *think* and *write* like *Juvenal* and *Thee*.
Let others boast of all the *mighty nine*,
To make their Labours with more lustre shine:
I never had no other Muse but thee,
Ev'n thou wer't all the *mighty nine* to me:

'Twas

'Twas thy dear Friendſhip did my Breaſt inſpire,
And warm'd it firſt with a Poetick Fire,
But 'tis a *warmth* that does with thee expire;
For when the *Sun* is ſet that guides the day,
The Traveller muſt ſtop, or loſe his way.

To the Memory of Edmund Waller *Eſq*;

THough ne'r ſo baſe, or never ſo ſublime,
All human things muſt be the ſpoil of time;
Poet and *Hero* with the reſt muſt go, (ly as low:
Their Fame may higher mount, their duſt muſt
Thus mighty *Waller* is, at laſt, expir'd,
With *Cowley* from a vitious Age retir'd,
As much lamented and as much admir'd!
Long we enjoy'd him: on his tuneful tongue,
All Ears and Hearts with the ſame rapture hung,
As if Heav'n had indited, and an Angel ſung.
Here the two bold, contending Fleets are found,
The mighty Rivals of the wat'ry round; (fight
In Smoak and Flame involv'd, they cou'd not
With ſo much force and fire as he does write!
Here *Galatea* mourns; in ſuch ſad ſtrains
Poor *Philomel* her wretched Fate complains:
Here *Fletcher* and Immortal *Johnſon* ſhine,
Deathleſs, preſerv'd in his Immortal Line:
But where, O mighty *Bard!* where is that *he*,
Surviving now, to do the ſame for *Thee*?

At ſuch a Theme my conſcious Muſe withdraws,
Too weak to plead in ſuch a weighty cauſe.
Whether for Peaceful *Charles*, or Warlike *James*,
His *Lyre* was ſtrung; the *Muſe*'s deareſt Themes!
Whether of Love's ſucceſs, when in the Eyes
Of the kind Nymph the kindling glances riſe,
When, bluſhing, ſhe breaths ſhort, and with constraint denies;
Whether he paint the Lover's reſtleſs care,
Or *Sachariſſa* the diſdainful Fair;
(Relentleſs *Sachariſſa*, deaf to Love,
The only ſhe his Verſe cou'd never move;
But ſure ſhe ſtopt her Ears and ſhut her Eyes,
He cou'd not elſe have miſs'd the Heav'nly Prize)
All this is done with ſo much grace and care,
Hear it but once, and you'd for ever hear!
His Labours thus peculiar Glory claim,
As writ with ſomething more than mortal flame:
Wit, Judgment, Fancy, and a heat divine (ſhine,
Throughout each *part*, throughout the *whole* does
The expreſſion clear, the thought ſublime and high; (along the Sky.
No flutt'ring, but with even wing he glides
Some we may ſee, who in their Youth have writ
Good ſenſe, at fifty take their leave of wit,
Chimæra's and Incongruous Fables feign,
Tedious, Inſipid, Impudent and Vain,
The *Hinds* and *Panthers* of a Crazy Brain:
But he, when he through eighty years had paſt,
Felt no decay, the ſame from firſt to laſt,
Death only cou'd his vig'rous Flame o'ercaſt.

Such

Such was the *Man* whose loss we now deplore,
Such was the *Man*, but we shou'd call him more;
Immortal in himself, we need not strive
To keep his sacred Memory alive:
Just, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Gen'rous, Kind;
The *English Tongue* he to the height refin'd,
And the best Standard of it leaves (his *Legacy*,
behind.

To the Memory of Colonel Edward Cooke.

'Tis *Vertue* which alone supports the *whole*,
For without *that* the World's without a *Soul*;
Most certain, then, as it grows faint and weak,
Th' eternal Chain decays, at last must break:
When great *Cooke* fell, the jarring Links did twang,
And *Nature* sigh'd as if she felt the pang;
Nor is it strange; For *Vertue* was his guide,
And scarce before so much e're with a *votary* dy'd,
In *War* he was nurs't up, Arms his delight,
Courted in Peace, and as much shun'd in fight:
Death he had seen in various shapes, but none
Cou'd move him to be fearful of his own:
Nor did old Age abate the martial Flame;
'Twas always great, and always was the same.
His *Charity* did equally extend
To cherish the distress'd, and serve his Friend.

When he did good (and who his Life ſurveys
Will find he did delight in't all his dayes)
'Twas for the ſake of good, and not for praiſe.)
Reſtleſs Ambition ne'r his thought employ'd;
Peace and Conteet he ſought, and thoſe enjoy'd.
Merit he priz'd though 'twere in rags enſhrin'd;
He look't not on the *Perſon* but the *Mind.*
His Judgment was unbyaſt, clear and ſtrong,
His Converſation pleaſant, gay and young:
But then his *Mirth* was ſtill from Folly free;
Take all profane from Wit, and that was *he.*
And as when *Tygers* range the Woods for prey,
And chance to meet a *Lyon* in their way,
Streight they forget their rage, and learn t' obey;)
So Atheous Men, though they blaſphem'd before,
Aw'd with his Preſence, their vain talk forbore:
For *Piety* was ſtill his conſtant Gueſt,
And found its ſafeſt refuge in his Breaſt. (ſhew,
Such was his Life -- and now his Death we'll
His *Death,* the greater wonder of the two!
For when the fatal pangs were drawing on,
And the *laſt Sands* were eager to be gone;
When all his Friends lay drown'd in tears of grief,
Wiſhing, alas! but hopeleſs of relief;
Ev'n he alone his *Change* with Patience bore,
Like all the Changes of his Life before:
No labouring ſound, no murmuring groan expreſt,
But dy'd as weary *Pilgrims* go to reſt.
O Pity, pity, ſome more able *Quill*
Had not adorn'd this *Theme* with greater skill;
That Fame to late Poſterity might tell,
Few Men can live, but fewer *dy ſo well.*

To

To the Memory of Mrs M. Peachley.

COme hither You who the *fair Sex* reproach,
And basely rail at what you can't debauch,
That in loose *Satyr* tell us of their Crimes,
And say they are the grievance of the Times;
Come hither all, while, in sad Funeral Verse,
Peachley's Immortal Vertues I reherse,
That you may see how very much you err,
Repent, and learn how to be good by *her*.
Ev'n in her Youth her early worth did show
To what a vast proportion it wou'd grow,
When *Faith* had taught her all she was to know;
On whose strong Wings she oft to Heav'n wou'd flee,
And by it find what *can*, what *cannot be*,
Better than all their vain *Philosophy*.
Charming her Form, and matchless was her Mind,
At least 'twas something above Womankind.
Trace her through all the *Series* of her Life,
You'l find her free from Envy, Hate and Strife;
A *Duteous Child*, and then a *Vertuous Wife*:
A *careful Mother* next, and if we find
Any regret for dying touch'd her mind,
It was to leave her Angel-Brood behind;

And

And not the love of Life: O haplesſ young!
The World's a Maze where you will ſure go wrong,
Without the *Clue* of her Inſtructive tongue;
She wou'd have taught you when with cares perplext,
And loſt in this World, how to find the next:
O how ſhall we enough her Worth commend!
So good a Chriſtian, and ſo true a Friend,
She'd take Offence, but never wou'd offend!
Well read in *Hiſtory*, in *Religion* more;
And had a Heart which ne'r forgot the Poor.
Mourn, mourn, ye Graces, mourn your Darling's fall,
The moſt exalted wonder of you all!
To whoſe kind Breaſt can you for refuge run,
Now ſhe that gave you life is dead and gone?
A great Example ſtands, to let us ſee
"*No pitch of Vertue from the Grave is free.*

UR A-

URANIA.

A

Funeral Eclogue;

TO THE

Pious Memory of the Incomparable *Mrs* Wharton.

Damon. *Alexis.*

Dam. A *Lexis*, Why that Cloud upon your Brow?
Has lovely *Chloris* lately broke her Vow,
And the ſad Tydings reach't your Ears but now?
It muſt be ſo, that, ſure, muſt be the cauſe,
That from your Eyes this bleeding deluge draws.

Alex. Were it no more but a frail *Nymph* unkind,
It rather ſhou'd *divert* than *wound* my mind;
For he that grieves when ſuch their Love eſtrange,
As well may grieve becauſe the wind will change.
No, *Damon*, no; my Sorrows fetch their ſpring
From a more ſad, a more important thing:

Were

Were all my Life to be one mourning Day,
Or cou'd my Heart diſſolve in Tears away,
'Tis yet a Tribute for our loſs too ſmall,
Our Loſs, I call it, for it wounds us all!

Dam. Still to your Tears you call a freſh ſupply,
And ſtill, too, you conceal the reaſon why.

Alex. O! Is it poſſible thou ſhould'ſt not know
The Fatal Cauſe that has unman'd me ſo,
When Sorrow does triumph o'er all the Plain,
And ſtrikes the coyeſt *Nymph* and dulleſt Swain?
Theſe beat their Breaſts, and t'other rend their hair,
Like Lovers that are wedded to deſpair:
Not more cou'd be the cry, if the laſt doom,
The dreadful change of *Time* and *Place* were come!

Dam. No longer in ſuſpence, then, let me ſtay,
But tell, that I may mourn as well as they.

Alex. Take then, O *Damon!* take the worſt in brief,
The worſt! for it admits of no relief!
Urania, Sweet *Urania*, juſtly fam'd,
And never but with Adoration nam'd,
In whom were join'd each Vertue and each Grace,
Theſe in her Mind, and t'other in her Face;
Urania, in whoſe conduct we did find
More than we cou'd expect in Womankind;

The

The happy Favorite of the *mighty Nine*,
Whose Verse was still employ'd on Themes Divine;
Ev'n she --- O Heav'ns! ---

Dam. I fear, --- but yet --- go on.

Alex. Then hear and burst with grief --- she's
dead and gone!

Dam. O killing Sentence! which I dy to know!
Alexis, prithee say that 'tis not so:
But, see! thy Eyes run o'er! in them I view
The fatal news y'ave told me is too true!

Alex. Too true indeed: --- when I my thought
advance,
Reflecting on the turns of Fate and Chance,
How many Accidents disturb our rest,
How soon we lose the bravest and the best,
How they no more are priviledg'd from death
Than ev'n the vilest Insect that draws breath,
Subject to worst of wrongs, oppress with care,
(Of which, *Urania*, thou hast had thy share)
How swift, by Heav'ns inevitable doom,
They're snatch'd from hence and hurry'd to the
Tomb,
Leaving the wicked and the vain to wast,
And glut on Blessings they cou'd never tast;
I hardly can the Impious thought forbear, ---
That Heav'n of our concerns takes little care,
Or that, at least, 'tis something too severe.

Dam.

Dam. Alexis, do not blame *Divine Decree*,
And the ſtrict Laws of *Strong neceſſity*;
For ſince *eternal Juſtice* cannot err,
What that inflicts we ſhou'd with patience bear:
I need not tell you all muſt dy e're long. ---

Alex. True *Damon*, but not all dy while they're young:
As for the Aged let 'em paſs away,
And drop into their Tenements of Clay,
It does not trouble me; for they muſt go,
Muſt feel the Sting of Death, and ſhortly too;
But then the Youthful, Healthy, Gay and Strong,
We may with Juſtice hope to live as long;
And ſhe, you know, was in her lovely noon,
(O Heav'n! that things ſo fair ſhou'd fade ſo ſoon!)
Not half her Glaſs (Ah brittle Glaſs!) was run,
Not half her natural term of years was done!
'Tis that ---

Dam. Alexis, moderate your grief;
'Tis in your power to give your ſelf relief:
Think her (as ſure ſhe is) among the bleſt,
And has begun the *Sabbath* of her reſt;
Think ſhe is free from all that World of woe
Under whoſe weight ſhe labour'd here below,
And you will find more reaſon to be glad,
Than thus to be immoderately ſad:
Repine not then, *Alexis*, 'tis not well; ---
Yet, ſince y'are on this ſubject, prithee tell
By what ſad Fate the ſweet *Urania* fell.

Alex.

Alex. A mortal, but a lingering Diſeaſe
Upon the Spirits of her Life did ſeize;
Her ſtrength decreas'd, and every fatal Day
Still took a part, till all was born away:
Pale, wan and meagre did her Cheeks appear,
Though once a Spring of Roſes flouriſh't there:
Thus long ſhe lay with ſtrong Convulſions torn,
Which yet were with a Saint-like patience born;
Till nature ceaſing, rather forc't to ceaſe,
Gave her a painful, yet a kind releaſe.
Go ſacred Nymph! aſcend the ſpangled Sphere,
For it has long wanted thy luſtre there!
Faithful and loving to the laſt ſhe prov'd,
And better did deſerve to be belov'd: ---
Here *Colon* I cou'd ---

Dam. Mention not his Name,
But let your ſubject be the Matchleſs Dame.

Alex. So many are her Vertues and ſo vaſt,
And crowd upon my Memory ſo faſt,
'Tis difficult on what part to begin,
And 'twill be hard to leave when once I'm in.
Her Converſe was from all that Droſs refin'd
That is ſo viſible in Womankind;
So very mild, ſo fraught with Innocence,
I dare believe ſhe cou'd not give offence.
By Practice ſhe did Vertue's path commend,
And honour'd all that were to worth a Friend:
Her Ardour ſtill to Heav'nly things, did ſhow
She learnt to be an Angel here below!

Gentle

Gentle to all, but to her ſelf auſtere,
Hardly a Day but was half ſpent in Prayer :
'Tis Heav'ns Injunction we ſhou'd pray for thoſe
That are our mortal and inveterate Foes ;
Hard Leſſon ! hard to *us*, ſo prone to err,
But 'twas a very eaſy one to *Her*.
Her Charity did every where extend,
For to be poor was to make her a Friend.
The Muſes off-ſpring all ſhe did excel,
In the great *Poet-Art* of writing well,
Her charming ſtrains did pleaſe the niceſt Ear,
And ev'n the haughtieſt Swains were proud to hear :
Thirſis himſelf took notice of her *Lays*,
And thought 'em worthy his Celeſtial Praiſe !
Ah ſweet *Urania !* of all Womankind,
Where haſt thou left one like thy ſelf behind,
Unleſs the chaſt *Mirana ?* who but ſhe ?
Thy Vertuous Siſter ; For in her we ſee,
Thou dear departed Saint, how much w'ave loſt in Thee !

Dam. By Heav'ns, *Alexis*, thou ſo well has ſhown
The Vertues of the *Nymph* for whom you mone,
In ſuch ſad numbers told the fatal cauſe
That from your Eyes this *bleeding Deluge* draws ;
I've caught it too, plung'd in the ſame extreme,
Nor bluſh to weep upon ſo juſt a Theme !

Alex. Such pious grief Heav'n cannot but forgive,
That lets the Vertuous in our Memories live. ---
But,

But, ſee! if now thou doſt ſome tears let fall,
There goes a ſight that will engroſs 'em all!
The ſweet *Urania* (ah too rigid doom!)
By Virgins born to her eternal home!
See with what mournful Pomp the Scene appears;
The *Swains* all Speechleſs, and the *Nymphs* all tears:
Inſtead of Flow'ry Wreath, with Chaplets crown'd,
Their Temples are with Funeral-*Cypreſs* bound,
Though they are ſilent, yet their looks impart
A laſting Anguiſh and a bleeding Heart!
Ha! *Damon!* ſee! on the ſad *Biere* diſplay'd,
Where all the Riches of the Earth is laid!
You ſigh! alas! you know you ſigh in vain,
You'l never more behold her tread the Plain!
No more you'l hear that ſoft harmonious voice,
Which none yet ever heard but did rejoice!
For ever ceas'd are all her matchleſs lays!
Heav'n has clos'd up the Volume of her days!
O Grief! that I can think on the chaſt Dame,
"*Think that ſhe's dead, and not become the ſame!*

Dam. Ceaſe, Dear *Alexis*, leſt it ſhou'd be ſed
We fail'd in our laſt Office to the dead:
Let's follow then the *Mourners* gone before;
It cannot add to our affliction more:
To ſee her laid in Duſt, that Boon we'll crave,
And ſtrew *ſweet Flowers* upon her honour'd Grave.

ALCANDER.

A

Funeral Eclogue.

Sacred to the

Memory of Sir G. G. *Baronet.*

Doron. *Amintor.*

THE Sun was set, and the obsequious Night
Had nigh extinguish't all remains of Light,
When poor *Amintor*, with his head reclin'd,
A pensive Visage and a troubl'd Mind,
His Flocks neglecting, to the Grove retir'd,
Alone, nor any Company desir'd;
True Mourners still the dark recesses crave,
Most pleas'd with those that are most like the Grave.
Doron who all that day had mark't his grief,
And fill'd with hope to give him some relief,
Follow'd the weeping Swain, who, seeing, spoke;
But first he sigh'd as if his Heart were broke.

Amin.

Amin. Doron, Methinks this lovely, gloomy shade
Seems only for despair and sorrow made:
The cheerful Sun darts here no rosie beam,
But all is sad and silent in extream;
The Melancholy place deserves a Melancholy Theme:
Let us, then, talk of the uncertain State
Of human Life and the swift turns of Fate;
For who on frail Mortality does trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Dor. Look through blue glass, and the whole prospect's blue;
Through sorrow's Optick this retreat you view,
And that does give it the same tincture too:
When *Celia* first you saw 'twas in this place;
Celia, the chastest of the charming race, (Face:
All Truth writ in her mind, all Beauty in her
Not one of all the Shepherds of the Plain
That sigh'd for the fair Maid, but sigh'd in vain,
She still frown'd on, regardless of their pain:
You only gain'd her Favour, and 'twas here
First the disdainful Nymph vouchsaft an Ear;
She heard you, so much Wit and Truth were shown, (own:
You melted her to Love, and made her all your
And still as lovingly the *Myrtles* twine,
As if her snowy hands lay prest in thine,
And all the Quire of Birds stood mute to hear her Voice divine.

'Tis you then that are chang'd; and O! if what
My boading fears suggest I may relate,
In your despairing looks I read *Alcander*'s
wretched Fate!

Amin. Doron, you have it right, alas! 'tis so,
He's gone where (soon or late) we all must go!
Gone ever, whom we ever shall deplore,
For ever gone whom we did all adore,
Alcander, dear *Alcander* is no more!
No more! O bitter word! O hateful sound!
What two-edg'd Sword can give a deeper wound?
What Ponyard, Poison, what envenom'd Dart
Can find a quicker passage to the heart? pore:
They wound but one way, this through every
No more! O bitter, hateful word, no more!

Dor. Amintor cease --- but who can reprehend
Those Tears wept o'er the grave of such a Friend?
How many down death's steep Oblivion rowl,
Thought on no more than if they'd had no Soul?
Ill, sure, they've liv'd, and met a wretched lot,
That are so soon eternally forgot:
It shows much worth, a generous heart and kind,
When gone, to leave some mourning Friends
behind.

Amin. If grieving for the dead, in ought set
forth
Their private Vertue, or their publick worth,
It, both ways, does sufficiently proclaim
Alcander's Bounty, Friendship, Love and Fame:

For O! who ever touch't Death's fatal ſhore,
Of all the Millions that are gone before,
Whoſe dear converſe was miſt, or mourn'd for more:
In me, O *Doron!* read (and you may ſee
His loſs in no ſmall meaſure touches me)
How all his Friends (and no one Man had more)
Lament his abſence, and his loſs deplore!
With Grief tranſported, Grief that knows no bound,
They fall extended on the rigid ground,
Expoſtulating with relentleſs Fate,
That deals ſo hardly by the good and great,
Diſdaining to give reſpit to their mone;
But, with a joint conſent, all ſigh and groan,
All weep for poor *Alcander*, dead and gone!

Dor. How can it chuſe but move the hardeſt heart,
To think that Honour, Piety, Deſert,
Are moſt obnoxious to the *fatal Dart?*

Amin. Frequent Examples we may daily view,
That what y'ave ſaid, O *Doron*, is too true!
For O! to my Confuſion, now I find
Death makes diſtinction, takes the juſt and kind,
And nought but Knave and Coxcomb leaves behind;
And they live on the time that nature gave,
Till, tir'd with Life, no longer time they crave,
And upon Crutches creep into the grave:

But ſuch as dear *Alexander* ſoon take flight,
Their roſie morning ſoon eclips'd in night,
That was ſo cheerful, vigorous and bright!
And O! ſince once we muſt reſign our breath,
Since once w'are doom'd to feel the ſting of death,
Wou'd I his *fatal Minute* had ſupply'd;
That he might ſtill have liv'd, I willingly ſhou'd ha' dy'd:
No leſs by me cou'd on the publick fall;
His loſs does for the publick ſorrow call,
And will be ſurely heard, and ſurely mourn'd by all!
To ſerve his Country ſtill his care did tend,
That with his Sword and Council to defend;
No Man was ever more his Country's Friend!
But he is gone, he's gone! and let us mourn,
Gone to the Grave, and never muſt return!
To the dark Grave, to the wide gloomy ſhade,
Where, undiſtinguiſh't, good and bad are laid!
O Eyes! run o'er, and take of Grief your fill,
Let every Tear be ſharp enough to kill!
Let ev'ry groan come from my Heart, and ſhow
'Tis torn with the Convulſive Pangs of woe!
O Cheeks! henceforth no ſanguine Colour come
To open view, but pale uſurp the room,
Such a true pale as all the World may know,
Such a true pale as may diſtinctly ſhow
The fatal *cauſe* from whence the *ſad effects* does flow!
Let from my Lips the livid tincture fly,
Like Ev'ning Rays before a gloomy Sky,

And

And a dark ashy hew throughout be spread,
Dusk't over like the visage of the dead!
Yet when all these with one joint mind condole,
To show how great my grief is in the whole,
They'll yet want pow'r to paint the anguish of my Soul!

Dor. When I just now your sorrow did commend,
I did not mean a sorrow without end:
The dead claim nothing but our present grief,
While *Nature* does exert her power in chief;
For they that dy well give us this relief;
They're free from Horror, Sorrow, Pain and Care,
Envy, Disgrace, Resentment and Despair,
With all the num'rous Catalogue of ills
That Plague us here, and crowd the Weekly Bills.
For spite of all that's urg'd in Life's defence,
And all the Pleasures that depend on sense,
There's no true Pleasure till we go from hence.
Beside, what is more vain than to lament
Immoderately for what we can't prevent?
Not all our sighs, our Tears, though ne'r so great,
Though spent at never so profuse a rate,
Can change th' unalterable Doom of Fate;
We must resign when Heav'n does give the *call*;
Cedars where that does lay the *Ax*, must fall.

Amin. That all must dy is true, beyond debate,
But some may dy too soon, and some too late:

When good men leave us, what e're term you use,
Though Heav'n may gain, we wretched Mortals lose:
There brightest Spirits but small lustre add,
Here they shine out, and wou'd direct the bad;
Like *Israel's Guide*, in a Corporeal shroud,
By night our *Pillar*, and by day our *Cloud*.
How many are there, Infamous to name,
That strive to set the Nation in a flame,
Blood their delight, and *Civil strife* their aim?
He wisely saw which way the stream wou'd force,
And rais'd the Banks to stop it's violent course.
O never let the *Muse* forget his Name!
But lift it high, and give it lasting Fame;
Describe his Actions, which claim vast esteem,
For, sure, there ne'r was a more copious Theme!

Dor. "That task does properly belong to you;
"You best can be to his high merit true:
"He was your Friend; I oft have heard you tell,
"Fond Mother's scarce love their *first-born* so well.
You then that knew him, and have skill in Song,
Proclaim his Vertues, or you do him wrong.

Amin. "My *Oaten-Reed* no lofty Notes can raise,
"And lofty Notes alone can reach his praise:
"Yet, though I'm short in power, accept the will,
"And let my Love atone my want of skill.

Dor.

Dor. "Be ſtill ye Winds, let not the gentleſt breeze,
"With winding Lab'rinth, murmur through the Trees;
"Ev'n *Philomel* thy charming grief forbear,
"Thou'ſt long pleas'd us, now lend thy ſelf an Ear;
"Let all below, above, and all around us hear!
"While in ſad ſtrains *Amintor* does relate
"*Alcander*'s glorious Life, and wretched Fate!

Amin. Thou'ſt heard, O *Doron!* of our fatal Broils,
Our harraſt Country, and inteſtine toyls;
How the proud Subject, in a curſed hour,
Aſſum'd the ſacred Reins of *Sovereign Power*:
By unjuſt force a num'rous Hoſt was rais'd,
The *Patriots* of Rebellion lov'd and prais'd:
Enthuſiaſm, Schiſm, Spite and Rage,
And all the *Agents* of a Barbarous Age
Broke looſe at once, and level'd at the Crown,
To raiſe themſelves by pulling Juſtice down:
'Twas for our Sins, which now took general Birth,
Th' Almighty pour'd his *Viols* on the Earth:
May we no more ſuch deſolation find!
But more deſerve, and Heav'n will be more kind.
Here brave *Alcander*, on this bloody Stage,
Found work t' employ his Vertue and his Rage:
And, that his Loyalty might firſt be try'd,
He took the Royal, and the Suffering ſide.
In all Attempts ſtill prodigal of blood,
Nor valu'd Life loſt in a *Cauſe* ſo good.

Where

Where horrour and where danger thickest lay,
Through, like a Storm, forc't his impetuous way.
Let *Edge-hill*'s Fatal Field his worth declare,
Success in Conduct, and his Name in War;
Nor only *He*, but there, with Courage fraught,
His *Father*, *Uncles*, and his *Brothers* fought:
O Loyal Family! O Ancient Name!
The sound repeated fills the blast of Fame!
The *Royal Martyr* saw, and had regard,
Saw his vast worth, and gave him due reward.
But ah! in vain he fought, in vain fought all,
For Heav'n decreed the *pious Prince* shou'd fall;
In vain all means were try'd, Art, Conduct, Force,
Were all too weak to stop the Torrent's course;
Down fell the Banks, the Deluge enter'd fast,
Till *all* was lost, *all* over-whelm'd at last!
Thus *Blood* and *Usurpation* rais'd their head:
And with the rest our brave *Alcander* fled,
To see what pity strange Lands wou'd afford,
And mourn'd in Exile for his murder'd Lord,
Nor saw one happy moment till he saw his *race*
restor'd:
Here was a short amends for all his pain,
For a whole Family of Hero's slain.
Th' auspicious Prince, return'd, benign, August,
Look't on his wrongs, advanc't him into trust
And never was a Subject known more just!
But who, alas! can long a Favourite be?
Or ride safe in the Courts inconstant Sea?
A Sea, indeed, where few rough Tempests blow,
But num'rous Rocks and Quicksands lurk below,
And make vain all the Care a *Pilot* can bestow:

For

For Life no certain Station can afford,
And *Envy* wounds much deeper than the *Sword*.

Dor. The wiſeſt and the braveſt ne'r cou'd be
From the vile Tongues of black Detractors free;
And riſing Vertues, as they mount the Sky,
They daily watch and ſhoot 'em as they fly.
As the returning Light expels the dark,
And points the *Archer* out his certain mark,
So good men, by their radiant Acts made bright,
Stand but a fairer *Butt* for rage and ſpite.
A Prince's favour dangerous glories bring;
In every *Male-content* it puts a ſting;
By ſuch the *Favourite* is deſpis'd, debas'd,
The good he does the publick goes unprais'd,
Still the more hated as he's higher rais'd:
Kings ſee not this; for it is hard to ſee
Through the nice ſubtile Vail of *Flattery*;
Diſſimulation wears an airy ſcreen,
And, like a *Deity*, does walk unſeen:
When the *Court Paraſite* does thus prevail,
Bear all before him with a ſmiling gale,
The Worthy, Honeſt, Loyal Man muſt fail;
Expos'd to black Aſperſions, publick hate,
And oft muſt ſtoop to an Inglorious Fate,
Of this hard Truth let wretched *Strafford* tell,
He, who when all cry'd Juſtice! Juſtice! without
Juſtice fell.

Amin. Darkn'd a while, but not quite overcaſt,
'Twas but a faint Eclipſe and ſoon was paſt:

Alcan-

Alcander's Vertue was too bright to ly
Long ſhrouded under odious Calumny,
But, like the Sun, for a ſhort time retir'd
Behind a Cloud, broke out, and was admir'd.
And let me here to their Confuſion tell, (well.
Their laſting ſhame that ought to've us'd him
(An honour ne'r conferr'd but on the brave)
He bore his Prince's favour to his grave;
Firm in his grace he ſtood and high Eſteem;
And here again renews the mournful Theme!
When glory ſeem'd to court him with her ſmiles,
And give him peace after an Age of Toils;
When all around him 'twas ſerene and bright,
And promis'd a long Jubilee of light,
Then! then his Eyes to cloſe in Death's eternal night!
And, which does yet for much more ſorrow call,
By a mean accident ignobly fall:
Not in the Field, where ſterling honour's ſought,
And where, with blood, he had that honour bought;
Not in his King's and his dear Country's *cauſe*,
Deſtroying thoſe that wou'd ſubvert the Laws;
But, God's! by ſuch a chance, as well does ſhow
How little to that trifle Life we owe,
How tranſitory the beſt gift below!
Not worth one half, we, to preſerve it, pay,
That is, in ſpite of all our care, ſo quickly ſnatch't away!
O Life! O nothing! for y'are both the ſame,
Or, if you differ, 'tis but in the name:
'Tis equal to be what we *nothing* call,
As to be ſure we ſhall to nothing fall.

Add

Add to all this his firm, unſhaken mind,
To the fixt Pole of *Glory* ſtill inclin'd :
A Carriage graceful and a Wit ſublime,
A Friendſhip not to be impair'd by Time ;
A Soul ſedate, with no misfortune mov'd,
And no Man was with more misfortune prov'd.
Death he ne'r fear'd in its moſt ghaſtly form,
In Slaughter, Blood, and Cities took by ſtorm ;
Now he careſs'd him with a cheerful brow ;
Welcome at all times, but moſt welcome now !
O had you heard him, e're he did reſign,
With how much Zeal he talkt of things divine,
You wou'd have thought, ſo ſweet his dying Tongue,
While he diſcours'd deſcending Angels ſung ;
Waiting his better part with them to bear ;
Which now, let looſe, through the vaſt tract of Air,
Pierc't like a Sun-beam to its native ſphere.

Dor. There let him reſt ;---and let the thought, my Friend,
That he is happy thy Complaints ſuſpend ---
But come, 'tis time, we now ſhou'd homeward ſteer ;
And, to be plain, 'tis but cold comfort here.
The mold is damp, the wind perverſely blows ;
And Night, far ſpent, invites us to repoſe.
Come, let me raiſe thee by the Friendly Arm :---
What? ſtill in Tears ? and has my Voice no charm ?

Amin.

Amin. Yes, I will go, but think not of repose,
My heart's too full to let my Eyelids close:
No cheerful thought shall in my Breast find room,
But Death and Man's inevitable doom:
Nor Rest will I invoke, unless it be
That Rest that shakes off dull Mortality;
When following him that is past on before,
I lay me down to sleep and wake no more.

The End of the Funeral Elegies.

Pin-

Pindarick Poems,

TO THE

SOCIETY

OF THE

Beaux Esprits.

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TO
Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq;

SIR,

I Need not here the Servile path pursue,
By doing what most Dedicators *do;*
Lay out their Patron's *Vertues on a Stall,*
Like Pedlar's Ware, *to please the Crowd withal;*
And be despis'd by the Judicious Eye,
Which does but look and loath, and pass regardless by.
Your Merit speaks it self; a Poet's *care,*
In lofty praise, wou'd be superfluous there.
What need that Man in a Fool's Coat be shown
That hath one very graceful of his own?
I wave that Subject then, your generous mind;
Wit, Judgment, Converse, and what else we find
So lov'd, admir'd, and courted by Mankind;
And humbly at your Feet this worthless Tribute lay;
I owe you much, and blush I can so little pay.

I am, Sir,

Your much Obliged Servant,

R. Gould.

Advertisement.

FOR *the Reader's clearer understanding, I am to inform him, that the word* [Beaux-Esprits] *as here us'd, has no relation to the* Beaux-Esprits, *or* Vertuosi *of* France; *but means barely what the word in that Language imports in its simple signification; which is, fine, good, or* true Wits: *The* Poem *being written to a* Society *of Ingenious Gentlemen, whom the World has honour'd with that* Distinction. *Not but they might, without Arrogance, have assum'd to themselves that* Title, *as being Men whose charming Conversations have render'd 'em the delight and Ornament of the Age; it being thought no small Honour, ev'n by the most Accomplish't, to be admitted of their* Number. *What more relates to 'em follows in the* Poem; *which, though it does not particularize their Endowments, may serve to let the World see how sublime a piece a better hand wou'd have made upon the subject. But for my Insufficiency, I beg their Pardon: this being my first Essay in* Pindarick, *and likely to be the last; since nothing that can, or, at least, has of late been writ in this kind, is comparable to what that Admirable* Poet *has done, who first retriev'd and made this stately way of writing familiar to us; and indeed has perform'd so much, as cuts off all hope of like success to any that now do, or shall (I prophesie)*

hereafter attempt it: for though he has imitated Pindar *without the danger that* Horace *presag'd shou'd befal the Man shou'd dare to do it; 'tis vain for us (without the same portion of Genius) to mount that unruly Steed, whose guidance requir'd ev'n all the strength and skill of so great and so celebrated an Author.*

Pin-

Pindarick Poems,

TO THE

SOCIETY

OF THE

Beaux Esprits.

ODE.

(1.)

IF Poets when they undertake
Some happy, lofty *Theme*,
That does their *Hero*'s worth immortal make,
And fix it in the foremost rank of Fame;
So firm, 'tis hard to say if Fate
Or that will bear the longer date;
If they invoke some God to be
Propitious, and infuse
Life, Spirit, Warmth and Vigour in the *Muse*,

That through the whole may brightly ſhine,
And ſhew they're guided by a hand Divine;
What Power, what Deity
(*You learn'd Society!*)
Muſt be invok't by me?
'Tis *You*, great Souls, 'tis *You*,
Whoſe Fame I ſing, muſt aid me too:
If your aſſiſtance does my labours bleſs,
'Twere vain to doubt ſucceſs:
For while I write to Men,
Themſelves ſuch Maſters of the Pen;
Solid, Judicious, Wiſe,
That ſearch the dark retreats where *errour* lies,
And pluck off the Diſguiſe;
While ſuch I praiſe, ſhame, if not skill,
Will my deſire fulfil;
'Tis hard on ſuch a *Subject* to write ill.

(2.)

No tedious ways y'ave taken, no *Meander*'s trac'd;
Well knowing, they
That will be obſtinate and go aſtray,
And leave the eaſie for a rugged way,
Are but the more remarkably disgrac't:
As ſordid *Chymiſts* with much toyl and pain,
Labour of Body and of Brain,
Wear out their wretched days
In ſolid Poverty and empty praiſe;
And all to find (ſuch *Notions* do they ſtart)
What neither is in *Nature* nor in *Art*.

In

In vain they ſtrive that paſsleſs Rock t' explore,
Where they have ſeen ſo many ſplit before,
And loſt on that Inhoſpitable ſhore.
Caſtles they ſtill build in the Air;
Rapt with the Bliſs
They ſhall poſſeſs
In their *new Golden Worlds*, the Lord knows where!
But after all, we ſee
(In ſpite of their ſtupidity)
When their whole Life is in expectance paſt,
Drill'd on by Hope, and flatter'd to the laſt;
Inſtead of the fam'd *Stone* of which they're proud,
That *Geugaw* in whoſe praiſe they've been ſo loud,
Meet the Reſemblance only and an *empty Cloud.*

(3.)

No; You have better fix't your aim,
And, to the Honour of your Name,
Acquir'd a juſt and laſting Fame:
" When firſt you did your Forces join,
" When firſt you did your mingl'd luſtre twine
" In that bright *Orb* where now you ſhine,
" The Envious muſt confeſs, (no leſs.
" Though great the Praiſe we gave, you did deſerve
When 'twas your Pleaſure to enrol
In your fam'd Liſt ſome worthy Soul,
With one joint Mind and Voice:
You made the generous Choice;
For whom one Recommended, all the reſt
A like eſteem expreſt,
And ſhot their Friendly Souls into his Breaſt:

Which proves the *Body*'s purity,
From Factious and Self-Interest-*Members* free;
No whiffling Fops you did admit,
Retaylers in the Trade of Wit;
No Farce-Companions, that, with awkard Miene,
Court every Punk they meet, and every where are seen;
No sordid Scriblers, whose unlicens'd Rhimes
Add to our growing Crimes,
And will, I fear, pluck down a Judgment on the Times:
This fry was scorn'd:---- to none
Was the great Favour shown,
But who brought equal merit of their own;
Such as were worthy and believ'd
The Honour Worthy they receiv'd:
That loath'd the crying Follies of the Age,
And the lewd Scenes of the declining Stage;
The Coward's calmness and the Bully's rage,
The Statesman's Quibbles and the Lawyer's wiles,
The Souldier's brags and the false *fair One*'s smiles,
The Spark's gay dress that sets up for a *Beau*;
With all that think they're Wise and are not so:
These were the *Genii*, these the Soul;
And such as these compose the *whole*.

(4.)

Thus constituted, your bright Progress you began;
Short is the time and far the space y'ave ran!
For to that pitch of glory y'are arriv'd,
As all the foremost *Arts* admire;
Yet you stop not, but still aspire;

Unlike

Unlike the *Greſhamites*, who have their Fame
ſurviv'd,
You are the more rever'd as you grow longer liv'd.
You make it not your buſineſs to pry
Into the dark-wrought Snares of *Policy*,
Made Intricate by Jugling Elves,
And is a *Maze* to loſe themſelves:
Ne'r vex, or wonder at the turns of State
That makes ſo many Knaves and Coxcombs great,
Does upſtart *Muſhroms* raiſe
Till they, like *Meteors*, blaze,
And make the Laviſh *Poets* wanton in their praiſe;
This ſtiles 'em *Noble* and this *Juſt*, (truſt,
And tells how well they have diſcharg'd their
Though they rais'd all their ſtore,
By peeling of the publick and the poor,
As by Eſtates, ſoon got, w'are ſure they muſt.
Another does their *Eloquence* approve,
As if their Tongues dropt from above,
And ſwear, like *Orpheus*'s *Harp*, they make the
Foreſts move:
Yet to the man that nicely marks,
A *Dog* keeps more Coherence when he barks:
Thus they flouriſh; -- but anon
The ſtorm of Fate comes on,
They're prov'd falſe Metal, and they muſt be gone;
And that which now appear'd ſo bright,
Has in a moment loſt its glaring light,
Eclips'd by black reproach and everlaſting night.

(5.) Nor

(5.)

Nor is your time mis-ſpent in *Parchment-Jar*,
The Helliſh Buſtle of the *Bar*, (War;
Where the loud *tough-lung'd Tribe* wage an eternal
A War while there: — high words are rais'd,
Their *Pedigree* and *Vertues* blaz'd:
That is the Iſſue of a firſt-rate Clown,
That wore his Leathern-Breeches up to Town;
This is a Pimp to Cauſes, ſuch a Cheat,
He'd pawn his Soul for a five-ſhilling Treat:
This has a Conſcience ſteel'd, and this a Face of
Braſs,
And he that looks ſo gravely is an *Aſs*:
Yet when they next meet they agree,
(Litigious Treachery!)
Conſult afreſh to raiſe their *Client*'s ſtrife,
And make it laſt as long as life:
Yet they well know the Law was meant,
What's wrongful to redreſs,
To free the Poor and Innocent,
And make their ſuffrings leſs.
How cou'd *Grays-Inn*, or how the *Temple* riſe,
(Such pompous Piles as e'n outbrave the Skies,
And ſeem a dwelling fit for *Deities*;)
If all the Caſh, which ſuch a charge ſuſtain'd,
Had Righteouſly been gain'd?
Let *Lawyers* then talk what they pleaſe,
Banter, Buz, and ly for Fees,
We ſee which way they draw;

And

And ſafely may aſſert,
(And all unprejudic't will take our part)
No man can be a *thorough Knave* that's not bred
to the *Law.)*

(6.)

But as you ſhun and hate
Theſe *Catterpillars* of the State,
That ravage on the *Spring* juſt as they pleaſe,
And leave the Barren *after-crop* to other *Sciences* ;
So you laugh too at thoſe
(For they deſerve not pity but your ſcorn)
That madly run into the dang'rous Nooſe,
And painful Bondage before freedom chuſe --
But *Aſſes* are for ſlavery born :
Such Bruits ! They wou'd let all the poor
Rot and periſh at the door,
E're they'd relieve 'em with a ſingle *Mite* ;
Yet waſt Eſtates to propagate their ſpite :
Wou'd give a *Million*, without grutch,
To *Pettifoggers*, Rooks and ſuch, (much :
Juſt for the dear delight to make another ſpend as
Reflecting not what will, at laſt, befal,
Or who ſtands waiting by to ſweep up all.
At the *Groom-Porter's*, ſo,
I've ſeen the *Fops* impatient for the throw,
Win there three hands and pay,
But leave not off their play,
Till, between what was won and loſt,
Fortune from one to t'other toſt,
Wiſe *Niel* has half the Caſh engroſs'd ;

Still

Still they push on, nor mind th' impendent ill,
The *Purse* will empty as the *Box* does fill.
And so too have I read
In living lines, though the fam'd Author's dead:
The *Frog* and *Mouse* were once at mortal strife,
And each in equal hazard of his life;
The *Kite* who saw the vain contest,
(And, by the way,
Lawyers, like them, are *Birds of prey*)
To give a warning to the rest,
And make their senseless fewd a jest,
Devours 'em both, ends the dispute.
Dull Souls! whom such Examples can't confute.

(7.)

Nor stop you here; the *Velvet-Quack*
That wears a Leash of Lives upon his back,
Feels your Resentment like the rest,
For him a like disgust express't:
Nor does the grave Disguise
(Which he affects to make us think he's wise)
Preserve him from the Notion of a *Cheat*,
That grows by purging, and by poys'ning great:
How negligent they are we see,
And careful of our Lives what need they be,
That both ways, live or dy, will have their *Fee*?
By Indirection thus they raise their store;
Keep their gay *Lacquey*, *Coach* and *Whore*,
And *Fops of Quality* can do no more.
As for *Religion*, what they have, they feign,
'Tis not consistent with *their* way of gain,

Twou'd

Twou'd make 'em charitable paths purſue,
Which they that *will be rich* can never do.
Their Spawn, Th' *Apothecary*, too,
Who *Leech-like* cleave to the poor *Patient* cloſe,
And ſuck their *Purſes* full e're they break looſe,
With their damn'd, long, unconſcionable *Bills*,
Bring in as many Pounds as they deliver *Pills*:
Thus *Fools*, with *Villains* willfully complying,
Are made to pay for dying:
Nay ſome leave 'em large *Legacies* by *Will*,
And, ev'n in Death, admire their *Murd'rer's Skill.*

(8.)

Unhappy, fooliſh, wilful Man,
Prepoſterous! from thy ſelf thy Woes began:
Of all created things none are ſo curſt as *Thee*,
So curſt by their Simplicity:
The Feather'd and four-footed kind,
Without thoſe helps we boaſt to find,
Endure Heav'n's wrath, Exceſſive heat and cold,
Yet grow, according to their *Natures*, old;
Nor are among themſelves at ſtrife,
How to abridge the little ſpan of Life,
Which of it ſelf, alas! is quickly gone,
And flies too faſt to be puſh't faſter on:
But *Man*, vain *Man* has found a *thouſand Keys*
To open that *one Lock* that ends his Days;
Or if *Sword*, *Fire*, the *Plague* and *Tempeſt* fail,
They're not *Phyſician-proof*, he'll certainly prevail.

O for a *Western Wind* that may
To the *Red-Sea* these num'rous *Locusts* bear,
A greater Curse than those of *Egypt* were:
They but a while brought Desolation;
But these are fixt a standing Plague to scourge the
sinful Nation.

(9.)

Nor less do you despise
The dull *Astrologer's* Absurdities,
That through their *Telescopes* pore on the Skies,
To calculate *Nativities*,
And find out Fools and Women's *Destinies:*
When such a one may 'scape being hang'd, or
drown'd; (found;—
When Spirits walk, where Treasure may be
At *Peru*, under ground.
When *Comets* hang in Air,
With swinging *Tails* and blazing *Hair*,
To what part of the World they threaten *Plague*
and War.
What all our senseless *Dreams* import
(Drest in a thousand various shapes,
Centaures, *Chimæra's*, *Bulls* and *Apes)*
When *Fancy* is dispos'd her *Airyship* to sport.
And thus, with their *twelve Houses*, and their
Schemes,
Run into more Ridiculous Extremes,
Than *Poets*, Fools and *Madmen* in their Dreams:
How can *Another's Fate* by him be known
That's Ignorant of his *Own?*

Or

Or how reveal th' Intriegues of *France* and *Rome*,
That knows not when a *Parliament* will be call'd
here at home?
Can those into Fate's dark Recesses see,
And find what is to be,
That shall forget (to prove how far they stray)
What their own selves did Yesterday?
To tell what is to come how dare they boast,
That can't retrieve the slightest Image memory
has lost?

(10.)

In the same File with these you do
The *Virtuosi* place; (Grace:
Though, to speak truth, they don't deserve that
Who is it that can see
Their *Magazins of Trumpery*,
And how preposterously they're all employ'd,
And not, at the first view, be cloy'd?
Here one, that thinks he is no Ass ---
(And 'tis but thought --- but let it pass)
Has in his *Magnifying Glass*
Stuck up a *Crab-louse*, and does pry
Upon't with such a heedful Eye,
You'd swear some horrid *Prodigy*,
Or a *new World* were just upon Discovery;
Yet all the while shall have no other aim,
Than just to see, as 'tis divulg'd by Fame,
If it be like the *Fish* that bears that name:
Then into their Extraction they enquire,
And prove 'em *Cousin Germans*, if not nigher.

Another

Another does to *Montpelier* repair,
To bring home *bottl'd Air*;
Extremely good to let loose here,
A *Pint* enough to purify a *Shire*.
A third will send for *Water* from the *Rhine*,
Only to make comparison between (light,
The *Thames* and that, which of the two's most
Or which will freeze the thickest in a night:
Others aver, the *Mites* in *Cheese*
Like in a *Monarchy*, like *Bees*,
Have *civil Laws* and *Magistrates*,
Their *Rise*, their *Periods* and *Fates*,
Like other *Human Powers* and *States*;
And, by a strange, peculiar Art,
Can hear 'em *sneeze*, *discourse* and fart:
These Men by right shou'd be *Ass-trologers*,
And hold Acquaintance with the Stars,
Happy for doubting Man 'twou'd be;
For they that have such *Ears*, what is't they may
not *see*?

(11.)

Nay ev'n *Philosophy* is not exempt
From meriting contempt:
'Tis true, it's Excellencies are
Above all other Learning far;
That but a *Glow-worm*, this a *Star*;
Yet 'tis not wholly priviledg'd from Fau'ts,
And those employ my present thoughts.
How many wild *Opinions* have took Birth
From Man? that lumpish Son of Earth

That

That blindly groaps on in the dark :
For all their works expreſs,
The beſt of 'em but ſpoke by gueſs, (mark.
No wonder they ſhoot wide that cannot ſee the
Here *one*, the firſt and wiſeſt, did not know
But that this *All* was always as 'tis now,
And did on it's Power depend,
As *Self-Exiſtent*, and wou'd never end.
Another (as if juſt wak'd from a Trance,
And ſeen the *Atoms* in their Antick Dance;
Thoſe *Atoms*, which he ſays, all ſorts of Union paſt,
Leap't into Form, and made a *World* at laſt)
Aſſerts 'twill periſh, as it came, by chance.
A *third* the Earth is fixt, and all above,
Sun, *Moon* and *Stars* for ever round it move.
Others call this in doubt,
And ſay the Earth is whirl'd about,
By a *Finger* and a *Thumb* at firſt ſet up,
And ſpun e'r ſince juſt like a School-boy's *Top*,
While the ſuperiour *Orbs* of light
Stand gazing on, and wonder at the ſight.
Some, that the *Moon*'s a World, and add withal
This *Globe* on which we tread, this *pond'rous Ball*,
(A fine task to diſcuſs !)
Is but a *Moon* to *that*, as *that* to us.

(12.)

As Contradictory are all
Their *Notions* of the *Soul*;
So hard, ſo difficultly ſolv'd,
And with ſo many wild perplexities involv'd,
The more w' unravel w' are the leſs reſolv'd :

So a benighted *Traveller* that ſtrays, (ways,
And comes to have, at once, his choice of many
(For what is *human Wiſdom* but a Maze?)
Stands reaſoning with himſelf and doubtful long
Choſes, and wanders further in the wrong.
Quite as abſtruſe is what they ſay
Of Mankind's *final good*,
As little underſtood;
Here, one does place it, and another, here,
And all the while, alas! they graſp but Air;
For certain happineſs we ne'r can know;
A Jewel 'tis too glorious to be worn below.
How ſenſeleſs and how vain a thing is Man?
That, with his little ſpan,
Pretends the height and depth, and breadth of *Providence* to ſcan!
Attempts to graſp *whole Nature* in his hand,
Whoſe *ſmalleſt part* he ne'r can underſtand!
From hence my *Muſe*, with conſcious awe, retires,
And all ſhe cannot comprehend, admires.

(13.)

Pardon me, *generous Souls*, I have digreſs't too long,
But my Digreſſion has not done you wrong;
For while I ſhow the Follies you deſpiſe,
The *Lyon*'s Skin that you pluck off, and find
What ſordid Creature lurks behind;
While this I tell, Impartial Men will gueſs,
By the degenerate Paths you ſhun,
In what a noble track you run,
And by the Vice you hate, the *Virtues* you poſſeſs;

Your

Your Virtues, which, by me,
If you assist, shall be
Deliver'd down to all Posterity.
Here, therefore, I again your aid require,
That with fresh Spirit you'd the *Muse* inspire,
That while through airy, untrac'd ways I fly,
And nothing see but Sky,
I to your Worth may a just Tribute bring;
And keep the towring *Pegasus* on Wing,
Till it has fixt your Name
Among the happiest Favourites of Fame;
From her Records ne'r to be rac'd,
Till the loud Trumpet's general blast, (last.
And *Nature*, *Death* and *Time* have breath'd their

(14.)

First, your *Religion* shall be shown; (none.
Though *Zealots* may, perhaps, think you have
All vain Disputings you avoid, (cloy'd)
(Disputes with which, of late, w' have been so
But chiefly *those*, that tend
This Faith t' oppose, or *that* defend;
For *such* can never have an end.
For while there wants a *measure* to decide
The right from wrong, the diff'rence must abide:
True, *Scripture* is sufficient, and wou'd do't,
But that, alas! is Mute;
And this will wrest it one way, that another,
And, knowing this, why keep they such a pother?
The Points in Question I'll not here
Pretend to darken, or to clear,

But leave 'em to the holy, wrangling Men;
Such *Jargon* wou'd defile a *Poet*'s Pen:
Yet this, without a Perspective, I see,
Their Interest, Prejudice and Pride, will ne're let 'em agree;
Each day the diff'rence grows more wild,
And all the Parties are resolv'd not to be reconcil'd.
Thus, to their everlasting shame,
They fix a scandal on the *Christian name*,
And tarnish the bright Lustre of it's (else unspotted) Fame.
'Tis this which makes the *Atheist* fleer and laugh,
And, equally, at all Religion scoff;
For how (they'l say)
How can we chuse but go astray,
When ev'n our Guides themselves take each a different way?
And these damn those, without Reprieve,
For not believing what they can't believe?

(15.)

But you, *Illustrious Souls*, see this,
See all, and know that all's amiss;
And very wisely trace
The moderate Path, and keep the moderate pace;
While violent men, daz'd in their rash carere,
Fall from their aim, and meet the ills they fear:
But, Carrier-like, you cheerfully jogg on,
(Yet not so slow to mire,
Nor yet so fast to tire)
And the extremes of either hand you shun:
And just as the kind Sun,

(That

(That cheers you while he ſhines)
Has chang'd the ſhadows and declines,
You'l arrive ſafely at your *happy Inn*,
When others the long *Journey* but begin:
Loſt and benighted, on they ſtray,
And periſh in their *Doubts* before 'tis *day*.
In ſhort, *Faith*'s neceſſary *Rules* are few,
And you thoſe *Rules* purſue;
And a good Man has little elſe to do.

(16.)

Your *Morals* too with your *Religion* fit,
And both are ſuited to your *Wit*:
Your *Wit*! which does deſerve immortal praiſe,
A Wreath of Stars inſtead of *Bays*.
Your *Wit*! which can at once inſtruct and pleaſe,
And give the vitious *Patient* timely eaſe;
Diſcover his looſe deeds and frantick thoughts,
And laugh him to a loathing of his Fau'ts:
Your *Wit*! ſo charming, thoſe that hear
Cou'd wiſh they were all Ear;
No ſooner they admire,
But ſome new rapture lifts their wonder higher!
Not taken up on truſt, no plated Braſs,
But Currant *Coin* that every where will paſs:
From painful Learning and Experience drain'd,
And as with labour got, ſo with delight retain'd.
No glaring *Meteor* that makes us gaze,
And ſpends it ſelf all in a blaze,
But, like the Sun, a laſting ſourſe of light,
Which, though it muſt decline, 'tis but to riſe more bright.

Your *Wit* ! which never values Man the more
For Wealth and Power,
Or what his lewd Ambition does devour;
His Pride, Vain-Glory, awful Port,
Which meets so much regard at *Court*,
It justly damns and makes a May-game sport.
No barren Jest, the *Carman*'s Mirth,
Or Clinches e're from you take Birth;
But all you speak is nervous, strong,
And soft as *Philomela*'s Song,
While Fools, unknowingly, advance,
And if they're Witty, 'tis th' effect of Chance.

(17.)

When met, with grave Harangues you first begin,
Such as from *Kings* might just attention win:
Shew us how far w' have been misled
Both by the *living* and the *dead*:
Free us from *Prejudice* and *Lies*,
Nonsense, *Impossibilities*,
And *Wolves in Sheep's disguise*,
With all the Snares *Malice* and *Zeal* have laid,
By bringing our own *Reason* to our aid:
Our *Reason*, still in danger try'd,
And always prov'd a *faithful guide*:
Reason, the *Polar Star*
That does discover Happiness from far,
Straiten the Crooked Path, found by so few,
Contract the space and set all Heav'n in view.
A *Pilot* that can through Life's Ocean steer
As safe in Storms, as if the Skies were clear:

While

While those who stupidly believe,
And pin their *Faith* upon a *Zealot*'s sleeve,
Are still with doubts and killing Fears perplext,
This hour of one persuasion, none the next:
But *Reason*, dreſt in *Adamantine* Arms,
Does end the frightful Charms;
All subtil shifts descry,
With it's sharp-sighted *Eagle*'s Eye, (fly.
Before whose pow'rful Rays the gloomy *Phantoms*

(18.)

While thus you hold discourse, the *Goblet*'s crown'd,
And twice or thrice does nimbly move around:
Care, that disturber of our rest,
That grows habitual to the Breast,
And hardly ever leaves what it has once possest,
Ev'n that curst Fiend at such a time takes wing,
And *Envy* drops her sting:
Yet nothing idle, or profane,
Lewd, Ridiculous, or vain,
Nothing is spoke but what the *Nuns* might hear,
Were they much chaster than they are.
With you *Mirth*'s cloath'd in it's true, genuine shape,
Not like an *Ass*, an *Owl*, or *Ape*,
But in the same garb it was dreſt by *Ben*.
There's as much difference between *Mirth* as *Men*.
And now you Envy not ev'n *Kings* themselves,
Nor all the *under-fry* of courtly *Elves*;
Who, like the *Moon*, their borrow'd lustre owe,
And *Tradesmen* are the *Suns* that make 'em glitter so.

The troubles of Mortality you view,
(Thoſe num'rous, and it's Bleſſings few)
The evil that o'r Mankind brooding ſits,
That fattens Fools and ſtarves the Wits:
What *Fears* and *Jealouſies* are broach't by Knaves,
Believ'd by Cowards, Pimps and Slaves:
And ſince true pleaſure flits and will not ſtay,
You this way take a draught without allay;
And make the dull Fatigue of Life fly pleaſantly away!

(19.)

What Honours then, you *mighty few*,
Ought here to be conferr'd on *you*;
That make Life pleaſant, and improve your ſelves in knowledge too?
What *Trophies* to your Fame muſt we erect!
And O! what wonders may we not expect,
Though diſtant now, brought home within our view,
By Men ſo qualify'd as *you*?
That, ev'n at your firſt ſetting out, can be
So worthy of a *Hiſtory*!
But that I know you will not raiſe
A Monument in your own praiſe,
I ſhou'd preſume to ask
Some one of you to undertake that task;
For where, alas! where elſe can there be found
A *Sprat*, your Grandeur to reſound?
Where elſe a *Cowley*, in his lofty Verſe
Your Glories to reherſe,
And to the Heav'nly Arch make the loud Echo (bound?

Your

Your Glory, which, like the fix't Star, wou'd
shine,
And as propitious be,
To all that want a guide, as He, (but mine.
Had this *great Subject* been adorn'd by any *Muse*

To the Earl of Abingdon, *&c.*

ODE.

AS when some humble, lab'ring Swain
Is favour'd with a large encrease of grain,
Straight to the Gods he sends his Prayer
Through the obsequious Air, (flee;
More swift than the wing'd race themselves can
For nothing is so swift as *Piety:*
With no less hearty Zeal, my Lord, to you
My Praises I acknowledge due;
For all the Bounties you dispence,
And with an Influence
So far diffus'd and free,
It ev'n extends to me! (receive,
Disdain not, then, that Praise (my Off'ring) to
For that, alas! is all that I can give;
But then the World shall see (to be.
I'll never cease to pay you that, till I shall cease

(2.)

Were I in *Ricot*'s happy shade,
Where no State-noise the Rites of Peace invade;
But

But every Morn does ſtill freſh Pleaſure bring,
And Plenty flows with an unbounded Spring;
Where Horſes neighing, and the cheerful ſound
Of *Huntſman*, *Horn* and *Hound*, (round.
Echo's a grateful Harmony to all the Country
Or when your ſportful *Lavington* we name,
The jocund Scene is much the ſame:
There only 'tis where *Nature* is with *Art* at ſtrife;
Both are ambitious to excel,
And both have done ſo well,
That 'twou'd be hard to tell (with life!
Which of 'em's moſt adorn'd with Beauty and
Such haunts as theſe might, poſſibly, inſpire
My Breaſt with a Poetick Fire,
And ſet thoſe thoughts on wing,
Which now but faintly fly and hoarſely ſing.

(3.)

No longer, *Clio*, on the *Manſions* live, (give,
Though they deſerve more praiſe than thou can ſt
(As ſituate in a happy ſoil,
And bleſt with *Flora*'s earlieſt ſmile)
But view the *Hoſpitality* within,
And a new flight begin;
For that's a *Theme* where thou may'ſt ever dwell,
And every day have ſomething new to tell:
A *Theme* which had great *Pindar*'s greater *Son*
Been but ſo happy to have known,
Through every Village 'twou'd have rung,
The ſole delight of every Tongue,
Through ev'ry Meadow, ev'ry Grove,
Where Shepherds ſeal their Vows of Love,

Through

Through ev'ry populous City, ev'ry Cell,
And every where, where Vertue's known to dwell;
Nay to the Clouds it Echoing wou'd have flew;
What less when *his the Song* and the *great Subject you?*

(4.)

Nor had his vast Carere
Or stop't, or tired here: (sung,
Your God-like Sire's high worth he wou'd have
Who, while he liv'd, was blest by every Loyal Tongue: (thought,
He wou'd have told, inspir'd with the Heroick
How great his Conduct and how well he fought;
How like a *Bulwark* by his Prince he stood,
When 'twas found Treason to be great, or good;
And, spite of Death and Time's devouring Jaws,
Have crown'd his memory with deserv'd applause:
So great the *Warriour*, and so just his *Cause!*
From thence, Triumphantly, have fled
To the *Production* of your fertile Bed;
In whom already does appear, Year)
(And 'tis the Spring that crowns the following
Their Father's *Courage* and their Mother's *Charms*;
A Guard from future harms:
And here again fresh thoughts wou'd spring,
How they might one day serve their Country and their King. (does flow,
For that untainted Blood which from your Veins
Can produce nothing but what's truly so.

(5.) Nor

(5.)

Nor had your *Wisdom* and your *Piety*
  Been past neglected by ;
And least of all your stedfast *Loyalty* ; (shock,
Which stood the *pow'rful Faction's* late Impetuous
  Unshaken as a Rock :
Upon smooth Seas we may with safety steer,
For there the Pleasure does surmount the Fear ;
But hard and dangerous 'tis, to gain the *Port*,
When Winds and Waves with equal Fury roar,
And make those stately *Barks* their cruel sport,
  They seem'd to court before :
Such is the *Sea*; nor was our storm at *Land*,
By yours and other Loyal Hands represt,
  Less dangerous to withstand.
  All this he gladly wou'd have done
  In *Verse* as lasting as the *Sun*;
  While, at an humble distance, I (so high!
Had blest the *happy Muse* that wou'd have soar'd

Sacred

Sacred

To the Memory of our late

Sovereign LORD

King CHARLES *the Second.*

ODE.

EAch Man has *private Cares* enow
To make him bend, to make him bow;
Ah! how then ſhall we bear the *general Sorrow* now!
Unleſs we dy with Grief, what Sanction can we bring
Sufficient for the loſs of ſuch a gracious King!
Peace, like a Mountain-ſtream, from him did flow,
And water'd all us humble Plants below,
And made us flouriſh too;
Yet *Peace* himſelf but ſeldom knew.
Too rigid, Ah! too rigid is the Fate
That on indulgent Monarchs wait!
While for the Publick good, the Publick weight they bare,
As they're Supreme in *Power*, ſo they're Supreme in *Care*:

Theirs

Theirs is the Toyl, theirs is the pain,
Ours is the Profit, ours the gain;
And this was prov'd in *Charles*'s Reign:
Think, *Britains*, think, how oft h' has broke his sleep,
Intrench't on his few hours of needful rest,
To make us free, to make us blest,
And, if you are not *Marble*, you must weep!

(2.)

Long as our *stubborn Land* he sway'd
(Ah that w' had all so long obey'd!)
Our *stubborn Land* a *Paradise* was made:
Indulg'd by his enliv'ning smiles,
(The Glory of all other *Isles*)
We did in Safety, Ease and Plenty live,
Enjoy'd all Priviledges He cou'd give:
Till sated with continu'd Happiness,
Like *Devils*, we conspir'd to make it less.
False Fears and *Jealousies* Knaves did create,
And, once more, strove to plunge the *State*
In all the miseries it felt from *forty one* to *Eight*.
Here did our pitying *Monarch* timely interpose,
And sav'd us from our selves --- for who else were our Foes?
On those whom *goodness* cou'd not awe,
He let loose *Justice* and the *Law*;
His *Justice* prob'd our fester'd wound,
His *Justice* heal'd and made it sound,
From *Exile* call'd our *banisht right*,
(Good Angel's and good Men's delight)
And made us happy in our own despight!

(3.) Not

(3.)

Not op'ning Buds more certain Tydings bring
Of the approaching Glories of the *Spring*,
Than his leaſt Action ſpoke him *King!*
He talkt, he look't, he trod,
And had the Air, the Port and Manage of a God!
Theſe Wonders in his *Perſon* all might find;
But who can tell the wonders of his *mind?*
How Wiſe! how Juſt! how Mild! how Kind!
In Exile, Danger, Want and Strife,
In all the various Changes of his Life,
Before, and when he reign'd, (ſtain'd:
His troubles were with Saint-like Conſtancy ſu-
And great and num'rous was the ſtore;
His *Martyr'd God*, and *Martyr'd Father*, only
ſuffer'd more:
His *Favours* too, like theirs,
Did to his deadlieſt Foes extend,
Forgave as faſt as ill Men did offend, (*Friend:*
And when he had forgave, wou'd prove a
What greater proof of Clemency
Cou'd Heav'n it ſelf expreſs?
'Twas Vertue, Goodneſs, Mercy to exceſs!

(4.)

If ought that's excellent, or brave,
Cou'd priviledge their *Owners* from the Grave;
He, like *Elijah*, to his Bliſs had fled,
And never mingled with the dead:---
But *Man* was born to dy! (find,
And though the *Prophet* might the eaſier Paſſage
Our Pious *Sovereign* left his Droſs behind,
And went to Heav'n more pure and more refin'd.

There

There rest, *blest shade*, from all the *sorrow* free,
From all the *Treachery*,
From all the *Infidelity*,
That did attend thy painful Progress of Mortality;
There rest: --- while the poor Melancholy *Bards* below
Though they can ne'r pay all they owe,
At least, their Love and Duty show,
And, in sad Funeral-Verse, embalm
Their ever haypy *Patron*'s name;
Not that it needs it --- for 'twou'd live
Without th' Assistance *Poets* give.

The End of the Pindarick Poems.

SA-

SATYRS.

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PROLOGUE.

To the following

Satyrs and Epiſtles.

TO that Prodigious height of vice w' are grown,
Both in the *Court*, the *Theatre* and *Town*,
That 'tis of late believ'd, nay fixt a rule,
Who ever is not vitious is a Fool;
Hiſs't at by old and young, deſpis'd, oppreſt,
If he be not a Villain, like the reſt:
Vertue and Truth are loſt --- ſearch for *good men*,
Among *ten thouſand* you will ſcarce find *ten*.
Half Wits conceited Coxcombs, Cowards, Braves,
Baſe Flatt'rers, and the endleſs Fry of Knaves,
Fops, Fools and Pimps you every where may find,
" *And not to meet 'em you muſt ſhun Mankind.*
The other *Sex*, too, whom we all adore,
When ſearch'd, we ſtill find rotten at the *core*,
An old, dry *Bawd*, or a young, juicy *Whore*;
Their love all falſe, their Vertue but a name,
And nothing in 'em conſtant but their *ſhame*.
What *Saty'riſt*, then, that honeſt can ſit ſtill,
And, unconcern'd, ſee ſuch a Tyde of ill,

With an impetuous force, o'erflow the Age,
And not ſtrive to reſtrain it with his rage?
On Sin's vaſt Army ſeize, Wing, Reer and Van,
And, like Impartial Death, not ſpare a Man?
For where, alas! where is that mighty *He*,
That is from *Pride*, *Deceit* and *Envy* free,
Or rather, is not tainted with all *three*?
Mankind is Criminal, their Acts, their Thoughts;
'Tis Charity to tell 'em of their Fau'ts,
And *ſhew* their failings in a *faithful Glaſs*;
For who won't mend that *ſees* he is an Aſs?
And this deſign 'tis that employs my *Muſe*,
This for her daily *Theme* ſhe's proud to chuſe;
A *Theme* that ſhe'l have daily need to uſe:
Let other *Poets* flatter, fawn and write,
To get ſome *Guinnys* and a *Dinner* by't;
But *ſhe* cou'd ne'r cringe to a *Lord* for meat,
Change ſides for Int'reſt, hug the City-cheat,
Nor praiſe a proſp'rous Villain, thô he's great:
Quite contrary her *Practice* ſhall appear;
Unbrib'd, Impartial, pointed and ſevere:
That way my *Nature* leans, compos'd of *Gall*;
I muſt *write ſharply*, or not write at all.

Tho' *Thyrſis* wings the Air in tow'ring flights,
And, to a wonder, *Panegyrick* writes;
Though he is ſtill exalted and ſublime,
Scarce to be matcht by paſt or preſent time;
Yet what *Inſtruction* can from hence accrue?
'Tis flatt'ry all, too fulſom to be true.
Urge not (for 'tis to vindicate the wrong)
It cauſes *Emulation* in the young,

A thirſt to Fame, while ſome high Act they read,
That ſpurs 'em to the ſame Romantick deed;
As if ſome pow'rful magick lay in *Rhimes*,
That made men *braver* than at other times.
'Tis falſe and fond: --- *Hero*'s may huff and fight,
But who can merit ſo as he can write?
To hold a *Glow-worm* is the *morning Star*,
And that it may, with eaſe, be ſeen as far,
Were moſt ridiculous, ſo wide from truth,
It juſtly wou'd deſerve a ſharp reproof.
That wretch is more to blame, whoſe *hireling Pen*
Calls Knaves and Coxcombs, wiſe deſerving men,
Says that the vitious are with vertue grac't,
Judges all juſt, and all *Court-Strumpets* chaſt.
If to be prais'd does give a man pretence
To Glory, Honour, Honeſty and Senſe,
Cromwell had much to ſay in his defence;
Who, though a *Tyrant*, which all ills comprize,
Has been extoll'd and lifted to the Skies:
While living (ſuch was the applauſe they gave)
Counted High, Princely, Pious, Juſt and Brave,
And with *Encomiums* waited to the Grave.
Who then wou'd give this --- for a *Poet*'s praiſe?
Which, rightly underſtood, does but debaſe,
And *blaſt* that Reputation it wou'd *raiſe*.
Hence 'tis (and 'tis a Puniſhment that's fit)
They are condemn'd and ſcorn'd by *men of wit*:
'Tis true, ſome *Foplings* nibble at their Praiſe,
And think it great to grace the Front of *Plays*;
Though moſt to that ſtupidity are grown,
They wave their *Patron*'s praiſe to write their *own*;

Yet they but ſeldom fail of their Rewards;
And, Faith, in that I cannot blame the *Bards*;
If Coxcombs will be Coxcombs, let 'em rue,
If they love Flatt'ry, let 'em pay for't too;
'Tis one ſure method to convince the *Elves*;
They ſpare my pains and ſatyrize themſelves.
In ſhort, nought helps like *Satyr* to amend:
While in huge Volumes motly *Prieſts* contend,
And let their vain Diſputes ne'r have an end,
They plunge us in thoſe Snares we elſe ſhou'd ſhun;
Like *Tinkers*, make *ten holes* in mending *one*.
Our deareſt Friends, too, though they know our Fau'ts,
For *pity*, or for *ſhame* conceal their Thoughts,
While we, who ſee our failings not forbid,
Looſely run on in the vain Paths we did:
'Tis *Satyr*, then, that is our trueſt Friend,
For none before they know their Faults can mend;
That tells us boldly of our fouleſt crimes,
Reproves ill manners, and reforms the Times:
How am I then too blame, when all I write
Is honeſt rage, not prejudice, or ſpight?
Truth is my aim, with *truth* I ſhall impeach,
And I'll ſpare none that come within it's reach:
On then, my *Muſe*, the *World* before thee lies,
And laſh the *Knaves* and *Fools* that I deſpiſe.

Love

Love given over:

OR, A

SATYR

Against the

Pride, Lust and Inconstancy, &c.

OF

WOMAN.

Writ in the Year 1680.

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N

TO THE

Right Honourable CHARLES, EARL of Dorset and Middlesex, &c.

My Lord,

THE Widows Mite *cast to the store,*
Was more than all, for she cou'd give no more;
The Rich, indeed, might daily Presents bring,
As flowing from an inexhausted Spring:
I say not this that you shou'd partial be,
Or think this more, because it came from me,
But only, that I am as poor as she:
As poor, I mean, in Sense, *as she in* Coin;
Nor is that Mite *originally mine:*

'Tis

'Tis true, a Mite *is, in it self, but small,*
But vast the store *that gives a* Mite *to all :*
You are that Store, my Lord, whose boundless mind,
In Judgment firm, in Fancy unconfin'd,
Distributes Rayes of Sense to all Mankind.
It is but just then (as the Gods inspire
Earths sordid Clay with their Celestial Fire,
Which, whensoe're the dull Mass finds a Grave,
Returns again to the same God that gave)
I shou'd that little, All I have, *restore ;*
But blush to think that 'tis improv'd no more.

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's Faithful,

And most humble Servant,

R. Gould.

Advertisement.

THE *pious Endeavours of the* Gown *have not prov'd more ineffectual towards reclaiming the Errors of a vitious Age, than* Satyr (*the better way, though less practised*) *the amendment of Honesty and good Manners among us: Nor is it a wonder, when we consider that* Women (*as if they had the Ingredient of* Fallen-Angel *in their Composition*) *the more they are lash'd, are but the more hardned in Impenitence: And as Children, in some violent Distemper, commonly spit out those cherishing* Cordials, *which, if taken, might chase away the Malady, so they (inspir'd, as 'twere, with a natural averseness to Vertue) despise that wholsome counsel, which is religiously design'd for their future good and happiness. Judge, then, if* Satyr *ever had more need of a sharper sting than now, when he can look out of his* Cell *on no side, but sees so many Objects beyond the reach of Indignation. Nor is it altogether unreasonable for me (while others are lashing the Rebellious times into obedience) to have one fling at* Woman, *the original of Mischief. I am sensible, I might as well expect to see Truth and Honesty uppermost in the World, as think to be free from the bitterness of their Resentments; But I have no reason to be concern'd at that; since, I'm certain, my design's as far from offending the good (if there are*

any

any among them that can be said to be so) as those few that are good wou'd be offended at their Reception into Bliss, to be there crown'd with the happy reward of their Labours. As for those that are ill, if it gall them, it succeeds according to my wish; for I have no other design but the amendment of Vice, which if I cou'd but, in the least, accomplish, I shou'd be well pleas'd, and not without reason too; for it must needs be some satisfaction to a young, unskilful Archer, *to* hit *the first* mark *he ever aim'd at.*

Love

Love given over;

OR, A

SATYR

Against

WOMAN.

Writ in the Year 1680.

AT length from *Love*'s vile ſlav'ry I am free,
And have regain'd my ancient Liberty:
I've ſhook thoſe Chains off which my Bondage wrought,
Am free as Air, and unconfin'd as thought:
For faithleſs *Silvia* I no more adore,
Kneel at her Feet, and pray in vain no more:
No more my Verſe ſhall her fled worth proclaim,
And with ſoft Praiſes celebrate her name:
Her Frowns do now no awful Terrors bear;
Her Smiles, no more, can cure, or cauſe deſpair.

I've

I've banish't her for ever from my Breast,
Banish't the proud Invader of my rest,
Banish't the Tyrant-Author of my woes,
That rob'd my Soul of all its sweet repose:
Not all her treach'rous Arts, bewitching wiles,
Her sighs, her tears, nor her deluding smiles
Shall my eternal Resolution move,
Or make me talk, or think, or dream of *love:*
The whining Curse I've banisht from my Mind,
And, with it, all the thoughts of *Womankind.*
Come then, my *Muse*, and since th' occasion's fair,
Against that Sex proclaim an endless *War;*
Which may renew as still my Verse is read,
And live when I am mingl'd with the dead.

Woman! by Heav'ns the very name's a Crime,
Enough to blast and scandalize my Rhime!
Sure Heav'n it self (intranc't) like *Adam* lay,
Or else some banish't Fiend usurp't the sway
When *Eve* was form'd, and with her usher'd in
Plagues, Woes and Death, and a new World of *Sin.*
The *fatal Rib* was crooked and unev'n,
From whence they've all their *Crab-like Nature* giv'n,
Averse to all the Laws of Man and Heav'n.

O *Lucifer!* thy Regions had been thin,
Wer't not for Woman's propagating Sin:
'Tis they alone that all true Vices know,
And send such Throngs down to thy Courts below:
Nay there is hardly one among 'em all,
But Envys *Eve* the Glory of the *Fall:*

Be

Be cautious then and guard your Empire well;
For shou'd they once get power to rebel,
They'd surely raise a *civil War* in Hell,
Add to the pains you feel, and make you know
W' are here above as curst as you below.----
But we may thank our selves: is there a *Dog*
Who, when he may have freedom, wears a Clog?
But slavish Man, the more imprudent Beast,
Drags the dull weight when he may be release:
May such(and ah! too many such we see)
While they live here, just only live to be
The marks of scorn, contempt and infamy.
But if the Tyde of *nature* boist'rous grow,
And will rebelliously it's Banks o'rflow,
Then chuse a *Wench*, who, (full of lewd desires)
Can meet your Flames of Love with equal Fires;
She only damns the Soul; but an ill Wife
Damns that, and with it all the Joys of Life:
And what vain Blockhead is so dull, but knows
That of *two ills* the *least* is to be chose?
But now since Woman's *Lust* I chance to name,
Womans unbounded *Lust* I'll first proclaim:
And shew that our lewd Age has brought to view,
What *Sodom*, when at worst, had blush't to do.
True, I confess, that *Rome's Imperial Whore*
(More fam'd for Vice than for the Crown she wore)
Into the publick Stews, disguis'd, wou'd thrust,
To quench the raging fury of her Lust;
And by such Actions bravely got her name
Born up for ever on the wings of Fame:

Yet

Yet this is poor to what our *Modern Age*
Has hatch't, brought forth, and acted on the Stage;
Which, for the Sex's Glory, I'll reherse,
And make that deathless as that makes my *Verse*.

Who knew not (for to whom was she unknown?
Our late Illustrious *Bewley*? (true, she's gone
To answer for the num'rous ills sh'as done;
For if there is no Hell for such as she,
Heav'n is unjust, and that it cannot be)
As *Albion*'s *Isle*, fast rooted in the Main,
Does the rough Billows raging force disdain,
Which, though they foam, and with loud terrors roar,
In vain attempt to reach beyond their shore;
So she, with Lusts enthusiastick rage,
Sustain'd all the salt *Stallions* of the Age:
Whole Legions did encounter, Legions tir'd,
Insatiate yet, still fresh supplies desir'd.
Prodigious Bawd! O may thy mem'ry be
Abhor'd by all, as 'tis abhor'd by me!
Thou foremost in the Race of Infamy!
But Bodies must decay, for 'tis too sure,
There's nothing from the Jaws of *time* secure:
Yet when she found that she cou'd do no more,
When all her Body was one *putrid sore*,
Studded with *Pox* and *Ulcers* quite all o'er;
Ev'n then, by her delusive, treach'rous wiles,
(For Woman 'tis that Woman best beguiles)
Sh' enroll'd more Females in the List of *Whore*
Than all the *Arts of Man* e'r did before.

Prest

Preſt with the pond'rous guilt, at length, ſhe fell
And through the ſolid Centre ſunk to *Hell*:
The murm'ring Fiends all hover'd round about,
And in hoarſe howls did the *great Bawd* ſalute;
Amaz'd to ſee a ſordid Lump of Clay (they:
Stain'd with more various, bolder Crimes than
Nor were her Torments leſs; for the dire Train
Soon ſent her, howling, through the rowling Flame,
To the ſad Seat of everlaſting Pain!
Creſwel and *Stratford* the ſame footſteps tread;
In Sins black Volume ſo profoundly read,
That, whenſoere they dy, we well may fear,
The very Tincture of the Crimes they bare,
With ſtrange Infuſion will inſpire the duſt,
And in the Grave commit true acts of Luſt.

And now, if ſo much to the World's reveal'd,
Reflect on the vaſt ſtore that lies conceal'd.
How, oft, into their Cloſets they retire,
Where flaming *Dil* -- does inflame deſire,
And gentle *Lap--d--s* feed the am'rous fire.
How curſt is *Man!* when *Brutes* his Rivals prove,
Ev'n in the ſacred buſineſs of his *Love!*
Unleſs Religion pious thoughts inſtil,
Shew me the Woman that wou'd not be ill,
If ſhe, conveniently, cou'd have her will?
And when the mind's corrupt, we all well know
The Actions that proceed from 't muſt be ſo:
Their guilt's as great who any *ill* wou'd do,
As theirs who, actually, that *ill* purſue;

That they wou'd have it so their Crime assures;
Thus, if they durst, all Women wou'd be Whores.
At least (and 'tis what all Men will allow)
Most wou'd be so that yet seem vertuous now.

Forgive me, *Modesty*, if I have been,
In any thing I've mention'd here, obscene.
But ah! why shou'd I ask that Boon of thee,
When 'tis a doubt if such a thing there be?
For Woman, in whose Breast thou'rt said to reign,
And shew the glorious Conquests thou dost gain,
Despises thee, and only courts the name:
(Sounds, though we can't perceive 'em, we may hear,
And wonder at their Echoing through the Air)
Thus, led by what delusive Fame imparts,
We think thy Throne's erected in their *hearts*,
But w' are deceiv'd, as, 'Faith, we ever were,
For, if thou *art*, 'tis sure thou art not there.
Nothing in that black *Mansion* does reside,
But rank Ambition, Luxury and *Pride*:
Pride is the *Deity* they most adore;
Hardly their own dear selves they cherish more:
Survey their very looks you'l find it there;
How can you miss it when 'tis every where?
Some, through all hunted Nature's secrets trace
To fill the furrows of a wrinkled Face,
And after all their toyl (pray mark the Curse)
They've only made that which was bad much worse:

As

As ſome, in ſtriving to make *ill coin* paſs,
Have but the more diſcover'd that 'twas *braſs*.
Nay those that are reputed to be fair,
And know how courted, how admir'd they are;
Who, one wou'd think, God had form'd ſo compleat,
They had no need to make his Gifts a cheat;
Yet they, too, in Adulteration ſhare,
And wou'd, in ſpite of nature, be more fair.
Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the gain
In ſpending time upon a thing ſo vain?
Your *pretious time!* (O to your ſelves unkind!)
When 'tis uncertain y'ave an hour behind
That you can call your own: for though y'are fair,
Charming and kind as *Guardian Angels* are,
Adorn'd by *Nature*, fitted out by *Art*
In all the glories that delude the heart;
Yet tell me, tell, have they the power to ſave?
Or can they priviledge you from the *Grave?*
The *Grave* which favours not the rich, or fair;
Beauty with Beaſt lies undiſtinguiſh't there.

But hold --- methinks I'm interrupted here
By ſome vain Fop I neither love, nor fear;
Who, in theſe words, his weakneſs does reveal,
And hurts that wound which he ſhou'd ſtrive to heal.

Soft, Sir, *methinks you* too *inveterate grow*,
And more your Envy *than* Diſcretion *ſhow*.

Who'd blame the Sun *because he shines so bright,*
That we can't gaze on his refulgent light,
When, at the self-same time, he cheers the Earth,
And gives the various Plants and Blossoms Birth?
How does the Winter look, that naked thing,
Compar'd with the fresh glories of the Spring?
Rivers adorn the Earth, the Fish the Seas,
Flowers and Grass the Meadows, Fruit the Trees,
The Stars those Fields of Air through which they ride;
And Woman *all the works of God beside!*
Yet base, detractive Envy won't allow
They shou'd adorn themselves: then pray, Sir, *now*
Produce some Reasons why y'are so severe;
For, Envious as you are, you know they're Fair.

And so were *Sodom*'s *Apples*, heretofore,
But they were still found rotten at the *Core.*
Nature, without dispute, made all things fair,
And drest 'em in an unaffected Air:
The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, every Flower,
Proclaim their Maker's boundless Love and Power;
But they as they were made at first remain,
And all their ancient Lustre still retain.
Nothing but vain, Fantastick Woman's chang'd,
And through all mischiefs various Mazes rang'd:
Yet, that they're Beautiful is not deny'd;
But, tell me, are th' unhansom free from Pride?
No, no; the strait, the crooked, ugly, fair,
Have all, promiscuously, an equal share.
Thus, *Sir*, you see how they're estrang'd and straid
From what, by Nature, they at first were made.

Already

Already many of their Crimes I've nam'd;
Yet that's untold for which they most are fam'd:
A *Sin*, tall as the *Pyramids* of old,
From whose aspiring top we may behold
Enough to damn a World: - - what shou'd it be,
But (Curse upon the Name!) *Inconstancy?*
O tell me, does the World those Men contain,
(For I have look't for such, but look't in vain)
Who ne're were drawn into that fatal snare?
Fatal I call it, for he's curst that's there.
Inspir'd then by my Fellow-Sufferers wrongs,
(And glad I am the task to me belongs)
I'll bring the *Fiend* unmask't to human sight,
Though hid in the black Womb of deepest night.
No more the Wind, the faithless Wind, shall be
A *Simile* for their *Inconstancy*,
For that sometimes is fixt; but *Woman*'s mind
Is never fixt, or to one point enclin'd:
Less fixt than in a Storm the Billows are,
Or trembling Leaves the *Aspen* Tree does bear,
Which ne'r stand still, but (every way enclin'd)
Turn twenty times with the least breath of wind.
Less fixt than wanton *Swallows* while they play
In the Sun-beams, to wellcom in the Day;
Now yonder, now they're here, as quickly there,
In no place long, and yet are every where.
Like a toss'd *Ship* their Passions fall and rise;
One while you'd think it touch't the very Skies,
When strait upon the Sand it grov'ling lies.
Ev'n she her self, *Silvia* th' lov'd and fair,
Whose one kind look cou'd save me from *Despair*,

She, ſhe whoſe Smiles I valu'd at that rate,
To enjoy them I ſcorn'd the Frowns of Fate;
Ev'n ſhe her ſelf (but ah! I'm loth to tell,
Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd ſo well;
But it muſt out --) ev'n ſhe, ſwift as the Wind,
Swift as the Airy Motions of the mind,
At once prov'd falſe and perjur'd, and unkind!
Here they, to day, invoke the Powers above
As Witneſſes to their Immortal love;
When, lo! away the *airy Fantom* flies,
And e'r it can be ſaid to live, it dies:
Thus, all Religious Vows and Oaths they break
With the ſame eaſe and freedom as they ſpeak.
Nor is that ſacred Idol, *Marriage*, free;
Marriage, which muſty Drones affirm to be
The Ty of Souls as well as Bodies! nay, (vey
The Spring that does, through unſeen Pipes, con-
Freſh ſweets to life, and drives the bitter dregs
away!
The ſacred *Flame*, the Guardian *Pile of Fire*
That guides our ſteps to *Peace!* nor does expire,
Till it has left us nothing to deſire!
Ev'n thus adorn'd, the *Idol* is not free
From the ſwift-turns of their *Inconſtancy*:
Witneſs th' *Epheſian Matron*;---
Who to the Grave with her dead Husband went,
And clos'd her ſelf up in his *Monument*;
Where on cold Marble ſhe lamenting lay;
In ſighs ſhe ſpent the night, in tears the day,
And ſeem'd to have no uſe of Life, but mourn
it all away:

The

The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful mind,
Extoll'd her as the best of Womankind!
But see the World's mistake, and, with it, see
The strange effects of wild *Inconstancy!*
For she her self, ev'n in that sacred room,
With one brisk, vig'rous onset was o'ercome,
And made a *Brothel* of her Husband's *Tomb!*
Whose pale Ghost trembl'd in it's sacred shrowd,
Wond'ring that Heav'n th' impious act allow'd;
Horror in robes of darkness stalkt around,
And through the frighted Tomb did groans resound;
The very *Marbles* wept; the Furies howl'd,
And, in hoarse murmurs, their amazement told:
All this shook not the dictates of her mind,
But, with a boldness suited to her kind,
She made her Husband's Ghost (in death a slave)
Her necessary *Pimp* ev'n in his Grave.
What need I fetch these Instances from *old?*
There *now* live those that are as bad and bold,
Of *Quality*; young, vig'rous, lustful, fair,
But, for their Husband's sakes, their Names I spare.
Are these (ye Gods!) the Vertues of a *Wife*,
The peace that crowns a matrimonial Life?
Is this the sacred Prize for which we fight,
And hazard Life and Honour with delight?
Bliss of the day, and Rapture of the night!
The Reins that guide us in our wild Careres?
And the Supporter of our feeble years?
No, no, 'tis contradiction; rather far,
They are the cause of all our Bosom-War;

The very ſource and fountain of our Woe,
From whence Deſpair and Doubt for ever flow;
The Gall that mingles with our beſt delight,
Rank to the taſt and nauſeous to the ſight;
A days, the weight of *care* that clogs the Breaſt,
At night, the *hag* that does diſturb our reſt:
Our mortal Sickneſs in the mid'ſt of health,
Chains in our Freedom, Poverty in Wealth:
Th' Eternal Peſtilence and Plague of Life,
Th' original and Spring of all our ſtrife:
Theſe, rather, are the Vertues of a clam'rous
Wife!

O why, ye awful Powers, why was't your will
To mix our ſolid good with ſo much ill?
But you foreſaw our Crimes wou'd ſoar too high,
And ſo made them your Vengeance to ſupply:
For, not the wild, deſtructive waſt of *War*,
Nor all the endleſs Lab'rinths of the *Bar*,
Famine, Revenge, Perpetual loſs of health;
No, nor that grinning Fiend deſpair it ſelf,
When it inſults with moſt Tyrannick ſway,
Can plague, or torture man ſo much as they!
But hold; don't let me blame the Power's divine,
Or, at the wond'rous works they made, repine;
All firſt was *good*, form'd by th' eternal will,
Though much has ſince degenerated to *ill*:
Ev'n Woman was, they ſay, made chaſt and good,
But ah! not long in that bleſt State ſhe ſtood;
Swift as a *Meteor* glides through air ſhe fell,
And ſhew'd, to love that *Sex* too much, is one
ſure way to Hell.

Beware

Beware then, dull, deluded Man, beware;
And let not vitious Women be the ſnare,
To make you the Companions of 'em there:
Scorn their vain ſmiles, their little arts deſpiſe,
And your content at that juſt value prize,
As not to let thoſe rav'nous Thieves of Prey,
Rifle and bear the ſacred Gueſt away:
'Tis they, 'tis they that rob us of that *Gem*,
How cou'd we loſe it were it not for them?
Avoid 'em, then, with all the gaudy Arts
They daily practiſe to amuſe our hearts;
Avoid 'em as you wou'd avoid their Crimes,
Which, like a Torrent looſe, o'erflow the Times.

But now ſhou'd ſome (for 'tis too ſure we may
Find many Coxcombs that will own their ſway)
Shou'd ſuch revile the wholſom Rules I give,
And, in contempt of what is ſpoke, ſtill live
Like baſe-ſoul'd Slaves, and Fetters chuſe to wear,
When they may be as unconfin'd as Air,
Or the wing'd Racers that Inhabit there;
May all the Plagues an *ill Wife* can invent
Purſue 'em with eternal Puniſhment:
May they --- but ſtay, my Curſes I foreſtal,
For in that *one* I've comprehended all.---
But ſay, *Sir*, if ſome *Pilot* on the Main,
Shou'd be ſo mad, ſo reſolutely vain,
To ſteer his Veſſel on that fatal ſhore,
Where he has ſeen ten thouſand wrack't before;

Though

Though he ſhou'd periſh there, ſay, wou'd you not
Beſtow a Curſe on the notorious *Sot?*
Truſt me, the Man's as much to blame as he,
Who ventures his frail *Bark* out, willfully,
On the rough, rocky, *Matrimonial Sea*;
Selfiſh, his Breaſt is with vain hopes poſſeſt,
For why ſhou'd he ſpeed better than the reſt?

THE

THE PLAY-HOUSE. A SATYR.

Writ in the Year 1685.

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TO THE

Right Honourable CHARLES, EARL of Dorset and Middlesex, &c.

My Lord,

DEny'd the Press, *forbid the* Publick view,
This Trifle *for a Refuge flies to* You;
To You, *my Lord, in whom we well may see*
What a true English Noble-Man *shou'd be* :
Firm to his Honour, *to his Prince sincere,*
Kind to desert, *and think it worth his care* ;
But to the servile Flatterer, *severe* :
'Tis him we ought to fear of all Mankind ;
He's never without mischief in his mind :

The

The sweetest words still hide destructive Gall,
For 'twas a gawdy outside damn'd us all:
But such you scorn, their Poison can repell;
Yet, spite of your Example, Fools will use 'em well.

Who strives by noble ways to raise his name,
And makes true worth *the Centre of his aim,*
Can never miss of an establisht Fame:
He marks the Vices that disgrace the Age,
Flutter to Court and flourish on the Stage,
Does shun 'em too; silence the Knavish Tongue,
And rescue injur'd Honesty from wrong.
This is the Man to whom our Praise is due,
And this Man treads in the same Path with You.

There hardly e'r was known so good a thing,
But felt the subtle point of Envy's *sting;*
She seldom vents her rage on worthless Game;
Good Actions and good Men are still her aim:
But here we may (and speak it too with Pride*)*
Say more of You *than all Mankind beside,*
Y' are Envy-proof! and so is all y' ave writ;
For no Man e're was so presuming, yet,
To fix a brand on your unquestion'd Wit:

So

So good! I durst ev'n hope you will excuse
This rude address of my unpollish't Muse;
What greater proof? who, in return, will raise
Her Wings above the usual pitch to sing her
Patron's *praise.*

Your Actions still their Parent-Soul *confest,*
And shew'd they took birth from a Gallant Breast:
A Breast which all the full-blown worth displays,
That can transmit a name to after days:
A generous temper and untainted mind;
A Conversation pleasant and refin'd,
Made up of all the Charms that can delight Man-kind!
Courage enough to quell the Age's Crimes,
And firmly Loyal in Rebellious Times:
Then 'tis, he, who a heart unshaken brings,
Is touch't, found right and fit for glorious things,
Stands Bullwark in the Gap, and ev'n obliges
Kings.

Reflecting on all this, how dare I bring
To your strict view so mean an Offering?
Yet, since truth *made me write, perhaps you may*
In its perusal throw an hour away:

For

For here, my Lord, you'l meet with Knaves *chastis'd,*
Buffoons *and* Bullys *equally despis'd:*
Strumpets *not spar'd, whate'r is their degree;*
If bad, what is their Quality *to me?*
Ill Plays *and* Doggrel Poets *damn'd in shoals,*
With their devout admirers, Coquets, Fops *and* Fools:
But this, perhaps, might make its value less,
And for the Publick *thought too fit a Dress;*
For to write truth *is one sure way to be deny'd the* Press.

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And Devoted Servant,

R. Gould.

THE PLAY-HOUSE. A SATYR.

OF all the things which at this *guilty time*,
Have felt the honeſt *Satyr*'s wholſome *Rhime*,
The *Play-houſe* has ſcap't beſt, been moſt forborn,
Though it, of all things, moſt deſerves our ſcorn.

I then, inſpir'd with bold, Satyrick rage,
A ſworn *Foe* to the *mercenary Stage*,
(And yet a *Foe* no further than to ſhow (grow)
The World what weed in that rank Soil does
Will ſtrip it bare of all the gay attire
Which *Women* love, and *Fools* ſo much admire.

Ye biting *Scorpions* (for I've heard of ſuch,
And as for *Spleen* I cannot have too much)
Aid me, I beg you, with inveterate ſpite,
Inſtruct me how to ſtab, each word I write;

Or, if my *Pen*'s too weak this Tyde to ſtem,
Lend me your *Stings*, and I will write with them:
Each home-ſet thruſt ſhall pierce Vice to the heart,
And draw the blood out in the mortall'ſt part.
That the proud *Mimicks*, who now Lord it ſo,
May be the publick ſcorn where e'r they go,
Their *Trade* decay, and they unpity'd ſtarve;
A better Fate than moſt of 'em deſerve.

Firſt to the *Middle-Gallery* we'll go,
(The *Prologue* to the Vice you'll find below)
Where reeking Punks like Summer Inſects ſwarm,
And ſtink like *Pole-cats* when they're hunted warm:
Their very Scents cauſe *Apoplectick Fits*,
And yet they're thought all *Civet* by the *Cits*.
(But that's not much, for, the plain truth to tell,
They're without Brains, why not without their Smell?)
Here, every Night, they ſit *three hours* for Sale,
With dirty *Night-rail*, and a dirtier *Tayl*:
If any *Gudgeon* bites, they have him ſure,
For nothing Angles Blockheads like a Whore.
To keep their *Masks* on is their only way,
For going barefac't wou'd but ſpoil their Play;
Their *Noſes* ſharp as Needles, *Eyes* ſunk in,
A wrinkl'd *Forehead*, and a parchment *Skin*:
A Breath as hot as *Ætna*'s ſulph'rous Fire,
And yet not half ſo hot as their *deſire*.
The *Phyſick* each, at times, has ſwallow'd up
Wou'd ſtock the *King's Apothecary's Shop*.

Who

Who e're does grapple with these *Fire-ships*,
May tast the *Mercury* upon their Lips.
Wonder no longer that, in *France* and *Rome*,
They have the knack to poison with perfume;
Our Strumpets now, those *Factresses* for death,
Will do't with one puff of their morning breath.
If drunk with *Nants* (as, by their smell, you'd think
They never tasted any other drink)
It mainly adds to what I've said before,
And makes 'em glory in their guilt the more;
Then let 'em have their will, and you shall see
How wild a thing unbounded Bitch will be:
No *Pen* can write, no human wit can think
The lewdness of a *Play-House Punk* in drink;
Inspir'd by Lust's Enthusiastick rage,
She'd prostitute her self ev'n on the Stage,
Strip naked, and, without a thought of shame,
Do things Hell's blackest Fiend wou'd blush to name.
Yet such as these our brawny *Fops* admire;
The fittest *fewel* for so hot a fire.
A *Woman*'s ne're so wicked, but she can
Find one as wicked, or much worse, in *man*,
To satisfy her Lust, obey her will,
And, at her beck, perform the greatest ill:
These ride not Strumpets, but are Strumpet-rid,
Like *Dogs*, they'll fetch and carry if they're bid.
But now I talk of *Dogs*, did you e're meet
A *proud Bitch* and her Gallants in the street,
Mungrel, *Shock*, *Mastiff*, *Spaniel*, blithe and gay,
And mind how they foam, pant and lick their prey,

How ceremonious, with what courtly Art
They make address? each tenders down his heart,
And if *Bitch* snarles, they take it in good part:
This is an Emblem of our *Gallery Ware*,
The *Scene* you may see, nightly, acted here.
How e'r I must give *Dog* and *Bitch* their due,
They are the better Creatures of the two,
But Bawdy only for a *Season*; here
The Leach'rous Commerce does hold *all the Year*.
About one *Jilt* a hundred *Fops* shall crowd,
So talkative, impertinent and loud,
That who e'r hither comes to see the *Play*,
For what they hear, might as well stay away.
After a long, insipid, vain Amour
Between some flutt'ring *Officer* and Whore,
To some *Hedge-Tavern* they direct their way,
(Known only to such *Customers* as they)
To end th' Intrigue agreed on at the *Play*:
There they roar, swear, huff, eat and drink at large,
And all at the *Heroick Cully*'s charge;
Till, drain'd both *Purse* and *back*, he does retire,
And within three days find his Blood on Fire.
This is the *sum* of all the Play-House Jobs,
Begin in *Punk* and end in Mr. *Hobs*.
If he wou'd find the *Nymph* that caus'd his moan,
He toyls in vain, the *Bird of night* is flown;
For, by the way, so sharp they are at sinning,
They change their *Lodging* oftner than their *Linnen*.

Yet

Yet not this warning makes the *Sot* give o'er;
He must repeat the dangerous Bliss once more,
But still finds harder usage than before.

Hence 'tis our *Surgeons* and our *Quacks* are grown
To make so great a Figure in the Town;
They heap up an Estate by our Debauches;
Our keeping *Strumpets* makes them keep their *Coaches:*
Their *Consorts* are so splendid and so gay, (they
You'd think 'em Queens, for they're [illegible] as
None go so 'Expensive as such Verm[illegible]ives.
For the worst Gown they wear [illegible] *ty lives.*
What horrid things are these? [illegible] the *Stage*
That makes these *Insects* gain upon the Age.
There 'tis offenders sow that *fertile crime*
Of which these reap the *harvest* in short time;
There's many of 'em, for their single share,
Pocket at least five hundred pound a year;
Nor is it strange, so spreading is this Crime,
They'll have *seven score* a fluxing at a time;
Of which, perhaps, by Heav'nly Providence,
Seven may Recover, and creep faintly thence,
So lean, thin, pale and meagre, you'd swear
Ghosts have more *Substance*, though they're nought but *air.*
So cunning too are these *Pox-Emp'ricks* grown,
Live ye, or dy, they'l make the *Cash* their own,
Expensive *Malady!* where people give
More to be kill'd than many wou'd to live!
Some get Estates by other deaths, but here
The very dying does undo the *Heir.*

O that the *custom* were again return'd,
That Bodies might on Funeral Piles be burn'd;
For I believe the *Poison* that the *Sun* (run,
Sucks from the *ground*, and through the air does
Giving all *catching Plagues* and *Fevers* birth,
Are *Steams* that are exhal'd from *Pocky Earth*:
From whence the *Town* may be concluded curst,
For here few dy but are half rotten first.
But e're from this *Bitch-Gallery* I descend,
I've more to say, and beg you to attend.
For 'tis of late found a notorious truth,
Court-Ladies, in their heat of Lust and Youth,
Sail hither, muffl'd up in a disguise;
And by pert carriage and their sharp replies,
Set all the Men agog, who streight agree
They must be *Harlots* of great *Quality*;
So lead 'em off to give their Leachery vent,
For 'tis presum'd they came for that intent:
Indeed, if they're examin'd, they will say,
They only meant to take a strict survey,
If Whores cou'd be so lewd as they report: ----
And that they might as well have known at *Court*,
But they're but *flesh*, and 'tis in vain to rail,
Since any thing that's flesh, we know, is frail.

Keep, keep you *Citizens* your Wives from hence,
If you'd preserve their Native Innocence:
You else are sure to live in *Cuckold's row*:
What *Precedent* is there that lets you know,
Our Wives by coming hither Vertuous grow?
That *Plays* may make 'em vitious, truth assures;
Especially, if they're so prone as yours.

The

The *London-Cuckolds* they all flock to ſee,
Are pleas'd with their own Infidelity.
In vain you counſel give; what can reclaim
A *Woman* wholly given up to ſhame,
In whom there is no Faith, no Truth, no truſt,
And whoſe chief care is to indulge her Luſt?
For when once tainted, once enclin'd that way,
The Devil may as ſoon recant as they;
To ſure Deſtruction willfully they run,
See the vaſt Precipice, and yet go ſmiling on.

Tyr'd with the *Gallery*, 'twill now be fit
To ſteer down to the *Boxes* and the *Pit*:
Where ſuch a flood of Vice invades my Eyes,
Such a fantaſtick fry of Vanities,
I know not on what one to faſten firſt,
No more than I can tell which of 'em's worſt.
Here *painted Ladies*, there *gay-Coxcombs* throng,
Who, in a ſoft Voice, charm 'em with a *Song*;
Their own, you may be ſure, for none but ſuch
Can write what cou'd delight that *Sex* ſo much.
Some *few French words* (which plainly does expreſs
Their *Wit* is as much borrow'd as their *dreſs*)
Does ſet 'em up for Poets; their whole time
Is but one dull Fatigue of *Love* and *Rhime*.
Theſe are the Womens Men, their *Demy Gods*,
For *Ladies* and *Fop-Authors* never are at odds.

Not far from hence, another whining Beaſt,
While he makes love, does make himſelf a jeſt;
With a low cringe, for that he knows will pleaſe,
Grins out his Paſſion in ſuch terms as theſe:

Madam! By Heav'ns you have an air so fine,
It renders the least thing you do divine!
We dare not say you were created here,
But dropt an Angel *from th'* Ætherial Sphere!
Ten thousand Cupids *on your* Forehead *sit,*
And shoot resistless Darts through all the Pit:
Before your Feet, see, your Adorers ly,
Live, if you smile, *and if you* frown, *they dy!*
Ev'n I, your true predestinated Slave,
Rather than meet your hate *wou'd meet my* Grave:
Ah pity then, bright Nymph, *the wound you gave!*
Thus sighs the Sot, thus tells his am'rous tale,
And thinks his florid nonsense must prevail:
Bows and withdraws; and streight, to prove his love,
Steals up and courts the *Fulsom Punks* above.
Mean while the *Nymph*, proud of her Conquest, looks
Big as *wreath'd Poets* in the Front of Books;
Surveys the *Pit* with a Majestick Grace,
To see who falls a *Victim* to her Face;
Does in her Glass her self with wonder view,
And thinks all that the *Coxcomb* said was true.
Hence 'tis that every vain, fantastick *chit*,
Does get the better still of *Men of Wit*;
For they can't Flatter as these *Triflers* do,
And without that, without Success they woe.
Speak truth to our fine Ladies now adays,
You'l meet with Indignation, not with praise,
For they hate nothing more; it calls 'em plain,
Deceitful, idle, foolish, fond and vain.

Wit, in a lover, they of all things fear,
For *witty Men* well know what trash they are:
But a starch't, whiffling, pert, dull, noisy Ass,
With them for Courtly, airy, wise does pass,
Courageous, generous, affable, what not?
Though Heav'n, at first, design'd him for a *Sot*.
Such little Insects still are swarming here,
Buzzing dull Jests each in his Ladies Ear;
Then laugh aloud, which now is grown a part
Of janty breeding, and of Courtly art:
The true sign of the modish *Beau Garson*,
Is chatt'ring like a Lady's lewd *Baboon*; (ture;
Shewing their teeth to charm some pretty Crea-
For grinning, among *Fops*, is held a *Feature*.
Nor is this all; they are so oddly dreft,
You'd think *God* meant 'em for a standing Jest,
Ap't into Men for pastime to the rest:
Observe 'em well, you'l think their *Bodies* made
To wait upon the motion of the *Head*:
Their *Cravat-strings* and *Perukes* so refin'd,
They dare not tempt their Enemy, the *Wind*:
Of the least slender puff each Sot afraid is,
It kills the *Curls* design'd to kill the *Ladies*.
So stiff they are, in all parts ty'd so strait,
'Tis strange to me the blood shou'd circulate.
But leaving these *Musk-cats* to publick shame,
I'l turn my Head, and seek out other Game.

In the *Side-box Moll H----n* you may see,
Or *Coquet Moll*, who is as lewd as she:
That is their Throne; for there they best survey
All the salt Sots that flutter to the *Play*.

So

So known, so courted, in an hour, or less,
You'l see a hundred of 'em make address;
Bow, cringe and leer as supple *Poets* do,
When *Patron*'s *Guineas* first appear in view:
While they, promiscuously, their smiles let fall,
And give the same incouragement to all.
Harlots, of all things, shou'd be most abhorr'd,
And in the *Playhouse* nothing's more ador'd:
In that lewd *Mart* the rankest trash goes off,
Though they're so rotten that 'tis death to cough;
Though on their Lungs *Ulcers* as thick take place,
As *fiery Pimples* on a *Drunkard's* Face.

Discharg'd of these, let's look another way,
And mind those *Fops* that seldom mind the *Play*.
A harmless *jest*, an accidental *blow*,
Touching their *Cuffs*, or treading on their *Toe*,
With many other things, too small to name,
Does blow the *Sparks of Honour* to a *flame*;
For such vile trifles, or some [illegible] *Drab*,
They roar, they swear, [illegible]g, lug out and stab,
No mild persuasion [illegible] these bruits reclaim;
'Tis thus to night, to morrow 'tis the same.
Murder's so rife, with like concern we hear
Of a Man kill'd as baiting of a *Bear*.
All people now (the Age is grown so ill)
Before they go to a *Play* shou'd make their *Will*;
For with much more security, a Man
Might make a three years Voyage to *Japan*.

Here

Here others, who, no doubt, believe they're witty,
Are hot at Repartee with *Orange-Betty*;
Who, though not bleſt with half a grain of *ſenſe*,
To leven her whole *lump* of Impudence,
Aided by that, ſhe always is too hard (guard:
For the vain things, and beats 'em from their
When fearing that the ſtanders by may carp,
They laughing, cry, *egad the* Jade *was ſharp*;
Who wou'd ha' thought we ſhou'd have come off thus?
Or that ſhe ſhou'd out-pun, out-banter us?
Yet theſe vain Ophs wou'd think it an offence,
More than all human *Wit* cou'd recompence,
If, in the leaſt, we doubt their having *ſenſe*.
Were ſelf-conceited Coxcombs what they thought,
They wou'd be Gods, and be with *Incenſe* ſought;
But 'tis a truth, fix't in the *ſtandard Rules*,
Your *wou'd-be-wits* are but the *Van of Fools*.
Were ſuch e're ballanc't to the Worth they bore,
A *Game-Cock's Feather* wou'd outweigh a *ſcore*.
But I am tedious, and that fault I'd ſhun;
With theſe *wiſe Fools* 'tis time then to have done.

Next we attack thoſe tuneful Owls of night,
That in vain *Maſquerade* place all delight.
Here, wiſp'ring, into cloſe conſults they run,
To know where beſt to meet when *Farce* is done:
Th' agree; and out one of 'em ſteals before
To beſpeak *Muſick*, *Supper*, *Wine* and *Whore*.
There they all ſoak till Midnight; when they're drunk,
They ſally forth, each *Puppy* with his *Punk*,
Top-ful

Top-ful of mischief, through the *Town* they run,
And no ill thing they can do, leave undone.
If *Tradesman* and his *Consort* walk the street,
And with these *Bullies* and their *Harlots* meet,
He must give place, or else be sure to feel,
Deep in his *Lungs*, some *Villain*'s fatal Steell:
Villain, I say, that for a cause so small
As not t' uncap, or taking of the *Wall*; ----
But ah!. much oftner for no cause at all,
Can those poor Innocents of Life disarm,
That neither thought, design'd, or wish't 'em harm.
Like any *Hero* these will foam and fight,
When they're urg'd on by *Strumpet*, or by *spite*;
But if the *King*, or *Country* claim their aid,
The *Rascal Cowards* hide and are afraid:
Not one will move, not one his Prowess show;
They stand stock still when *Honour* bids 'em go.

But back, my *Muse*, let's to the *Play-House* steer,
We have not yet half done our business there.
A thousand crimes already w'ave expos'd,
A thousand more remain, not yet disclos'd:
On boldly then, nor fear to miss your aim;
Don't want for *rage*, and we can't want for *Theme*.

Here a Cabal of *Criticks* you may see,
Discoursing of *Dramatick Poesie*;
While *one*, the wittiest too of all the Gang,
(By whom you'll guess how fit they're *all* to hang)
Shall entertain you with this learn'd Harangue.

They

They talk of *ancient Plays*, that they are such,
So good, they cannot be admir'd too much :---
I think not so :--- But in our present days,
I grant w' ave many worthy of that praise :
The *Cheats of Scapin, one*, a noble thing;
What a throng'd Audience does it always bring?
The Emp'rour of the Moon, 'twill never tire;
The same Fate has the sam'd *Alsatian Squire*.
Ev'n *Jevon*'s learned piece ha'nt more pretence
Than these to *Fancy*, *Language*, and *good Sense*.
And here, my Friends, I'd have it understood
W' ave a *nice Age*, what pleases must be good:
Again, for Instance, that clean piece of wit,
The *City Heiress*, by *chast Sappho* writ,
Where the lewd *Widow* comes, with brazen face,
Just reeking from a *Stallion*'s rank embrace,
T' acquaint the *Audience* with her slimy case.
Where can you find a *Scene* deserves more praise,
In *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, or in *Fletcher*'s *Plays?*
They were so modest they were always dull;
For what is *Desdemona* but a Fool?
Our *Plays* shall tell you, if the *Husband's* ill,
Wives must resolve to make him be so still;
If *Jealous*, they must date revenge from thence,
And make 'em Cuckolds in their own defence.
A hundred others I cou'd quickly name,
Where the *Success* and the *design*'s the same;
For the main hinge they turn on is t' entice,
Enervate goodness, and *incourage* Vice;
And that the Suffrage of both Sexes wins :----
But see the *Curtains* rise, the *Play* begins.

Thus

Thus the vain Sot holds forth; the other *Sparks*
Hug and applaud him for his wise remarks;
Swear that such things must make the *Audience*
smile: ----
By Heav'n 'tis a fine *Audience* the while!
How much has *Farce* of late took on the *Stage*?
But *Farce* suits best with the *fantastick Age*:
If *Farce* made *Poets* which 'twill never do,
Ev'n *Hains* and *Ho----d* might be *Poet's* too.
In short, our *Plays* are now so loosely writ,
They've neither *Manners*, *Modesty*, or *Wit*.
How can those things to our *Instruction* lead
Which are unchast to see, a Crime to read?
The Youth of either Sex this Path shou'd shun,
Or they may be, insensibly, undone:
'Tis hard for th' unexperienc't to escape
Destruction, dreſt in such a pleasing shape:
It gilds their Ruin with a specious bait,
And shews 'em not their Crime till 'tis too late;
Too late to turn their vain Carere, and find
Their Ancient Innocence and Peace of mind,
Compar'd to which all *Worldly Joys* are Wind.

Yet I'd not have you think I'm so severe
To damn all *Plays*; that wou'd absurd appear:
I love what's excellent, hate what is ill,
Let it be compos'd by whom it will.
Though a *Lord* write, if bad, I cannot praise;
Nor flatter *Dr--dn*, though he wear the *Bays*.
Or court fair *Sappho* in her wanton fit,
When she'd put *luscious Bawdry* off for *Wit*.

Or

Or pity *B---ks* in tatters, when I know
'Twas his bad *Poetry* that cloath'd him so.
Or commend *Durf----y* to indulge his Curse;
Fond to write on, yet scribble worse and worse.
Nor *Cr----n* for blaming Coxcombs, when I see
Sir Courtly's not a *nicer Fop* than he.
Or think that *Ra---ft* for wise can pass,
When *Mother Dobson* says he is an Ass;
That damn'd, ridiculous, insipid *Farce!*
Or write a *Panegyrick* to the Fame
Of *Sh--dl*, or of starving *Set---*'s name,
Who have abus'd, unpardonable things,
The best of *Governments* and best of *Kings* ---
But thee, my *Otway*, from the Grave I'll raise,
And crown thy memory with lasting praise:
Thy *Orphan*, nay thy *Venice* too shall stand,
And live long as the Sea defends our Land.
The *Pontick King* and *Alexander*, *Lee*
Shall, spite of madness, do the same for thee.
But truth I love, and am oblig'd to tell
Your other Tragick Plays are not so well,
Not with that Judgment, that exactness writ,
With less of *Nature*, *Passion*, *Fancy*, *Wit*:
Yet this, ev'n in their praise, can't be deny'd,
They are, a' most worth all our *Plays* beside:
Excepting the *Plain Dealer* (nicely writ,
And full of *Satyr*, *Judgment*, *Truth* and *Wit*:
In all the *Characters* so just and true,
It will be ever lov'd, and ever new! --)
And we must do the *Laureat* Justice too:
For *OEdipus* (of which, *Lee*, half is thine,
And there thy *Genius* does with Lustre shine)

Does

Does raise our *Fear* and *Pity* too as high
As, almost, can be done in *Tragedy*.
His *all for love*, and most correct of all,
Of just and vast applause can never fail,
Never; but when his *Limberham* I name,
I hide my Head and almost blush with shame,
To think the *Author* of both these the same:
So bawdy it not only sham'd the Age,
But worse, was ev'n too nauseous for the *Stage*.
If Witty 'tis to be obscene and lewd,
We grant for Wit in some esteem it stood;
But what is in it for *Instruction* good?
And that's one *end* for which our *Bards* shou'd write,
When they do that, 'tis then they hit the *white*;
For *Plays* shou'd as well *profit*, as *delight*.
His *Fancy* has a wond'rous *Ebb* and *Flow*,
Oft *above* Reason, and as oft *below*.
His *Plays* in *Rhime* (which *Fools* and *Women* prize)
May be call'd *Supernatural Tragedies*:
His *Hero* still outdoes all *Homer's Gods*,
For 'tis a *turn of State* when e'r he nods. (*Skill*,
Thus, though they prate of *Time* and *Place*, and
For *five good Plays* you'l find *five hundred ill*.
Fly then the reading this vain Jingling stuff,
Such fulsom Authors we can't loath enuff.

But, if in what's *sublime* you take delight,
Lay *Shakespear*, *Ben* and *Fletcher* in your sight:
Where Human Actions are with Life expreſt,
Vertue extoll'd, and *Vice* as much depreſt.

There

There the kind Lovers modeſtly complain,
So paſſionate, you ſee their inmoſt pain,
Pity and wiſh their Love not plac'd in vain.
There *Wit* and *Art*, and *Nature* you may ſee
In all their ſtateliest Dreſs and Bravery:
None e'r yet wrote, or e'r will write again
So loſty things, in ſuch a Heav'nly ſtrain!

When e'r I *Hamlet*, or *Othello* read, (dread:
My *Hair* ſtarts up, and my *Nerves* ſhrink with
Pity and *fear* raiſe my concern ſtill higher,
Till, betwixt both, I'm ready to expire!
When curſed *Jago*, cruelly, I ſee
Work up the *noble Moore* to Jealouſie,
How cunningly the Villain weaves his ſin,
And how the other takes the Poiſon in;
Or when I hear his God-like *Romans* rage,
And by what juſt degrees he does aſſwage
Their fiery temper, recollect their Thoughts,
Make 'em both weep, make 'em both own their Fau'ts;
When theſe and other ſuch-like Scenes I ſcan,
'Tis then, great Soul, I think thee more than Man!
Homer was blind, yet cou'd all Nature ſee;
Thou wer't unlearn'd, yet knew as much as *He*!
In *Timon*, *Lear*, *The Tempeſt*, we may find
Vaſt Images of thy unbounded mind;
Theſe have been alter'd by our *Poets* now,
And with ſucceſs too, that we muſt allow;
Third days they get when *part* of thee is ſhown,
Which they but ſeldom do when *all*'s their own.

Nor shall *Philaster*, *the Maids Tragedy*,
Thy *King and no King*, *Fletcher*, ever dy,
But stand in the first rank that claim Eternity:
Yet they are damn'd by a pert, modern *Wit*;
But he shou'd not have censur'd, or not writ:
To blame good Plays, and make his own much worse,
Though I shall spare him, does deserve a Curse:
'Tis true, he can speak *Greek*, but what of that?
It makes men no more *wise* than Riches *fat*.
This *Maxim* then ought ne'r to be forgot,
An *arrant Scholar* is an *arrant Sot*.

Thee, mighty *Ben!* we ever shall affect,
Thee ever mention with profound Respect;
Thou most Judicious *Poet!* most correct!
I know not on what single Play to fall;
Thou did'st arrive t' an Excellence in all.
Yet we must give thee but thy just desert; (*Art*:
Thou'd'st less of *nature*, though much more of
The Springs that move our Souls thou did'st not touch:
But then thy *Judgment*, *care* and *pains* were such
We ne'r yet, nor e'r shall an *Author* see,
That wrote so many *perfect Plays* as thee:
Not one vain humour thy strict view escapes,
All Follies thou hadst drest in all their proper shapes.
Hail, sacred *Bards!* Hail, you Immortal *three!*
Y'ave won the Goal of vast Eternity,

And

And built your selves a Fame, where you will live
While we have *Wits* to read, and they have *praise* to give.
'Tis somewhere said, our *Courtiers* speak more wit
In Conversation than these *Poets* writ:
Unjust detraction, like it's *Author*, base,
And it shall here stand branded with disgrace.
Not but they had their failings too, but then
They were such Fau'ts as only spoke 'em men,
Errors which Human Frailty must allow;
But ah! who can forgive our Errors now?

If *Plays* you love, let these your Thoughts employ,
It is a *Banquet* that will never *cloy*;
Chast, *Moral Writers*, such as wisely tell
The happy, useful Art of *living well*:
How you may chuse a *Mistress*, or a *Friend*,
On which the comfort of our lives depend:
How you may *Flatt'rers*, *Knaves* and *Bawds* avoid,
By which so vast a portion of Mankind's destroy'd.
Unlike the *Authors* that have lately writ;
Who in their *Plays* such *Characters* admit,
So vile, so wicked, they shou'd punish't be
Almost as much as *Oates* for *Perjury*:
Between 'em both they have half-spoil'd the Age,
He has disgrac't the *Pulpit*, they the *Stage*.

Think ye vain *scribling Tribe* of *Shirley*'s fate,
You that write *Plays*, and you, too, that *translate*;
Think how he lies in *Duck-lane* Shops forlorn,
And ne'r so much as mention'd but with scorn;

Think That the end of all your boasted skill,
As I presume to prophesie it will,
Justly, for many of you write as ill.
Change, change your *Bias*, and write *Satyr* all,
Convert the little *Wit* you have to *Gall*:
Care not to what a Bulk your Writings swell,
What matter is't how little, so 'tis well?
Then turn your chiefest strength against the *Stage*,
Which you have made the *Nusance* of the Age;
Strive that judicious way to get applause,
And remedy some of the ills you cause:
Lash the lewd *Actors* ---- but first stop your *nose*,
It is a *stinking Theme*, may discompose
All but your selves --- almost as bad as those.
Let this thought screw you to the highest pitch;
They keep you *poor*, and you have made them *rich*;
Toil'd night and day t' encrease their ill got store,
And who do they despise and laugh at more?
But make you dance attendance, Cap in hand,
That once, like *Spaniels*, were at your Command;
Wou'd cringe and fawn, and who so kind as they,
If you but promis'd they should have their *Play*?
But since *Hart* dy'd, and the *two Houses* join'd,
What get ye? what *incouragement* d'ye find?
Yet still you write and sacrifice your ease;
Your *Plays* too shall be acted, if they please.
Let nothing then your sense of wrong asswage,
The Muses Foes shou'd feel the Muses rage:
But still confine your self to *truth*, for that
Is the main mark *Satyr* shou'd level at,

Go not beyond ; no base thing must be done,
Let *justice* and not *malice* lead you on :
To please, for once, I'll give you an Essay,
And in so good a *cause* am proud to lead the way.

Prepare we then to go behind the *Scenes*,
And take a turn among the *copper Kings* and *Queens*.
Here 'tis our *Callow Lords* are fond of such,
Which their own *Footmen* often scorn to touch.
Are these fit to be lov'd, to be embrac't ?
Goats are *more sweet*, and *Monkeys* are *more chast*.
Yet, by denyal, they'l enflame desire,
Till the hot Youth burns in his am'rous fire,
Then wantonly into their *Shifts* retire ;
Spur'd on by lust, the *Dunce* pursues the *Dame*,
Where, nightly, they repeat the fulsom Game.
But talking of their *shifts* I mourn, my Friend,
I mourn thy sad, unjust, disasterous end ;
Here 'twas thou did'st resign thy worthy Breath,
And fell the Victim of a sudden Death :
The shame, the guilt, the horror and disgrace,
Light on the *Punk*, the *Murderer* and the *Place*.
How well do those deserve the general hiss,
That will converse with such a thing as this?
A ten times cast off *Drab*, in *Venus* Wars
Who counts her *Sins*, may as well count the *Stars* ;
So insolent ! it is by all allow'd
There never was so base a thing, so proud :
Yet Covetous, she'l prostitute with any,
Rather than wave the getting of a penny ;

For the whole *Harvest* of her youthful Crimes
She hoards, to keep her self in future times,
That by her gains *now* she may *then* be fed,
Which, in effect's to damn her self for *bread.*
Yet in her *Morals* this is thought the best;
Imagine then the lewdness of the rest.

An *Actress* now so fine a thing is thought,
A Place at *Court* less eagerly is sought:
When once in that *Society* enroll'd,
Streight by some *Reverend Bawd* you'l hear 'em (told:
Now is the time you may your Fortune *raise,*
And spark it, like a Lady, *all your days:*
But the true meaning's this. *Now is the time,*
Now in your heat of youth, and Beauty's *prime,*
With open Blandishment *and secret Art,*
To glide into some keeping Cully's *heart,*
Who neither sense nor Manhood *understands,*
And jilt him of his Patrimonial *Lands;*
Others this way have grown both great and rich:
Preferment you can't miss and be a Bitch.--
This is the train that sooths her swift to Vice,
So she be fine, she cares not at what price;
Though her lewd Body rot, and her good name
Be all one blot of Infamy and shame;
For with good rigging, though they have no skill,
They'l find out *Keepers*, be they ne'r so ill.
How great a Brute is Man! a Nymph that's true,
Lovely and Wealthy, nay and Vertuous too,
(Of which, alas! we know there are but few)
Ev'n such they can despise, throw from their Arms,
And think a *thrice fluxt Player* has more Charms.

A

A greater Curſe for theſe I cannot find,
Than wiſhing they continue in that mind.

Now for the Men, and thoſe, too, we ſhall find
As vile, as vain, as vitious in their kind.
Here *one* who once was, as an *Author* notes,
A *Hawker*, ſold *old Books*, *Gazets and Votes*,
Is grown *prime Vizier* now, a Man of parts,
The very load-ſtone that attracts all Hearts,
In's own conceit that is, for ne'r was *Elf*
So very much Enamor'd of himſelf:
But 'tis no matter, let him be ſo ſtill,
It gives us the more ſcope to think him ill.
No Parts, no Learning, Senſe, or Breeding, yet
He ſets up for th' only Judge of *Wit*.
If all cou'd judge of *Wit* that think they can,
The arrant'ſt Aſs wou'd be the Wittieſt Man.
In what e'r Company he does engage,
He is as formal as upon the *Stage*,
Dotard! and thinks his ſtiff comportment *there*
A Rule for his Behaviour *every where*.
To this we'll add his Lucre, Luſt and Pride,
And Knav'ry, which, in vain, he ſtrives to hide,
For through the thin diſguiſe the Canker'd heart is ſpy'd.
Let then his *acting* ne'r ſo much be priz'd,
'Tis ſure his *converſe* is much more deſpis'd.

Another you may ſee, a Comick Spark,
Aims to be * *Lacy*, but ne'r hits the mark.
Yet that he can make ſport muſt be confeſt,
But, Echo-like, he but repeats the Jeſt.

* *A Famous Comedian.*

To be well laught at is his whole delight,
And, 'faith, in that we do the Coxcomb right:
Though the *Comedian* makes the *Audience* roar,
When off the *Stage* the *Booby* tickles more.
When such are born, sure some *soft Planet* rules;
He is too dull ev'n to converse with Fools.

A *third*, a punning, drolling, Bant'ring Ass,
Cocks up and fain wou'd for an *Author* pass.
His Face for *Farce* nature at first design'd,
And matcht it too with as Burlesque a mind,
Made him pert, vain, a Maggot, vile, ill-bred,
And gave him *heels of Cork*, and *brains of lead.*

To speak 'em all were tedious to discuss,
But if you'l take 'em by the Lump, they're thus;
A pack of idle, pimping, spunging Slaves,
A Miscellany of Rogues, Fools and Knaves;
A Nest of Leachers, worse than *Sodom* bore,
And justly merit to be punish't more:
Diseas'd, in Debt, and every moment dun'd;
By all good Christians loath'd, and their own
Kindred shun'd.
To say more of 'em wou'd be loss of time;
For it, with Justice, may be thought a Crime
To let such *Rubbish* have a place in *Rhime.*

Now hear a wonder that will well declare
How extravagantly lewd some Women are:
For ev'n these men, base as they are and vain,
Our Punks of highest Quality maintain;

Supply

Supply their daily wants (which are not slight)
But 'tis, that they may be supply'd at night.
These in their *Coaches* they take up and down,
Publish their foul disgrace o'er all the Town,
And seem to take delight it shou'd be known;
And known it shall be, in my pointed Rhimes
Stand Infamous to all succeeding Times.

It wou'd be endless to trace all the Vice
That from the *Play-House* takes immediate rise
It is the unexhausted *Magazin*
That stocks the Land with Vanity and Sin:
As the *New River* does, from *Islington*,
Through several Pipes supply ev'n half the Town;
So the Luxurious lewdness of the *Stage*,
Drain'd off, feeds half the *Brothels* of the Age.
Unless these ills, then, we cou'd regulate,
It ought not to be suffer'd in the *State*.

More might be said; but by what's said, we see
'Tis the *sum total* of all Infamy,
And thence conclude, by flourishing so long
It has undone Numbers, both Old and Young;
That many hundred Souls are now unblest,
Which else had dy'd in Peace, and found eternal rest.

The End of the Satyr against the Play-House.

A SATYR UPON MAN.

Writ in the Year 1688.

TO THE

Right Honourable CHARLES, EARL of Dorset and Middlesex, &c.

My Lord,

THE best Excuse the Author *of a* Dedication *can make his Patron, is, in my Judgment, to assure him he shall not be troubled with his future Impertinence. I have oft presum'd upon your Lordship's Goodness, and can no otherwise make amends than*

than by protesting this is the last time I shall offend you in this Nature. Poetry *has hitherto been my* Diversion; *I must take care it does not encroach upon my* better Judgment, *and oblige me to make it my* business: *in order to it, I here take a solemn and lasting leave of it: Your Lordship has set the Example. In your Youth* Poesie, *sometimes, snatch't a moment or two from your other* Diversions, *and never, indeed, did so small time produce so lovely an* Issue; *Whatever you writ was full of that* Fancy, Wit *and* Judgment, *which made, and does yet make your* Conversation, *of all things, most desirable and charming: but now grown to an age mature, more solid and sublime things are become the* Favorites *of your choice and*

study.

study. Poetry *shou'd never be entertain'd in a Man's Bosome, she may sometimes be admitted to make a Visit and away; her constant converse is vain and trivial: What* Cowley *says upon another occasion, I cou'd, methinks naturally adapt to my present thoughts of* Poetry;

My Eyes are open'd and I see
Through the *transparent Fallacy.*

Indeed, my Lord, to be always versifying, is to be always wasting the most pretious Gift of Heav'n, our Time, without so much as the pretence of Gain for an Excuse: But say that a Man were worthy of praise, and that his Writings really deserv'd it; yet that Chamelion diet *is a little too*

thin

thin for a Poet's *constitution; though I must confess, if 'twere possible to live upon* Air, *our* Modern Rhimers *wou'd find out the secret. But since 'tis not, 'tis time, my Lord, to take my leave of an* unkind Mistress, *and not with them doat on till I am in danger of starving.*

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And much obliged Servant,

R. Gould.

Advertisement.

I *Have endeavour'd in this* Poem *to write as bold Truths as I cou'd, and, I hope, without offence to* good Manners; *Though some may imagine I have swerv'd from it in the* Characters *at the latter end of the* Satyr: *But I wou'd have the* Critick *know, that if there are really such Persons as be there describ'd, they ought to have the Reprehension there given: for where Folly and Knavery are so visible, I will be so much a Leveller as to believe there ought to be no Respect of Persons. I wou'd be very unhappy for Rich Men, and a priviledge, I think, they ought not to boast of, if their* Birth, *or* Wealth, *shou'd exempt 'em from being told of their Errours. However no Mans Reputation is injur'd; for, as I have said in the* Satyr, (*which to Judicious Men will justify the honesty of my Intention.*)

Tho' I shall lash their Fau'ts, I'll spare to name,
I but expose their *Fallies*, not their *Fame*.

A SATYR UPON MAN.

I Who againſt the *fair Sex* drew my *Pen*,
With *equal fury* now attack the *Men*;
Whom, if I ſpare, on me the Curſe befall,
Of being thought the vileſt of 'em all.

Ye injur'd Spirits of that Virgin-train,
Who by unfaithful Lovers once were ſlain,
Cropt from your Stalks, like Flow'rs, in all your prime,
To languiſh, fade and dy before your time:
In vain the *Nymph* was faithful to her *Mate*,
Your *truth* cou'd not protect you from your *Fate*;
Your truth, too cold to melt th' obdurate mind
Of Man, whoſe Nature is to be unkind:
If you, chaſt ſhades, e'r condeſcend to know,
Enthron'd above, what Mortals do below;

If ſtill you can your Earthly wrongs reſent,
And with the perjur'd Wretches laſting puniſhment,
Aſſiſt my *Muſe* in her Satyrick *flight*;
Lend her but *rage*, and ſhe ſhall do you *right*.

Man is my Theme --- but where ſhall I begin,
Where enter the vaſt Circle of his Sin?
Or how get out of it, when once I'm in?
Man! who was made to govern all things, yet
No other Brute is govern'd with ſo little wit:
So oddly temper'd and ſo apt to ſtray,
There's not a Dog but's wiſer in his way:
Thinks he ſees all things, but ſo dim his Eye,
He's furtheſt off, when he believes he's nigh.
Pretends to Heav'n your Footſteps to convey,
Then raiſes *Miſts*, and makes you loſe your way.

Slave to his Paſſions, every ſeveral luſt
Whisks him about, as Whirlwinds do the duſt:
And duſt he is indeed, a ſenceleſs Clod,
That ſwells and ſtruts, and wou'd be thought a (God.
So ſelfiſh, inſolent and vain, whene'r
In his gilt Coach the *Pageant* does appear,
He muſt be thought juſt, gen'rous, wiſe and brave,
Though a known Coxcomb, and a fearful Slave.
This ſhews us Fortune, in her giddy mood,
Rains bounty every where, but where ſhe ſhou'd,
To merit falſe, and all that's good and brave,
But ever faithful to the *Fool* and *Knave*.
Good Heav'n! that ſuch ſhou'd have ſo little ſenſe,
Yet, at the ſame time, ſo much Impudence,

To

To think they bear more *value* than the reſt,
Becauſe they *ſwear* more, and go *better dreſt*;
Yet ſo it is, the gawdy Coxcomb's priz'd,
And the brave, thread-bare, honeſt Soul deſpis'd.
How vain is Man, and how perverſe his will?
That may be good, and by his choice is ill.

Where e'r *Self-Intereſt* calls, he's ſure to go,
But never matters where 'tis juſt, or no:
Juſtice he laughs at, thinks there's no ſuch tye,
So lives, ſo, like a Beaſt, deſigns to dy.
As greater Fiſh upon the leſſer prey,
As *Wolves* on *Sheep*, that from the *Shepherd* ſtray,
So Man on Man pour out their rage and ſpite,
Make violence and rapine their delight,
Till with revenge they've gorg'd their Appetite.
Not bounded by *Divine*, or *Humane Law*,
Too proud to humble, and too ſtrong to aw.
They break the Bars *nature* her ſelf has laid,
And every *ſacred Priviledge* invade.
New Worlds of Vice he daily does explore;
His *Sea* of Villany's without a *ſhore*.
Ev'n while he ſleeps his dreams are full of blood,
And, waking, he reſolves to make 'em good:
Or ſay againſt their Treachery you provide,
It is but having *Power* on their ſide,
And that does ſtill to the ſame Centre draw,
Corrupt the Judge, and murder you by Law:
Witneſs the Crew that, late, exulting ſtood,
And waſh't their impious hands in *Royal Blood:*
If from their Subject's rage Kings are not free,
What muſt the Wretch expect of mean degree?

Not in an Age he ſees a happy hour,
Vertue and Poverty are Slaves to Pow'r;
And oft, to ſatisfy the Tyrant's Luſt,
(Hard fate! that 'tis ſo dangerous to be juſt!)
Are forc'd to bend and crawl, and lick the duſt.
How vain is Man, and how perverſe his will,
That may be good, and chuſes to be ill?

Deceitful, ſlothful, covetous and baſe,
A Devil's Intellect, an Angel's Face:
When e'r he ſmiles, 'tis then you ſhou'd beware,
To your aſſiſtance ſummon all your care,
Some ſpecious Villany lies lurking there:
Which oft is dreſt in ſuch a bright diſguiſe,
The dazling Luſtre does deceive the wiſe,
And wiſe men, too, are Villains oft themſelves;
What *Pilot* ſo expert to 'ſcape theſe *Rocks* and *Shelves?*
Ev'n *Friendſhip*, which of old gain'd laſting Fame,
Is, in theſe latter times, nought but a name:
Who calls you *Friend* avoid, unleſs you know
Subſtantial Reaſon why he ſhou'd be ſo:
In that *diſguiſe* all Villanies are done,
In that *diſguiſe* they're hardeſt, too, to ſhun.
Husbands, who is it makes your Conſorts Whores?
Your *Friend*, none elſe can come within your doors.
Who is it proves to Oath and Bond unjuſt?
Your *Friend*, your Enemies you never truſt;
Or if you do, y' are very far from wiſe,
And *Knave* and *Fool* we equally deſpiſe.
Who is it does your ſecret Soul betray,
And bring your darkeſt thoughts to open day,

Who

Who is it, but your Friend? in whose false breast
You fondly thought they wou'd for ever rest.
The Heart of Man is to it self untrue,
And why shou'd you expect it just to you?
Friendships, at best, are but like Brush-wood fire,
Shine bright a while, and in a blaze expire.
How vain is Man, and how perverse his will?
He may be good, and by his choice *is ill!*

Who protests most let him be least believ'd,
For 'tis by such w' are sure to be deceiv'd.
Ev'n I my self once thought I had a *Friend*,
For boundless was the love he did pretend:
Riches he did not want, he rowl'd in Coin,
Which he oft swore was no more *his* than *mine*:
He wou'd do nothing without my advice,
Friendship's best sign, for no *true Friend* is *Nice*.
I too ador'd him with so bright a Flame,
Angel to Angel cou'd but do the same.
At his approach all lesser Joys took flight,
Ev'n Women I contemn'd; he was the *light*
That rul'd the *day*, they did but rule the *night*.
And that too oft --- upon his gentle Breast
My Cares, and every anxious thought took rest.
It happn'd once that I was low of store;
(It is no wonder Poets shou'd be poor)
In this afflicted State, 'twas no small Bliss
I was assur'd of such a Friend as this:
On him, said I, on him I may depend,
I cannot need so much, as he will lend;
He will be proud his Constancy is try'd: ---
I ask't him, and, by Heav'n, I was deny'd!

And ne'r ſince then will he ſo much as greet,
Nay not take notice of me when we meet;
But, when he ſees me, turns away his Eye,
Or with proud ſcorn does walk regardleſs by.
Traytor to Friendſhip! may thy ſpotted Name
Stand branded here with everlaſting ſhame.
But 'tis no wonder, ſearch and you will find
The ſame Ingratitude through all Mankind:
Not Madmen, when they 're in their raving fit,
Nor the pert Fop, that wou'd be thought a wit,
Reciting Poet, or Illiterate Cit;
Not flutt'ring Officers, at Mid-night drunk,
That ſcowr the ſtreet in the purſuit of Punk,
Nor ought, be it as horrid as it can,
Is more avoided than the Borrowing Man!

How vain is Man, and how perverſe his will,
That may be good, and chuſes to be ill?

Reader, I write not this to make thee lend,
Unleſs y'are ſure 'tis to a real Friend,
If you doubt that, hear not what he entreats;
For *one* that's honeſt there's *ten thouſand* cheats:
Why then ſhou'd any be ſo vain to truſt,
When 'tis ſuch odds, the *Debtor* proves unjuſt?
A Friend's a Friend, and ſo he ſhou'd be us'd,
But think *two Men* your Friends, you'll be abus'd.
The Vows of Men are of the britleſt kind,
Lighter than Children's Bubbles drove by wind,
Vary all Colours, blown ſo thin and weak,
As if, like them, juſt made for ſport to break.
How prone to promiſe, and how falſe of heart
Women beſt know, for they have felt the ſmart:

What

What Female ever had the happineſs
To find her Lover all he did profeſs?
Much for *Inconſtancy* that Sex is fam'd;
But now in their own *Mother Art* they're ſham'd;
The *Swains*, the Tyrant, and the *Nymph* is blam'd:
Moſt to be fear'd when he does ſigh and whine;
Much he does talk, but little does deſign,
And thinks them *Devils* whom he calls *divine*:
Knows he's unfaithful, yet will ſwear h's true,
Nay, which is worſe, call Heav'n to vouch it too;
But 'tis all Luſt, ſpoke when his blood is warm,
And the next Face he ſees does end the charm.

How vain is Man, and how perverſe his will?
He may be good, and chuſes to be ill.

No Vice ſo diſtant, but within his view,
Nor Crime ſo horrid, which he dares not do.
Treaſon's a Trifle, 'tis a frequent thing
To hear the ſawcy Subject brave his King;
Give him worſe Terms than *Tinkers* in their Ale
Throw on a Trull, too liberal of her Tayl.
Adultery a venial ſlip, no more;
Now grown a Trade, what e'r 'twas heretofore;
For ſome there are (O whither's Vertue fled!
O ſtrange perverſion of the Nuptial Bed!)
That by Venereal Drudgery get their daily Bread.
Murder and Pox ſo common, none can be
Admitted Gentleman oth' firſt degree, (three.
Till he has thrice been clap'd, and murder'd
Inceſt but laught at, made a Buffoon jeſt;
A Siſter now, as *G*---- has oft confeſt,
Is e'en as good a Morſel as the beſt.

Ev'n

Ev'n Sacriledge and Rifling of the dead
(By impious hands torn from their sheets of lead)
Meets Praise; nay some, though hard to be believ'd, (receiv'd.
Have stoln the *Plate* in which they'd just before
In short, so much Man's violence prevails,
Our *Churches* must be made as strong as *Jails*.
But you'l object that such as these, we find,
Are Scoundrels, and the fag-end of Mankind,
Beneath our Satyr --- search the High-ways then,
There you'l be-sure to meet with *Gentlemen*:
But being well born makes ill men the worse,
Decay'd, their next relief's to take a Purse.
Villains that strip the needy Peasant bare,
Depriv'd of that he got with toyl and care;
Ravish poor helpless Women, barbarous Act!
Then stab 'em, lest they shou'd reveal the Fact.
But what they lightly get they spend as fast,
Their Lives in dissolute Embraces wast,
Till they are caught, adjudg'd, their Crimes confest,
And then unpittied dy --- and so dy all the rest.

How vain is Man, and how perverse his will,
That may be good, and chuses to be ill?

Thrice happy those that liv'd in Times of old,
What they call *Brass* was, sure, an *Age of Gold*,
When Man by active Games was hardy made;
Ev'n *War* was then an honourable Trade:
By that they strove t' immortalize their Name,
Nor did they miss of their intended Fame:

Through

Through Hills they hew'd and div'd through Seas of blood,
Were prodigal of life for their dear Countries good.
Factions then ſtrove not to ſubvert the State,
As they do now, and as they've done of late:
They were not plagu'd with *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
A *Prieſt* cou'd not ſet Nations by the Ears:
Religious Wars and Brawls they did contemn,
We fight for that, yet have much leſs than them.
Thus *Honour*, *Truth* and *Juſtice* was their aim;
Their Sons ſaw this and learnt the way to Fame.
How unlike them are we? that train our Youth
To trade, that is t' impertinence and ſloth;
In no one thing ingenious and compleat,
But rubbing of a *Counter*, and to cheat.
Send 'em, fond Parents, out againſt the *Turk*,
Though idle here, they will not there want work,
It is a glorious Cauſe, and let 'em roam;
Better to *dy abroad*, than cheat to *live at home*.
How vain is Man, and how perverſe his will,
That may be good, and chuſes to be ill?

But Trade, *you'l ſay, ought not to be deſpis'd,*
That has, and is ev'n now by Princes priz'd,
Keeps Millions *in employ, who elſe wou'd know*
What ſtrength they had, and into Factions *grow,*
Diſturb the Publick Peace; *Nothing ſo rude*
As an untam'd, ungovern'd Multitude:
Nay more, by trade Cities *grow rich, and riſe*
In a ſhort time to Emulate the Skies ---
They do, indeed, and we may know as well,
'Tis riches makes 'em murmur and rebel:

Thoſe

Those *Crowds* whom you pretend their *Trade* deters
From launching into *civil strife* and *Jars*,
Made that a cause of our *Intestine harms*,
For 'tis their chief pretence to take up Arms;
If they grow poor, strait, with a joint consent,
They lay the fault upon the *Government*,
When 'tis false dealing among one another;
One half of Mankind lives by starving t' other.
In Gross, or in Retail, for both ways meet,
And make this *Truth* their *Centre*, *Trade's a cheat.*
What difference is there, 'pray, between the Man
That cuts my throat, and who does what he can,
By specious guile, to grasp away my store,
And, to grow rich himself, wou'd make his Father poor?
Doubtless, though t' other seems the more accurst,
The secret, *trading-Villain* is the worst.
So of *Religion*, the bold *Atheist*, who
Says there's no God, though impious and untrue,
Is better than the *Hypocrite*, whose *Zeal*
Is but a *Cloak* the *Villain* to conceal.

How vain is Man, and how perverse his will?
He may be good, and chuses to be ill.

But here I must, with Indignation, show
What Crime from *seeming sanctity* does flow,
Wou'd you a Rascal be of the *first Rate*,
And make a noted *Figure* in the *State*,
Pretend Religion, 'tis a sure disguise,
Makes Fools adore you, and ev'n blinds the wise.

Do

Do you for high preferment ly in wait,
As being *Trustee* of some large Estate;
Labour to seem but *Pious* and *Devout*,
And from a thousand they shall pick you out,
Leave to your Management the whole affair,
Which is, in short, the Ruin of the *Heir*.
Are ye a *Scholar?* nay, or are you not?
Put on a *Gown*, and to old *Beldams* trot,
Or gowty *Burgesses* that have the rot;
Who by their Crazyness know Death draws near,
And then grow holy only out of fear: (were.
For had they health, they'd still be what they
Go but to these, set up a holy Cant,
Be impudent withal (a Gift we grant
Which your *Religious Strowlers* seldom want.)
Their hearts shall yern, and streight augment your store,
While their poor Neighbours perish at the door.
In short, there's nothing, be it ne'r so ill,
To Ravish, Cheat, Forswear, to Bugger, Kill,
But, if 'tis vail'd with a Religious dress,
Is meritorious, Vertue, Godliness.
But that the will of Heav'n we plainly find,
Fixt and imprinted deeply on the *Mind*,
And Reason tells us, Heav'n will have regard
To scourge bad men, and give the good reward;
So many errors has *Religion* shown,
And its *Professors* so irreverent grown,
I shou'd e'n think him happiest that had none.

How vain is Man, and how perverse his will?
He may be good, and by his choice is ill.

Yet

Yet Heav'n forbid we ſhou'd include 'em all,
Becauſe moſt of 'em ſlip, and many fall;
The tainted *Members* 'tis we here condemn,
Our pointed *Satyr*'s only aim'd at them.
Howbeit we ſhall not too nicely pry
Into *their Feaſting*, *Drinking*, *Leachery*;
Nor tell how lazily they lead their Lives,
And how they train their *Daughters* and their *Wives*;
How they, by their Example, vitious grow,
For 'tis by them they're taught the ills they know:
Theſe, and what other faults they have beſide,
Their *Foppery*, *Peeviſhneſs*, *Self-love* and *Pride*,
I ſhall paſs o'er in Silence, and will be
More Charitable than they wou'd to me:
A Gift much prais'd by them, as little ſought;—
But who did ever *practiſe* what he *taught*?
The Zealot and th' Enthuſiaſtick Fry
Shou'd feel the laſh of our ſeverity,
But they are ſuch a Frantick ſort of Elves,
I ſpare them too: beſide, they flog themſelves.
Begging their Pardon I have been ſo free
To let the ſuffering World their failings ſee,
I haſten on (though I much more cou'd add)
To mention other Grievances as bad.
Juſtly the Satyr may indulge her rage,
For never was a more licentious Age.

The Men of buſineſs, of all ſorts, come next,
Who ſeem to take a Pride to be perplext:
Contentious, Reſtleſs, never out of ſtrife,
But make a Drudge, a Hackney Jade of Life.

Much

Much they design, but scarce know where, nor when,
And tire themselves in plaguing other men;
So very active in their own disgrace,
A Dog ought to be pitty'd in their Case.
Here one, forsooth, sets up to regulate
What-ever is amiss in *Church* and *State*;
With endless chat, and scarce a grain of sense,
Mixt with a shufling sort of Impudence,
Asks himself Questions which he ne'r can solve,
And what he strives to unperplex, does but the more involve.
In *Coffee-Houses* others wast their time,
Yet *Idleness* they'l tell you is a crime.
These Dolts have such a natural itch to prate
Of *Council*, *Parliaments* and *tricks of State*,
Regardless of their Families they roam,
And while they gape for news abroad, can let 'em starve at home.
Now for your *Pander*, whom, if you but scan,
You'l find to be a very busy Man;
We'll therefore put him in among the rest;
And, though his Nature's damnable confest,
Of all the busy Men he is the best.
Your Harpey Lawyer, too, that deep-mouth'd throng,
Who live by what undoes most Men, the Tongue;
Ev'n they, for that vile *Tribe* I'll never spare,
Like th' *Innkeeper* must come in for their share.
Justly the *Satyr* does indulge her rage,
For never was a more Licentious Age.

One

One of these Creatures once was pleas'd to be
So loving as to tell me, *Poesie*
Was but an idle, empty, airy thing, (bring:
That, for small profit, much contempt would
By *Fools* and *Women*, true, said he, 'tis priz'd,
But by the *men of Business* still despis'd;
The sober Party, who know what is best,
And still are pushing on their *Interest*.
Business does lead to wealth a thousand ways,
Let that employ thy thought; and strive to raise
A Stock of *Money*, not a Stock of *Praise*:
What the World says it matters not a T----d
You see we thrive with every Man's ill word.
Will *Praise* pay House-rent, or maintain a *Wife*?
That worse than Plague, and Hell of human Life.
Will *Praise* secure a *Poet* from a *Jayl*?
Will *Praise* protect him when his Monies fail?
Leave then this jingling, scribling itch of *Rhime*,
And in some gainful art employ thy Time.

I thank you, Sir, cry'd I, though what y'ave said,
Consider'd, is too bitterly inveigh'd
Against an *Art* so excellent and rare, (hear!
Which Heav'n inspires, and Kings are pleas'd to
The Deity was once ador'd in *Verse*, (reherse;
Which best and loudest cou'd his wondrous works
Prose is too weak that pond'rous weight to raise,
Too hoarse to sing a bounteous *Maker*'s praise;
Who, when all things were *Chaos*, with a word
Order to wild Confusion did afford,

And

And from their various seeds, in discord hurl'd,
Rais'd *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and a new glorious World.
Moses, *David*'s, *Deborah*'s Writings prove,
Nothing *below* meets more regard *above*:
True, 'tis now oft perverted and ill us'd,
And its Perverters justly are accus'd,
But where is the good thing that's not abus'd?
Yet since for *business* and the love of *Gain*
You'd have me leave the blest Poetick strain,
And court your own dear Idol, *Interest*,
What method is it you commend for best?

The *Law*, replies the Wretch, what thing is there,
If rightly scan'd, that can with *Law* compare?
What thing so soon can give you Wings to soar?
A power to curb the Rich, and spur the poor?
Pamper your Carkases while thousands starve,
Thousands that better than our selves deserve,
And Lord it over those you ought to *serve*:
Nay these are but the light and trivial things,
It makes you question ev'n the Right of Kings,
Mounts you upon the *Publick Steed* with ease,
And run th' unwieldy Beast which way you please.
Law is a spacious and a fertile Field,
Which if well cultivated 'tis and till'd,
Prodigious is th' encrease that it does yield.
What thing so soon the ready Cash advances?
And leaves to After-times so fair *Inheritances*?

No matter whether got by right, or wrong,
You ſee their *Iſſue* does enjoy it long.
How much of the Nobility have ſprung
From us, the bold Antagoniſts of the Tongue?
Who e're was made a Lord, what *Annals* ſhow it?
Becauſe he, or his Father was a Poet?
A little grinning Fame indeed you get,
But had you ten times more you'd hardly eat;
In *Butler*'s wretched Fate we ſee what 'tis to live by *Wit.*
Leave therefore writing *Madrigals*; and then,
No doubt, you'l thrive as well as other men.

Troth, Sir, ſaid I, y'ave ſpoke enough to make
Too many their good Principles forſake:
How e're, I hope, it will not influence me,
Your Choice be *Law*, let mine be *Poeſie*:
Yet take my thanks for the advice y'ave gave;
I am not yet diſpos'd to be a *Knave.*

Severe, to human thinking, is the Fate
That upon true, unbyaſt Natures wait:
Dare to be honeſt, and you'l ſurely be
One of the *Votaries* of *Poverty*:
But don't repine ---- there are ſome Joys in ſtore
For him that's very honeſt, very poor:
'Tis true, he does not ly on Beds of Down,
Nor with a Sett of *Flanders* courſe the *Town*;
Keeps not *Six Lacqueys*, that it may be ſhown,
He does not dare to truſt himſelf alone;

Drinks

Drinks not the choiceſt Wines, nor does he eat
The moſt delicious, or moſt Coſtly meat;
Keeps not *French Cooks* to chatter at the *poor*,
Nor lets his ſtrength be ſoak't up by a *Spungy Whore*:
To this Mans ſhare though none of this does fall,
Yet he has that which does o'erballance all,
A Sober, quiet Conſcience, free from ſtain,
Which the rich Epicure does wiſh in vain;
In vain he'd think there is no *future State*,
He feels his load of Sins, and ſinks beneath the weight.
While honeſt Men --- but whither do I ſteer?
Why talk of *Honeſty* that is ſo rare?
So ſeldom thought of, and in bulk ſo ſmall,
'Tis doubtful if there's ſuch a thing at all.
Search *City*, *Camp* and *Court*, find, if you can,
That Prodigy, *a Real Honeſt Man*;
Let me but ſee him, let me know his Name,
And it ſhall be the whole diſcourſe of Fame,
Above the Clouds I'll raiſe it, ſet it high,
And give it certain Immortality:
In the mean time, till ſuch a one is found,
(And he that ſearches, firſt, muſt walk much ground,
For ought we know the Univerſe around.)
Juſtly the Satyr may indulge her rage,
For never was a more Licentious Age.

Go to the *Country*, if you think to ſee
The old, fam'd, Primitive *Simplicity*;

A Temperate sort of People, Grave and Wise,
All Follies hate, and all Excess despise,
You'l be deceiv'd; for you shall quickly think,
Both poor and rich were all baptiz'd in drink;
Eternal Sots! when the *Brown-Bowl*'s in use,
Y'ad better meet a baited *Bear* broke loose:
Then for *Tobacco*, every *Alehouse* there,
Wou'd *Suffocate* ten *Coffee-Houses* here.
Take 'em from talking of Hawks, Horses, Dogs,
And you'l find them but little more than Hogs;
A stupid, Obstinate, Illiterate Race,
Their Makers oversight and Man's disgrace:
In Converse, of all things, most like a Bear,
And have just such another charming Air.
Nay ev'n the better sort are much the same,
Scarce Souls enough to actuate their Frame,
And have of *Christian* nothing but the Name:
Yet when their Ale dull Notions does create,
Shall think 'tis only they can steer the Helm of State.
Plain-dealing is a thing they all profess,
But of all sorts of Creatures none have less:
Under the specious Veil of Innocence
(That things so foul shou'd have that fair pretence)
They shall o'er-reach the honest and the wise;
For who'd suspect a Cheat in that Disguise?
Against the Town for ever they inveigh,
And yet are quite as vitious in their way.
Justly the Satyr does indulge her rage,
For never was a more Licentious Age.

Let

Let not the tawdry *Town* be here too proud,
Or think her *Follies* and her *Faults* allow'd,
Becauſe, as yet, the *Muſe* has ſilent been;
But ſhe but waits her time to draw the *Scene*:
The *Scene* ſhe draws --- and now you have a view
Of every Villany that Man can do,
An abſtract of all Vices, old and new;
A Fund Immenſe, that won't exhauſted be
Till *Time* has ſhot the Gulf of round *Eternity*.
No Crime's a Stranger here, here all abound,
And none ſo bad but have Protection found.
To tell 'em ſingly were a task as vain
As in a ſhowre to count the drops of rain;
Yet thus far we premiſe as to the main,
That ſhou'd a ſerious Man waſt ſome few days
At *Taverns*, *Brothels*, *Parks*, *Spring-Gardens*, *Plays*,
And take the pains, impartially, to mind
The Vanities and Vices of Mankind;
Their bragging, pratling, dancing, damning, drinking,
Gyants in talk, and leſs than *Dwarfs* in thinking;
Their Projects, lewd Diſcourſes, and Amours,
Their wanton *City-Wives*, and ſtinking *Suburb Whores*;
Pimps, Poys'ners, Padders, and half-witted Lords,
Brib'd *Judges*, damn'd upon their own *Records*;
In Courts of Juſtice, little Juſtice had,
Knights of the Poſt, and *other Knights* as bad.
Shou'd he theſe Monſters ſee, and many more,
(For we might eaſily augment the ſtore)

What cou'd he think? what cou'd he thence deduce,
But *Sodom* was reviv'd, or Hell broke loose?
His Hair with Horrour stiffn'd, he wou'd say,
We merited the Flames as much as they,
And that the Devils went before but to *prepare our way.*
Justly the *Satyr* does indulge her rage,
For never was a more *Licentious Age.*

But that which most surprizes me, is when
I nicely mind the *difference of men*;
All wide from one another in their will,
Alike in only this, that *all* are ill;
All ill, but then each takes a several way,
And chuses his *by-path* to go astray.
'Twill here be proper then to fix remarks
On some particular, and noted *Sparks*, (shown,
Whose crimes conspicuous made, in publick
May make us less indulgent to our own.
Yet, though I lash their faults, I spare to name,
I but expose their *Follies*, not their *Fame.*
Justly the *Satyr* does indulge her rage,
For never was a more *Licentious Age.*

See, first, a Wretch of a preposterous make,
In seeking *Honour*, *Honour* does mistake:
Reason, which o'er the *Passions* shou'd command,
He does not, or he will not understand.
If in discourse you don't with him comply,)
Or say he treads but in the least awry,
Damn me, he crys, *d'ye think I'll take the ly?*

And

And out he lugs his *Whiniard*, all beware,
For in his rage the *Brute* will nothing ſpare,
His *Honour* is engag'd in the affair.
Chapman his *Buſy D'amboys* paints him right,
" Who thought perfection was to huff and fight:
But *brutal Courage* is from *valour* far,
A *glow-worm this*, and *that* the *morning Star*,
Still ſure to be the firſt where *Glory* calls,
But never ſtains it ſelf with *Tavern-Brawls*:
Thus though he boaſts himſelf of *ancient Line*,
He dont deſerve to eat the Husks with *Swine*.

Here one, who by his Age and grave Aſpect,
You'd think ſhou'd all vain trifling things reject,
Lets his laſt ſands run out in her embrace
Who has traduc't and brought him to diſgrace:
Long kept by him, ſhe in his Boſom ſlept,
And now by her the ſordid *Cully*'s kept,
Forc't, like a Slave, to dig the *Mine* for *Ore*,
Which he profuſely bury'd there before.
O why, ye Gods, ſhou'd Felons puniſh't be?
Why ſcourg'd and us'd with ſuch ſeverity,
And this much greater Criminal go free?
And not with *O*--- in publick made appear,
And have his *annual whipping* thrice a year.

Another Fop may lead a happy Life,
Claſpt in th' Embraces of a *Vertuous Wife*;
For, ſure, if any ſuch are known to Fame,
She, above all, deſerves that ſacred Name:
Yet he, unkind, unmindful of her Charms,
Which ev'n might tempt cold Hermits to her Arms,

Forgets his *Quality* to scowre the streets,
And picks up every *Midnight Drab* he meets,
The very scum and refuse of the *Stews*,
Which ev'n no other Bruit but *Man* wou'd use;
Fulsom without, and *Medlar*-like within,
A Bag of rotten Bones wrapt in a sallow skin.
Thus, careless of his safety, he does roam,
And brings a load of foul Diseases home,
Taints the fair Spring, and, to record disgrace,
Gets nothing but a pocky, ritling Race.

Revers't to him, a *fourth*, whom Fate has join'd
To one that's the disgrace of Womankind;
A *Jilt* whom every *Hackney*, as it roul'd,
In certain signs th' Intriegue within has told:
Common as th' Elements of *Earth* and *Air*,
Ev'n *Coachmen* have, by turns, enjoy'd her for their *Fare*.
In * *Julian*'s sacred *Volumes* you may find
Her Universal Passion for Mankind;
How, when and where she met her num'rous prey,
And how many she has sent tyr'd away;
Not satisfy'd with an *European* Face,
Has drawn an *Indian* Leacher to her foul embrace,
And rather had with Devil taint her breed,
Than miss receiving his polluted Seed.
But he, kind Husband, to her Vices blind,
Thinks her the only Vertue of her kind:
In vain he's told, in vain he sees she's light,
For he had rather trust *her* than his *sight*.

* *One that disperses Lampoons.*

Laught

Laught at by all, he snuggles to her Breast,
And there dissolves supinely into rest,
And dreams of what vast Treasure he does stand possest.
With some this Wretch may for a *wise man* pass,
But, for my part, I write him down an *Ass*.

Now for a *Chitt*, who the *fair Sex* to woo,
Washes, perfumes, and grows a *Woman* too:
Six hours are daily spent, Time, Heav'ns best Blessing,
All thrown away, in painting, patching, dressing:
And when all's done, a *Baboon* is as pretty,
A *Wolf* as civil, and an *Owl* as witty.
Effeminate Coxcomb! may it be thy Curse,
(And Heav'n it self can scarce inflict a worse)
Still to dress on, be by loose Strumpets priz'd,
And every worthy knowing Man despis'd.

Next, view an *Oph* that's not yet quite of age,
What pains he takes to wast his *Heritage*;
And that enuff Extravagance may be shown,
He spends it all before it is his own:
For every Hundred now (rare way to thrive)
Agrees at *one and twenty* to give *five*,
Beside the *Interest*, which, alas! alone
Soon eats a good Estate ev'n to the Bone.
Thus, quickly ruin'd, to the *Sea* he goes,
And finds the *Winds* and *Waves* are less his Foes,
Than when he here was his own Pleasures Slave,
A Jest to *Fools*, a Prey to every *Knave*.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to him, a *sev'nth* does bend his mind,
In all he does, to cheat ev'n all Mankind.
His love of *gain* is grown to such a pitch,
He rather wou'd be *damn'd* than not be *rich*:
Yet heaps this Wealth, through all this Toyl does run,
To get Preferment for a *Sottish Son*;
Who by his *Sire's seven thousand pound a Year*,
And Marrying of a *Bastard*, grows a ----

An Eighth who in his Youth had all the Arts
Of Conversation, to allure our Hearts;
Women contemn'd, thought 'em a sort of Toys
Fit to converse with Monkeys and with Boys,
And laught at *Hymen*, and his *slimy Joys*;
And did, ev'n in his greener days, presage,
He wou'd accomplish wonders in his Age:
Yet now, alas! his *am'rous fit* comes on,
Just as his *Spirit* and his *vigour*'s gone,
Makes *whining Songs* the Ladies hearts to move,
And melts, effeminately, all to love;
Throws by his Books, and burns with *Cupid's rage*,
Now in his *doating*, and his *dying Age*.

Next comes an *Ideot*, Dice his dear delight,
Sleeps all the day, and Games at *Niel's* all night:
A greater Slave to *play*, and drudges more
Than the poor Miscreant that tugs the *Oar*:
His *Offices* neglects, *Friends*, *Children*, *Wife*,
And loves a *shaking Elbow* more than Life:
Nay the *vile Wretch*, when all his Money's gone,
Shall drill away *five hours* in looking on.

You

You that have skill to ſcan all ſorts of Vice,
Tell me what Charms ly in a *Bail of Dice* ?
That Men forget their *Honour* and their *eaſe*,
To doat on ſuch *opprobrious traſh* as theſe.
So when a Child does cry, give it to play
A piece of gold, and ſtreight 'tis thrown away,
But if you'd have it's *Tears* and *Snubbing* eas'd,
Shake but a *Rattle* and the *Brat* is pleas'd.
I ſhall not tell what *Mortgages* they make,
How many large Eſtates now ly at ſtake,
Sunk by degrees, and moulder'd quite away,
All to maintain a *Servile Luſt* of Play :
Of all their *Patrimonies*, not enuff
Left to maintain a conſtant ſtock of *ſnuff*.

Another, who has been deep bit by *Play*,
Has left it to grow lewd another way :
Drink is his God, ſo he might have his ſwill
Of that, he wou'd not take *Damnation* ill.
Six Bumpers in a hand muſt walk their round,
And not a Creature budge, or quit his ground,
Till over-gorg'd, at laſt, they're forc't to yield,
And to All-Conqu'ring *Bacchus* leave the *Field:*
Then all the Afternoon they ly and ſnore,
They th' *Inferior Swine*, and he their *Patron Bore*:
At night he wakes, and rallys up his men,
And to their full *Pint Glaſſes* fall agen.
'Tis then ſuch happy *Notions* he lets fall,
As does with wonder charm the Ears of all.
Who ever ſays he ſpeaks one word of *Senſe*,
Ought to be Pillor'd for his Impudence.

In

In *Brawny Exercise* he takes delight,
To see Fools *wrastle*, Butchers Mastiffs *fight*,
And hugs himself with the *Bear-Garden* sight.
Unhappy those that must on him depend,
His Drunkenness and Looser hours attend;
I'd rather be his *Dog* than be his *Friend!*

A *Elev'nth* a *Buffoon*, if you please, a *Wit*,
Though how a *Buffoon* and that *Term* will fit,
Has all along been undecided yet:
By frequent use, he's come at length to be
A *Master* of the *Art of Blasphemy:*
That's his Employ, by that he gets his Bread,
For that ador'd, respected, courted, fed;
All sacred things traduces, makes a Jest,
And that abuses *most* that is the *best*.
If he shou'd chance to see a *Pidgeon* roast,
He'l bid the *Cook* go bast the *Holy Ghost*.
To please great men is the *vain Talker's* aim,
He thinks their favour is sufficient Fame:
But this Reproof of mine he will despise;
No Men err more than those that think they're wise,
Nor none sees less where their main error lies:
Let him then have our *pity*, not our *scoff*,
That damns himself to make *lewd Coxcombs* laugh.

To make 'em up a *dozen*, see a *T--rd*,
A senseless Ape by Miracle prefer'd;
And from a Footboy, Fortunes usual sport,
Rais'd to a *First-rate Minion* of the *Court*,

To ſee this Brute forget what he has been,
So bare, his very Nakedneſs was ſeen, (his Bed,
The Wind blew through him, the cold ground
Water his Beer, and Turnips was his Bread;
To ſee him on a *May-day-Muſter* ride, (Pride,
Pamper'd with Impudence, and ſwell'd with
What a cold look he does caſt down on thoſe
Ev'n by whoſe Bounty to that height he roſe:
Wou'd not all this inſpire a Worm with ſpite?
Wou'd it not make the arrant'ſt *Withers* write?
Studdy new ways to Gibbet up his Fame;
A lewd, ingrateful Wretch, and paſt all ſenſe of
ſhame.

To cloſe up all, the humble, Civil ----
Shall grace theſe *Worthies*, and bring up the reer,
Wicked enuff we grant to 've led the *Van*,
But for that *Office* not enuff a Man:
Yet *Souldier* he has been, has born the Name,
Nor are his Actions quite unknown to Fame:
For once ſhe does record he ſhou'd have fought;
(How dear, alas! is Reputation bought?)
But uſing much Agility, he fell
Juſt as his Sword, as the Spectators tell,
Had ſent his ſtout *Antagoniſt* to Hell.
Yet loſing, he came off with Honour bright,
Daring to *fall* was more than 'twas to *fight*;
For *Hero*'s, willingly, may meet with Blows,
What *Hero*, willingly, wou'd break his *Noſe*?
But, to be ſerious; in this Wretch you'l find
A lazy Body and a vitious Mind,
A *Slave*, yet wou'd inſult o'er all Mankind.

Fawn'd

Fawn'd to grow pow'rful, and when pow'rful grown
Did higher aim, and thought to mount a ------
But flung from thence, and loaded with disgrace,
He *fawn'd* himself again into his *Place*.
Stops at no ill his *Interest* to advance,
But leads his lewd desires an endless dance.
Wealthy, yet ever crushing of the Poor,
So stingy, with a Kick he pays his Whore.
For benefits receiv'd makes no return;
T' oblige him is the way to meet his scorn:
To those that fear him haughty and severe,
But meanly cow'rs to those that he does fear.
With gogling *Eyes*, and a red, Cock't-up *Nose*,
(Charms which he thinks no Female can oppose)
A Cut-throat *smile*, and an ungraceful *Air*,
He still pretends his Conquests o'er the *Fair*.
Falstaff throughout, an Orthodox compound
Of all ill Qualities that can be found.
O when he dies, to celebrate his Name,
And fix a lasting Trophy to his Fame,
This *Epitaph* shall grace the *Hero*'s Grave:
Here lies a *Fop*, *Fool*, *Temporizer*, *Slave*,
A *Leacher*, *Glutton*, *Coward* and a *Knave*.
Hear me, ye *Poetasters* of the Times,
Who ought, with me, to lash our growing Crimes,
And make the best use of your Dogrel Rhimes.
Look back a little on the nauseous *Tribe*
The *Muse* has had the patience to describe;
See there to whom your Works you Dedicate,
What abject Slaves you make appear in State:

One

One is like dreadful *Mars*, another *Jove*,
A *Third* out-rivals the bright God of Love.
Blockheads that you ſhou'd rather bluſh to name,
If in the leaſt you did but care for Fame,
Or had, among you all, a grain of ſhame.
Unleſs y'are ſtupid, and reſolve to be
Abhor'd and branded by *Poſterity*;
Forbear to flatter, and to court th' applauſe
Of ſuch as theſe, againſt *Apollo*'s Laws.
What Reputation can a Coxcomb give?
Or will his ſneering make your *Labours* live?
No, no; then for his *Praiſes* do not care;
In all you write be pointed and ſevere,
And thoſe that will not *love you*, make 'em *fear*.
But here we end, which yet too ſoon may ſeem;
For *Knave* and *Fool* is an *Eternal Theme*.

The End of the Satyr upon Man.

THE

One is like dreadful Aloes, another Love,
A Thirsty-one rivals the Jungle God of Love.
Blockheads, that you should rather blush to
[illegible]

If in the Last you did but care for Fame,
Or had, among you all, a grain of Name.
Unlels you fupal, and refolve to be
Abhor'd and hauded by Posterity,
To bear to Hatter, and to cover th' opprobrious
Of fuchas thefe, against Apollo's Laws.
What Reputation can a Coxcomb give?
Or will his Learning make your Learning live?
No, no; then for his Praise do not care;
Tho all you write be pointed and fever,
And thofe, that will not love you, make 'em fear.
But here we end, which yet too soon may seem;
For Arts and Fole is an Eternal Theme.

The End of the Satyr upon Man.

THE LAUREAT. A SATYR.

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THE LAUREAT. A SATYR.

The Argument.

Jack Squob's Hiſtory *in little drawn,*
Down to his Ev'ning *from his* early dawn.

APpear, thou mighty Bard, to open view,
Which yet, we muſt confeſs, you need not do;
The labour to expoſe thee we may ſave;
Thou ſtand'ſt upon thy *own Records* a Knave;
Condemn'd to live, in thy *Apoſtate Rhimes,*
The Curſe of *Ours*, and ſcoff of *future times.*
Still tacking round with every turn of State;
Reverſe to *Shaftsbury!* thy curſed Fate,
Is always at a change to come too late.

To keep his Plots from Coxcombs was his care;
His Villany was mask't, and thine is bare.
Wise men alone cou'd guess at his design,
And cou'd but guess, the thread was spun so fine;
But every purblind Fool may see through thine.
Had *Dick* still kept the *Regal Diadem*,
Thou had'st been *Poet Laureat* to him;
And long e'r now, in lofty Verse, Proclaim'd
His high Extraction, among Princes fam'd:
" *Diffus'd his glorious Deeds from Pole to Pole,*
" *Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roul.*
Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heav'ns severe Decree,
Been found and murder'd in the *Royal Tree*,
Ev'n thou had'st prais'd the Fact; his Father slain,
Thou call'st but *gently breathing of a Vein.*
Impious and Villanous, to bless the blow
That laid at once three lofty Nations low,
And gave the *Royal-Cause* a total overthrow!
What after this cou'd we expect from thee?
What cou'd we hope for but just what we see?
Scandal to all Religions new and old,
A scandal ev'n to thine, where Pardon's bought and sold,
And mortgag'd Happiness redeem'd for transitory Gold.
Tell me, for 'tis a truth you must allow,
Who ever chang'd more in one Moon than Thou?
Ev'n thy own *Zimri* was more stedfast known;
He had but *one Religion*, or had *none*.
What Sect of Christian is't thou hast not known,
And, at one time or other, made thy own?
A *Bristl'd Baptist* bred, and then thy strain,
Immaculate, was free from sinful stain;

No

No Songs in those blest times thou did'st produce;
To brand and shame *good manners* out of use.
The Ladies then had not one *bawdy Bob*,
Nor thou the Courtly Name of *Poet Squab*.
Next thy dull *Muse*, an *Independant Jade*,
On sacred Tyranny fine *Stanzas* made,
Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both Extreams did run,
To *kill* the *Father*, and *Dethrone* the *Son*.
When *Charles* came in, thou did'st a *Convert* grow;
More by thy *Interest* than thy *Nature* so:
Under his kindly Beams thy *Laurel* spread,
He first did place that Wreath about thy Head,
Kindly reliev'd thy wants, and gave thee *bread*.
Here 'twas thou mad'st the *Bells of Fancy* chime,
And *choak't* the Town with *suffocating rhime*.
Till *Heroes*, form'd by thy *creating Pen*,
Were grown as *cheap* and *dull* as other men.
Flush't with success, full *Gallery*, *Box*, and *Pit*,
Thou branded'st all Mankind with want of Wit,
And in short time wer't grown so vain a Ninny,
As scarce t' allow that *Ben* himself had any:
But when the men of sense these errors saw,
They check't thy *Muse*, and kept the *Termagant* in awe.
To *Satyr* then thy *Talent* was addrest,
Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the rest;
Those that the oft'nest did thy wants supply,
Abus'd, traduc'd, without a Reason why.
Nay ev'n thy *Royal Patron* was not spar'd,
But an *Obscene*, a *Sauntring Wretch* declar'd.
Thy *Loyal Libel* we can still produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse!

O strange return to a *forgiving King!*
But the *warm'd Viper* wears the *sharpest Sting.*
Thy *Pension* lost, and justly, without doubt,
When Servants snarl, we ought to kick 'em out;
They that disdain their *Benefactors* Bread,
No longer ought, by Bounty to be fed;
That lost, you chang'd the Vizor, turn'd about,
And streight a *true-blue-Protestant* crept out.
The *Fryer* now was writ, and some will say
They smell a *Male-Content* through all the Play.
The *Papist* too was thought unfit for trust,
Call'd shameless, treach'rous, profligate, unjust,
And *Kingly Power* meer *Arbitrary Lust.*
This lasted till thou did'st thy *Pension* gain,
And that chang'd both thy *Morals* and thy *Strain.*
If to write Contradiction *Nonsense* be,
Who has more *nonsense* in their works than *Thee?*
We'l mention but thy *Layman's Faith*, and *Hind*;
Who'd think both these, such clashing do we find,
Cou'd be the Product of one single mind?
Here thou wou'd'st Charitable fain appear,
Find'st fault that *Athanasius* was severe;
Thy *pity* streight to *cruelty* is rais'd,
And ev'n the *Pious Inquisition* prais'd,
And recommended to the *Present Reign:* —
"*O Happy Countries*, Italy *and* Spain!
Have we not cause in thy own words to say,
"*Let none believe what varies every day,*
"*That never was, nor will be at a stay?*
Once, *Heathens* might be sav'd, you did allow,
But not, it seems, we greater Heathens now:

The

The *Loyal Church* that buoys the Kingly Line,
Damn'd with a Breath, but 'tis such Breath as thine.
What Credit to thy Party can it be
To 've gain'd so vile a *Proselyte* as Thee?
Stray'd from the Fold, makes us but laugh, not weep,
One of the *Shabby*, and the *Scabby Sheep*;
We have but lost what 'twas disgrace to keep.
By them mistrusted, and to us a scorn,
For 'tis but weakness, at the best, to turn.
True, had'st thou left us in the *former Reign*,
'T had prov'd it was not wholly done for gain;
Now the Meridian Sun is not more plain.
Gold is thy God, for a substantial summ,
Thou to the *Turk* wou'd'st run away from *Rome*,
And sing his holy Expedition against Christ-endom.
But to conclude, blush with a lasting red,
(If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already said)
To see thy *Boars*, *Bears*, *Buzzards*, *Wolves* and *Owls*,
And all thy other *Beasts* and other *Fowls*
Routed by *two poor Mice*; unequal fight!
But easy 'tis to conquer in the Right.
See there a *Youth*, a shame to thy *gray hairs*,
Make a meer Dunce of all thy *threescore years*.
What in that *tedious Poem* hast thou done,
But cramm'd *all Æsop's Fables* into *one*?
But why shou'd I the precious minutes spend
On him that wou'd much rather hang, than mend?

No, Wretch, continue still just as thou art,
Thou'rt now in the last Scene that crowns thy part:
To purchase *favour*, veer with every gale,
And against *Interest* never cease to rail,
Though thou'rt the *only proof* how *Interest* can prevail.

The End of the Satyr upon the Laureat.

A

A Consolatory Epistle TO A FRIEND Made unhappy by Marriage. OR, A Scourge for ill Wives.

Advertiſement.

THough the following Poem, at firſt ſight, may ſeem to point at ſome Particular Perſon, yet, to the Judicious, the deſign will appear to be of general Influence: for, notwithſtanding 'tis a Deſcription but of one lewd Woman, I have taken care to paint her ſo comprehenſively ill, that there are very few but what may put in for a Child's ſhare with her. From whence 'tis eaſy to gueſs, I ſhall be read by that Sex with ſome diſguſt: But let 'em have a care, for, if they are angry, I ſhall conclude (Satyr being a Glaſs that ſhews things juſt as they are) 'tis occaſion'd by ſeeing their own Deformity. If any ſhou'd imagine this Scourge is chiefly deſign'd for the Wife of Quality, 'tis rightly gueſs'd; and I am apt to believe, as they behave themſelves now adays, the ſharpeſt thing, in this Nature, can be but ſeaſonable: Yet, let not the meaner Spouſe be too much delighted that ſhe is favour'd, for 'tis ten to one they may hear of me, in their turn --- but 'tis fit their Betters ſhou'd be ſerv'd before them.

A Con-

A
Consolatory Epistle
TO A
FRIEND
Made unhappy by Marriage.
OR, A
Scourge for ill Wives.

THat Man, my Friend, does tempt a dan-
g'rous Fate,
That lists himself into a *Marriage State*.
Where is that *He* so happy in a Bride,
But oft does wish the *fatal Knot* unty'd?
Qualms of Disquiet will oppress his thought,
And make him see his *Marriage* was a fau't.
And if the happy find so bad success,
They that have *ill Wives*, sure, must hope for
less.

Killing

Killing Vexations, Cares and sleepless Nights,
Put a long stop to all their best Delights:
And then with Grief they find (what greater ill?)
They're wretched, and are sure to be so still.
But 'twill be urg'd; if 'tis a Snare so great,
What makes Men add Wings to their own ill
Fate?
And strive to meet misfortunes with such hast,
Which of themselves, alas! come on too fast?
But ah! set human frailty in your Eyes,
Impossible we shou'd be always wise!
Or grant we cou'd, this Sea has unseen Shelves,
Where ev'n the *wisest* oft are split themselves.
And therefore I that Maxim disapprove,
That those that join here, first, are join'd above.
If *Marriages* are made by Heav'ns fixt will,
O that some Doctor, with his Heav'nly skill,
Wou'd tell why most of 'em are made so ill.
Wretched Examples we may daily view;
But its worst Influence was shed on *You*.
In all things that cou'd please a Woman, blest,
Rich, Healthy, Young, and Witty as the best:
Yet ev'n these Gifts made your Misfortunes worse,
Since they but charm'd a Heart that prov'd your
Curse.
Good Heav'ns! who then saw and heard her vow,
Cou'd think she'd ever be, what she is now?
Her Carriage Impudent, perverse her Will,
The *scorn* of *Good Wives*, and the *worst* of *Ill!*

I'll take her, first, ev'n in her *Virgin State*,
Which she was all along observ'd to hate:

And

And if from *Dreams* we may her Nature ſcan,
She ev'n in them wou'd ſigh and call for *Man*.
The diſobedience ſhe to Friends did ſhew,
Told us, ſhe'd play the ſame Game o'er with You.
I know 'tis cruel to remind you' again
Of wrongs y'ave ſuffer'd, and add pain to pain;
But, if you will a while your thoughts ſuſpend,
You'l find, at leaſt, I mean you like a *Friend*.

You marry'd her, and there your Woes began,
'Twas your hard chance to be that hapleſs Man:
Yet, if Joys by *appearance* might be gueſs'd,
There were few Men but thought you doubly bleſt.
You lov'd her above thought, above controul,
Sooner than wrong her, you'd ha' wrong'd your Soul:
And yet (ſo far her cunning did excel)
It was believ'd that ſhe lov'd you as well.
Ah! what a Riddle is a *Woman*'s will,
That ſeems ſo good, and is, indeed, ſo ill?
For ſoon ſhe threw off Vertues, forc'd diſguiſe,
With which, a while, ſhe ſtrove t' amuſe your Eyes;
And then, to ſhew which way ſhe lean'd before,
We ſaw that ſhe was *rotten* at the *Core*.
Her roving thoughts were bounded by no Law,
But luſted after every Man ſhe ſaw:
From *thought* ſhe eagerly to *action* fled,
And brought Pollution to a ſacred Bed.
Blinded by Love, all this you cou'd not view,
The laſt that did believe her falſe was *You*.

Your

Your ſorrow here no Language can expreſs,
It griev'd your Heart, and ah! what cou'd it leſs?
To ſee the charming Partner of your Youth,
(Whoſe Breaſt you thought had been a Mine of *Truth*)
Root up the Name of Vertue from her Heart,
And boldly act an unexampl'd part.
Aſſaulted by the *Maſter Fiend* of Hell,
It was no wonder the *firſt Woman* fell;
But this ten thouſand times more Vice has ſhown
Without Temptation, all the Fault her own.
Ev'n in this Exigence, you, yet, were Calm,
Widn'd no Wounds, but rather pour'd in Balm:
Good wholſom counſel you preſcrib'd her ſtill;
Weak Phyſick to bring back a Wife from ill:
Men, tho' they're wicked, ſtop oft in their Race,
And oft reflect upon their dang'rous Caſe;
Though damn'd, they'l yet ſeem loth to be undone:
But *Woman*, like a River, keeps due on;
And like that River, if they ſtop her Courſe,
Grows wild, and will not be reſtrain'd by force.
For ſuch rough means you cannot be accus'd;
But ſhe'd have been the ſame, had force been us'd.
To prove this, think how from your Arms ſhe fled,
And for a *Lawleſs*, left a *Lawful Bed*
Conceal'd her ſelf with an Inceſtuous Flame,
Conceal'd her ſelf, but ſhe *reveal'd* her ſhame:
While you, with heavy Eyes and Arms acroſs,
Were ſighing, mourning, dying for the loſs.

(Loſs

Loſs did I call it ? 'twas ſo far from one
It prov'd a Bleſſing, as I'll ſhew anon.)
But now, litigious grown, and paſt all awe,
She plung'd you in the Fetters of the *Law*,
And back't by thoſe who her *ill cauſe* maintain'd,
She ſu'd for *Alimony*, ſu'd and gain'd:
Thus *Honeſty* may be oppreſt with *might*,
For *Power* does often make the *wrong* the *right*.
Her hitting this mark pleas'd her very Soul,
For 'twas her aim to live without Controul.
Here 'twas ſhe bid adieu to true Renown,
And turn'd up tail to every Aſs in Town;
Porter and Groom went undiſtinguiſh't down:
Where is the Man that hath not found her ill?
Or where's the Man that may not, if he will?
Ah fooliſh Woman! may ſhe one day ſee
How deep ſh' has plung'd her ſelf in Infamy,
And with true Penitence waſh out the ſtain; ---
But ---miſchief on't --- why ſhou'd I pray in vain?
For ſhe's but hardn'd at the name of *Grace*;
No bluſh was ever ſeen t' adorn her Face.

As ſoon as e're ſhe wakes, it is her way
To think how ſhe may *waſt* the following day.
If to ſerve Heav'n our pretious *time* is lent,
Each moment, that's in chaſe of ſin miſpent,
Will one day blame us we that *Treaſure* loſe
Which we might to ſuch vaſt advantage uſe;
If this be ſo, ſure, her Account is long,
That by meer choice does labour to do wrong.
Well, now ſhe'l riſe, and to proclaim no leſs,
Her Footmen are rung in to help her dreſs;

A *Janty mode* --- for since from *France* it came
(Brought over by a Female of great Fame)
'Twere rude to give it any other Name.
Hackney is call'd, *Hackney* her dear *Alcove*,
(Where Coachmen, for their Fare, enjoy her Love)
Hackney, on which, as o'er the Stones they go,
She oft this high *Encomium* will bestow:
Some love t' embrace on Couches, some i' th' Fields;
I'm for the Bawdy-House that runs on Wheels,
Where every Kennel does the Bliss enhance,
And each kind jolt's all Rapture and all Trance!
Full of such thoughts she scow'rs it up and down,
And, e'r night, visits all the Bawds in Town:
The Company of this she does desire
To sup with her; anothers sent t' enquire
For Coolers to allay her am'rous fire;
In vain, for she's to Tyrant Lust a Slave,
Her *barren Womb*'s Insatiate as the Grave;
Barren, nor can it well be any other,
She choaks the growth of one Seed by another.
Well now 'tis Ev'ning, and the Tavern's full
Of *Lady* and her *Train*, *Bawd*, *Pimp* and *Trull*:
Their Supper's call'd for, and a learn'd Harangue,
(By one of the grand Females of the Gang,
So very lewd she cou'd not fail to please)
Instead of *Grace*, is made in words like these.
Let canting Sots at meals their folly show,
And give thanks to a power they do not know:
To Nature *we our praise acknowledge due,*
The Patroness *of Life and Leachery too:*
Our best Blood in her Quarrels we expose,
She here repays us with that Blood we lose;

With

With sparkling Wines infuses fresh desire;
As fast as we quench, she renews the Fire.
'Tis they tread false that dare our steps deride,
Can we go wrong that have so sure a guide?
No, no, what ever she dictates, we'll do,
For all is lawful that she prompts us to.
Let us not then think of a base retreat,
Or be impos'd on by a holy Cheat;
She bids us tast of Man, as well as Meat.
She ends, the Lady riggles her lewd Breech,
And with a loud laugh, thanks her for her *Speech.*
Imagine now (for 'twere too long to tell
All the vain Table-Conference that befel)
The Board is clear'd, and free from care and thinking,
With one consent, all of 'em vote for Drinking.
And now you'd think the end of all were come,
And *Chaos* and Confusion in the Room:
A thousand various shapes the prospect fill,
And every one, above expression, ill;
Here you may see the *amorous War* begun,
And, for a while, the rest all looking on,
Till fir'd with thought to tast the same delight,
They strip, and naked rush into the fight:
And then such *Scenes*, such *Postures* are contriv'd,
You'd swear old *Sodom* were again reviv'd,
And all the *Chiefs* of that *accursed Crew*
Broke loose from Hell, to act their Crimes anew.
Tir'd, the Reck'ning's call'd, and, more or less,
Host, *Hostess*, *Drawers* meet the same success,

They're kick't down Stairs with many a bitter Curse,
And think they're favour'd if they're us'd no (worse;
And after all's turn'd to a meer *Bear-Garden*,
They go off ranting, and not pay a farthing.
And then in Man's Cloaths, like some hot-brain'd *Blade*,
She sallies through the *Town* in Masquerade:
Bounces, like Bell-men, against every door,
And roars out a *good morrow* with Rogue and Whore.
In all her walk no Window can escape,
For mischief's her delight in every shape.
In short, b' abusing nightly all she meets,
Murder and *Riot*'s common to our Streets.

Now let unbyast Men judge, by these crimes,
If she's not grown a grievance to the times.
What *Satyr* with such Faults can be too rough?
For my part, I can't write half sharp enough.
Were my Ink Gall, and my keen Pen cou'd stab,
The World shou'd see how I wou'd maul this *Drab*.

The Company she keeps is for her fit,
All very lewd, with very little Wit.
But chiefly one, I must, *perforce*, applaud,
One who all men can tell was born a *Bawd*,
Procur'd as soon as spoke; in *Hyde-Park* nurst,
Her Infant Vice did sprout and flourish first.
Letters she wou'd convey from Coach to Coach,
And every day set lewd Intriegues abroach;
In her alone 'twas natural to debauch.

As

As ſoon as ever ſhe was turn'd of *ten*,
Succeſſively, ſhe'd tire as many Men:
Nay, if her *Actions* by her *Age* we meaſure,
They prove her *Whore* e'r ſhe cou'd taſt the Pleaſure.
Now rotten grown, each pocky ſymptom ſhows
She's like to drop in pieces as ſhe goes.
This modeſt Creature, this *Black-Angel Saint*,
She has inſtall'd her Boſom Confidant:
And the chief Reaſon why ſhe this prefers,
Becauſe her Vice goes hand in hand with hers.
Early they enter'd the Venereal chaſe,
And hitherto they're equal in the race,
Swift they begun, and ſtill they keep their pace.
To ly, detract, talk Bawdy, and Blaſpheme,
Employs their time, they ſcorn all other Theme.
The Oaths that Bullies barter at a fray,
Or eager Gameſters when they loſe at play,
Are nothing, when we them with thoſe compare,
Which, in their Cups, flow from this *Friendly Pair*.

Bullies ſhe keeps, too, void of ſenſe and ſhame,
With five-foot Swords to vindicate her Fame:
Good Heav'ns! that ſhe ſhou'd think of a good Name!
All Rabble-Raſcals, born of Parents baſe,
Their Pedigree is blazon'd on their Face.
Vain, rude, ill-bred, the ſcandal of their kind,
And therefore fit for the ill Fate they find;
Which is to waſt their health with her a-nights,
And their baſe blood in needleſs brawls and fights.

What Brutes are these! that can so busy be,
To take great pains, to get great Infamy?

But hitherto, my Friend, you'l only find
I've shown how she degenerates in her *mind*,
Her *Person* in the Change, too, has it's share;
You'l find as great an alteration there:
Bloated all o'er, her Hyde can hardly hold her,
Neck shrunk, her Head does lean upon each shoulder,
Her Face carbunckl'd, Nodes upon her Skin,
Which shows there's rank Contagion lodg'd within.
Compar'd with that which to your Arms she came,
Neither her Soul nor Body are the same:
Yet thus deform'd, a Dog wou'd loath to meet her,
She makes out fresh enquiry for a *Keeper*;
In vain, she'l nere succeed do what she can;
The only Woman, since the World began,
That's ev'n too vile to match her self in *Man*.

But here, perhaps some People may object,
I've us'd a Friend's Wife with too course neglect;
I ought to *pity* her, if not *respect*.
But I wou'd fain know of these senseless Elves,
That thinks so very wisely of themselves,
If when a Feavor rages in the Blood,
The Doctor's *pity* does the *Patient* good.

These

These are, forsooth, so tender of her Fame,
Rather than *blame* her Faults they *Cloak* her shame;
While I that pity not, a better Friend,
Show her her self, and teach her how to mend.

By this time, I presume, all are inclin'd
To think you the most wretched of Mankind,
And past hope of relief --- I answer, no;
Nay more than that, so far from being so,
Among the Fry of Husbands, there's but few
That know so much Tranquillity as *You*.
The shaft is *blunt* that was so *sharp* at first;
And 'tis some Comfort to be past the worst.
No jealous pangs, with anguish, you conceal,
The most inveterate Sting that Man can feel;
For, certainly, it is less pain to know
A Wife *is False*, than to *believe* she's so.
Nay you are safer than th' unmarry'd are,
For they are still in danger of the snare:
Their misery is to come, but yours is past,
Yours but a while, and theirs may ever last.
But some will say, *y'are still at vast expence* ---
'Tis true, but then your *Peace* does spring from thence.
The *sep'rate maintainance* you yearly give,
Sep'rate from her, makes you in safety live.
The more you think the more this thought will please;
You give her *money*, and she gives you *ease*:
And where's the Man, so ill in love with Life,
But wou'd do more to have it freed from strife?

How many Men of Honour cou'd I name
That wou'd give thousands, were their Case the same?
For an ill Wife will stick where she is thrown;
Few beside you can say, *The Bird is flown.*
Tell me not you might meet some Heav'nly Dame,
That loves you with a chast and fervent Flame,
Whose Charms to endless Pleasure do invite;
And she has robb'd you of the vast delight.
What Man! what run again into the *Snare*
Where you were caught so lately? Have a care:
Of your dear Reputation be more nice,
There's no excuse for him that marries twice;
Especially, if his first Wife were bad,
For she proclaims him *moap't*, the second, *mad.*
But why all this? y'ave try'd the dangerous Main,
And are too wise to trust your Fate again.

Compar'd with yours, how wretched is his plight
That's join'd with a Lascivious Hypocrite?
Who, still professing good, is ill by stealth;
Wasts his Estate, and undermines his health;
Yet, all the while, laughs in the Dotards Face,
And thinks her wickedness is his disgrace?
Though your good Woman, of the two, is worse,
Yet tother to the Man's the greatest Curse.
For ever free from such sallacious guile,
You live in Peace, and at the Monster smile.

Enjoy

Enjoy your *Book*, your *Bottle*, and your *Friend*,
Three of as choice Companions Heav'n can ſend.
Theſe are the Bleſſings that attend your Life,
For which, in ſome ſort, you may thank your *Wife*.
For if ſhe had continu'd with you ſtill,
Your *Cure* had been above the reach of *skill*:
The *Sweets* which now you taſt had turn'd to *Gall*,
And wanting ſweet *content* y'ad wanted *all*:
Which now, y'are ſure, ſhe never can deſtroy,
But ſee a Proſpect all made up of Joy.

The End of the Scourge for ill Wives.

Jack

Jack Pavy,

Aliàs,

Jack Adams.

TO THE

Right Honourable

JAMES,

EARL of

ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,

WHen I *was last at* Lavington, *I had the good Fortune to see the* Extraordinary Person *to whom the following* Epistle *is subscrib'd; and from an occasional saying of your Lordship's, took the hint of the Poem, which, therefore, I now here*

here present to your Lordship. Some will, for their own Interest, *think it a* Paradox, *and some, I cou'd hope methinks, will not. However, at worst, if the Argument fail in the* Main, *the Judicious and Lovers of Truth, will, by the way, find so much Vanity and Knavery discover'd, as may perhaps, encline 'em to forgive me. But, above all, if it please your Lordship, 'twill be my greatest satisfaction, having resolv'd for the future (next my Devotions to Heav'n) to make that the chief study of,*

My Lord,

Your Lordship's infinitely obliged,

And most humble Servant,

R. Gould.

TO
JACK PAVY, &c.

'Tis true, dear *Jack*, thou'rt of all *sense* bereft,
And can'st not tell thy *right hand* from thy *left*,
Observ'st no *Seasons*, *Reason*, *Right*, or *Rule*;
In short, thou art, indeed, a *Natural Fool*.
And hence *some Men* so insolent we find,
To think thee the *most wretched* of Mankind:
But I, who all along have took delight
To speak *plain Truth*, and vindicate the *right*,
Must tell thee thou'rt abus'd: ---- No man can be
More happy, more the *Care of Heav'n* than *Thee*.
Your *Standard Fool*, the *Fool* we shou'd despise,
Is he that is a *Fool* and thinks he's *wise*.

And first, for a foundation, I wou'd know
What Man can be *intirely* blest below,
If not as dull as thou: ---- The Turns of Fate,
Promiscuously, on all the *wiser* wait.
Grief, horrour, shame, distrust, despight and fear,
Extend to all, each has so large a share,
That who has *least* has *more* than he can bear.

Either

Either his best *Diversions* quickly cloy,
Prey on themselves, and so themselves destroy,
Or some sharp cross cut short his mounting joy:
In vain he toils for *Pleasure*, 'twon't be found,
But flies the Searcher, like *enchanted ground*,
And in a maze of sorrow leads him round and round.
Well then, that Man is happiest, who in *this*
Vain World lives free from *Care*, and in the *next* in *Bliss*,
Who neither knows, nor cares, nor can do any (thing amiss:
This is thy Fate, and this thy *Soul* will save,
For Heav'n *requires* no more than what it *gave*,
Lays on our minds restraints we well might bear,
Were we *less wise*, and thy *kind Fate* our share.
But grant there are some Men devout and good,
(As Gracious Heav'n avert but that we shou'd!)
Grant *Vertue* is, alone, their strictest care,
And that they've all a human frame can bear;
Nay grant from every anxious thought they're free,
(Which is ev'n an Impossibility)
They, in *this World*, can be but blest like thee:
But in the *next* thy Joys will far transcend
What they can hope, or by good Deeds pretend,
For since by *merit* Heav'n can ne're be gain'd,
Happiest, by whom 'tis with least sin attain'd;
Then happiest *Thou*, to whose share it does fall,
Blessed to be without being *Criminal*,
Which ev'n the Wisest never cou'd attain;
Th' Attempt shall be rewarded, but th' Attempt is vain

Our

Our Parent, *Jack*, the first Created Man
(If *Mysteries Divine* we may, with safety, scan,)
While yet in perfect *Innocence* he stood,
Cou'd not, perhaps, boast so sublime a good
As is on thee (Heav'ns greater *Favorite*) bestow'd.
Thy State of *sweetness* is unmixt with *Gall*;
Thou *st and'st*, and art not liable to *fall*:
In solid dullness fixt, no Charms, no Art
Of Beauty makes Impression on thy Heart.
The *faithless Sex* cou'd ne're thy *Fancy* move,
Thou'rt Adamantine Proof against the shafts of Love.
That Conq'ring God cou'd never vanquish *Thee*;
He's *blind*, thou did'st not care if he cou'd *see*.
At no proud *Dowdy*'s Feet thou e're did'st ly,
And pine and sigh, and grieve and weep, and dy;
As some, who, like the *Heathen* heretofore,
First make the *Deity*, and then adore.
A light Demeanor and a painted Face,
No Wit, no Vertue, with much silks and lace,
Pass with such Fops for a *Resistless Grace*.
In short, the Bawds perswasions and her wiles,
With the kind Nymphs almost resistless smiles,
Are lost on thee, stedfast thou dost remain;
Shou'd *Eve* attempt to charm thee, 'twere in vain.
Ah! had old *Adam* been as dull, as good,
Eden had not been lost, and *Man* had stood!

Ambition, which disturbs the *Statesman*'s rest,
Ne're gains the least Admission to thy Breast.
Without a pang thou can'st see others rise,
And take their *glorious Station* in the Skies;

See 'em look back with a disdainful Eye
On those, whose Bounty gave 'em Wings to fly:
Without concern, again, thou see'st 'em come
From their vast height to an *ignoble Doom*;
Like *Stars* they glitter and as swift decline,
But ne'r, like them, must rise again to shine.
Mistaken Men! that labour to be great,
That still contribute to their own deceit,
And will not see through the *Transparent Cheat*.
Pride is a Sin too obvious to conceal,
It puffs the Heart as Butchers do their Veal;
Looks fair without, but probe the hidden *Mind*,
The Imposthume breaks and mixes with the wind:
By it's own self, *Narcissus* like, 'tis priz'd;
But curst is he that is by all, but his own self, despis'd.

Nor in the *War* thou labour'st for a Name,
By cutting Throats to get Immortal Fame:
Search through the Race of Brutes, and you will find
There's none that preys so much upon his kind
As we, that boast of an *Immortal Mind*.
Cities are tumbled down, and *Temples* rac't,
And the chief works of God the most defac't:
Nor is there any hope these *Fewds* shou'd cease
Till we are all like *Thee*; then all wou'd be at *Peace*.

In thee no *Covetous Desires* we find,
That griping, restless Colick of the *Mind*.

Devil

Devil with Devil damn'd firm Concord hold,
But Man will disagree; are bought and sold,
Prove Faithless, Perjur'd, Mercileſs for *Gold*.
Here one, bewitcht with the baſe itch of Coin,
Hides it as deep as firſt 'twas in the *Mine*.
Still dunning all to whom h' has money due,
But you muſt ſtay, if he owes ought to You.
Againſt nought elſe but want of *Caſh* does pray,
Dreams on't all night, and hugs it all the day,
Yet (ſordid Wretch!) can carry none away.
Envious of Mankind's good, he'l angry be,
His Neighbour is more fortunate than he:
Nay, if thy Wife a moderate Beauty bear,
He'l curſe his Fate, his own is not ſo fair.
This Plague for ever is to thee unknown;
Rich in thy Rags, thou let'ſt each Man in Peace enjoy his own.

Envy in vain thy Quiet wou'd devour,
Her Rage is impotent, and weak her power:
She finds her Foe too fearleſs to attack,
Goes curſing off, and grins as ſhe looks back.
The ſilly Sex, indeed, ſhe does entice;
For *Envy*, chiefly, is a *Female Vice*:
Rather than not Revenge they'l *Witches* grow;
But while around their hurtful Charms they throw,
They're curſt *above*, and double damn'd *below*.

Mark but the *Courſe of things*, and you muſt own
Moſt men do that they'd rather let alone:

Thinks on his *present state* with wat'ry Eyes;
Still prone to *change*, with every *wish* complies,
And fain wou'd be the thing his Fate denies:
Roving *Desires* perplex his labouring thought,
Still *seeking*, and still *missing* what is sought:
Against the stream of *Disappointment* strives,
In vain, for back th' impetuous torrent drives,
And makes him, to his loss and torture, see
He's still Obnoxious to *Incertainty*:
Toss'd, like a *Bubble*, to and fro he rouls,
And every *trifle* his *resolve* controuls: (smile,
Wretched all ways, though Fortune frown or
There is no end of his incessant toyl;
And all, alas! to have his *Bantlings* fed;
But see, the Curse impendent o'er his head,
He that moils *least* has the *most share* of *Bread*.
The *Trading Cit*, smooth tongu'd, demure and sly,
Who never *swears*, unless 'tis to a *ly*,
Gets more *one Day* by bantring off false *Ware*,
Than serves the needy Labourer a *Year*;
He gets, indeed, but curst is ill got store;
Rather than so be *Rich*, let me, ye Gods, be *poor*.

Here *One* his dozen Voyages performs,
Breaks through rough Waves, and combates
Winds and Storms;
And thus he drudges many tedious Years;
The *Master* wreck't at home with wretched
Fears, (*Pirates of Argiers*:
Thinks on the *Winds*, the *Rocks*, the *Sands* and
Expects 'em long, at last, perchance, they come
Without their Lading, Tempest-beaten, home.

Thus,

Thus, for a bootleſs *Voyage*, he is hurl'd
" *From Pole to Pole, and ſlav'd about the World.*
But ſay he gains (as many, we confeſs,
Succeed, that don't deſerve the leaſt ſucceſs)
What laſting, what ſubſtantial pleaſure can
Attend this wealthy, careful, reſtleſs Man,
What *ſatisfaction* can he compaſs here,
That one can't have for *fifty pound a Year?*
Out of his *many Diſhes* (which I'd ſhun)
He eats no more than I do out of *one:*
Though his *Vault*'s full of *Bagrag* and *Moſelle*,
Though of *old Hock* and *Chios* he does tell;
I have my *Bottle*, and that does as well.
But after all his outward pomp and ſhow,
Though *high* his *Pride*, his *Credit* may be *low*;
For oft ſuch men, ev'n to our *Coſt* found true,
Have dy'd in Debt, which (though a Poet) I
wou'd ſcorn to do.

For Rents here *Fopus* to the Country goes,
Which when receiv'd, thinks all he meets are Foes,
And looking downwards ſtarts at his own Noſe;
Fears his own ſhadow dogs him with deſign
To cut his Throat, and take away his *Coin.*

In the mean time, obſerve the *Jangling Clown*
Trudge as faſt *up* as the *gay ſpendthrift down:*
'Tis *Term*, and he has buſineſs at the *Hall*,
Which is to hear ſome Pettyfogger baul:
Litigious Crew! a *Monkey*, or Jack Daw
Has as much *ſenſe*, why not as much of *Law?*

Thus with a *Serjeant*'s Cant, and a ſmooth daſh
Of his *Clerk*'s Pen, he's banter'd out of Caſh.
Then home returns his *Pocket* to recruit,
And knows not *Money* does prolong the *Suit*.
So when y'are ſeeing your *Phyſician* ſtill,
You do but bribe the *Brute* to keep you ill.

Another's to be marry'd with all ſpeed;
But firſt there muſt be drawn ſome tedious Deed,
In which more caution's us'd, than if he were
Making his *Will*, or naming of an *Heir*:
A Jointure's ſetled (Let her laugh that wins)
A thouſand pound a year to buy her Pins.
Unthinking Wretch! that puts it in the Power
Of an *ill Wife* to haſten his *ill hour*.
But ſay at firſt ſhe were both chaſt and true,
What is't ſo much *per annum* will not do?
Many, that have been thought divinely good,
For leſs have dipt their hands in *Husbands* blood.
This thought, at laſt, works buſy in his brain;
Drudge on, *fond Aſs*, why ſhou'd'ſt thou now complain?
Be ſtill Obſequious, give her no offence,
Leſt ſhe takes pet, and ſends thee packing hence,

There an *Attendance Dancer* of the *Court*,
To the *Levee's* and *Couchee*'s makes reſort:
Where in more ſhapes he does his Body ſcrew,
Than thoſe that dance through Hoops, or *Smithfield Tumblers* do.
Yet all the while has ſenſe enough to tell
Flattery's a Crime, and that he does not well.

Now

Now to a *Bishop* he devoutly bends,
Next to an *Atheist* the same Zeal pretends;
Now to a *Beef-eater* he cringes low,
Now to some new rigg'd *Bawd*, or tawdry *Beau*,
And to ten thousand that he does not know:
And all this while so talkative, you'll see
His tongue is quite as pliant as his knee.
Coward throughout, loves none, embraces all,
And thus endow'd is cherisht at *Whitehall*.

Here to the *Park* an Am'rous Coxcomb hies,
To meet his Love among the *Butterflies*,
Which there abound, and swell into a Crowd,
Pert, Pocky, Poor, Impertinent and loud:
Coming, he finds his Rival in her hands,
Her smiles, and all she has at his Command:
Then rates himself he ever shou'd believe
A perjur'd thing, whose Nature's to deceive:
Curses his Fate, nor will put up his wrongs,
Till with *cold steel* the tother *probes* his *Lungs*.

Another *Buffoon*, cherisht by the great,
Burlesques the *Scriptures*, and Blasphemes to eat:
Nor is this *Court-bred Humour* strange, or new,
For who knows *Fan---w*, knows it to be true.
Thus he drives on, unmindful of the Foe,
Nor sees the brandisht Sword above, nor dreadful
Steep below.

Thus goes, and thus will ever go the *Times*,
Each Age improving on their Fathers Crimes:

Sin has abounded since the World begun,
And we (on whom the dregs of time is come)
Are casting up the mighty, *total summ.*
So exquisite in Villany w'are grown, (own;
To blast our Neighbours Credit we expose our
No Man a safe Retreat from ills can know,
Abroad, or, else, at *home* he finds a *Foe*;
Abroad *ill Tongues*, at home *Thoughts* prone to sin;
Knav'ry *without*, and Passions reign *within*.
Or *Anger* robs him of his Darling Rest,
Or *Jealousie* does rage within his Breast;
Unhappy Man that's with that Fiend possest!
Distended on the *Rack*, there to remain
Whole Ages, is a yet more moderate pain.
O horrid Doom! O worse than Hellish Life!
But he deserves it that will have a *Wife*.

While *thou*, supine, liest in soft Pleasure's Arms;
And only such as *Thou* can find sh' has *lasting Charms*. (ter's vext,
Though the wide World with War and slaugh-
Thou'rt undisturb'd, secure and unperplext:
When dreadful *Comets* in the Skies appear,
Thou'rt not concern'd what they portend us here
Did'st thou but live (as long shall live thy Fame)
Till the last general Conflagration came,
Thou wou'd'st but laugh and warm thee at the Flame.
Thou for *to morrow* never dost prepare,
Nor art a Slave to earn thy *Bread* with Care:

By

By certain Instinct taught, thou eat'st and drink'st,
Nor, though thy *Fare* be course, on better Dainties think'st.
Still satisfy'd with what's before thee set,
Nor just at *twelve*, or *one* condemn'd to eat.
Wait'st not till all thy meat is overdrest,
Expecting some long-rising, lazy Guest:
Free from all *Ceremony* thou dost live;
None does expect it from thee, and thou none dost give.

See here a *Mother* mourning for her *Boy*
Late, all her *future hope*, and *Earthly Joy*;
Tearing her Hair, and with Affliction wild,
Will not be comforted, or reconcil'd;
Unhappy *Mother*, but O happy *Child!*
Free from the *Woes* with which thy *Parents* strive,
Whose *cruel kindness* wish thee still alive.
Another here for his dear *Father* mourns,
In vain, alas! the *Grave* makes no *Returns*:
Thinks Heav'n unkind, that the *old man* hast past
Some *fourscore Winters*, and must dy at last;
When, if we'll own *Age weak*, and sorrow *strong*,
It is a wonder he cou'd live so long.
A *Third* you'l see sit whining for his *Wife*,
His Earthly Heav'n and Comfort of his Life;--
Yet *living*, she ne'r fail'd to give him *strife*.
This touches not thy Breast; thy *Father*'s gone
And *Mother*, yet who ever heard thee moan?
Thy *Resignation* such, so free from blame,
It ev'n deserves a *more* exalted Name;
An *Angel*'s Patience cou'd but do the same!

Observe

Obſerve the *Man* who has all *Sin* ingroſt,
And ſee if *he* is not the Man, who moſt
Pretends to *Wit*; but any *Fool* may ſee,
So plain, 'tis almoſt obvious to *Thee*,
How his *Pretext* and *Conduct* does agree.
So eager all that's wicked to retain,
You'd think he wou'd not ſpare the *Fools* a grain.
A very *Bugbear*, ſo licentious grown,
He is the Standard ſcandal of the Town.
Who more a Fop? and, which is worſe, who more (Whore?
A Cully to the *Dice*, nay worſe, a Cully to the
Who, of all men, more peſter'd with *ill Nature*?
Who more obnoxious to the Sting of *Satyr*?
Who more a *Drunkard*? who a greater *Prater*?
Who at *Plays* ſooner, and at *Churches* later?
If this is Wit, e'r ſuch a *Wit* to be,
Who wou'd not, if 'twere poſſible, be more a Fool than thee?

Content's a Bleſſing; Let us ſearch around,
And ſee, then, where that Bleſſing's to be found.
No *Riches* like *Contentment*, there 'tis meant
One may be *wealthy*, and not be *content*:
If *Riches* cannot make a *happy Man*,
To human apprehenſion, nothing can.
In ſhort, the *Rich*, the *Poor*, the *Peaſant*, *Cit*,
Still aim at ſomething, which they have not yet,
And ſtill at ſomething more, if that ſhou'd hit.
'Tis hard, perhaps impoſſible, to find
One that has *all things* ſuited to his mind:

Something

Something will be amiſs, and muſt be ſo;
For to want *nothing*, wou'd be *Heav'n below.*
Yet ſome will think to have it here, and ſome
In ſearch of it around the Globe will roam;
Alas! it may be ſooner found at home.
She lives not in the *Court*, or noiſy *Town*,
But ſhuns the *gilded Roofs*, and *Beds of Down*,
And *Robes of State*, the *Ermins* that do hide
Hypocriſy, Debate, Revenge and Pride.
In ſhort, we'll all to this *Concluſion* bring;
If not with thee, there is not ſuch a thing:
For *true Content*, impartially defin'd,
(And in thy Breaſt we ſee the Bleſſings join'd)
Is *perfect Innocence*, and laſting *Peace of Mind.*

How much, alas! of our ſhort time we waſt
In ſeeking, what we never get at laſt,
The true Religion? or, at leaſt, ſo get,
As to live up to the *ſtrict Rule* of it.
But one *Foundation* does our *Saviour* yield,
But ah! how many *Pinacles* we build?
Some, guided by falſe *Paſtors*, go aſtray;
Blinded are ſuch, or will not ſee their way.
Others need not be driven on the *Shelves*,
Foes to the *Compaſs*, they will wreck themſelves.
Some will have the *unfailing Chair* their Guide,
When any *Chair* wou'd do as well beſide,
And ſome the *private Spirit*, which is *Pride.*
Tomes of Diſpute about the World are ſpread;
The *living* ſtill at variance with the *dead:*

And

And after all their ſhifts from *this* to *that*,
Their unintelligible, endleſs Chat, (be at.
Nor *we*, nor *they* can tell what 'tis they wou'd
While thus their different *Tenents* they maintain,
The *Atheiſt* thinks that all Religion's vain,
A *Pious Cheat*, ripn'd, at laſt, to *Law*,
To *ſham* the Croud, and keep Mankind in *awe*.
Indeed ſome preach for *praiſe*, and ſome for *gain*,
And ſome delight in *Notions* dull and vain,
And ſome in *Texts abſtruſe* which Angels can't *explain*;
'Tis not for *Age* it ſelf, much more for *Youth*,
From ſuch vaſt heaps of *Chaff* to ſift the ſacred *truth*.
Thus while we in an anxious *Laby'rinth* ſtray,
Without a *Clue*, and doubtful of the way,
Giddy with turning round, we fall to Death a Prey:
Away w'are hurry'd, all our Life a Dream,
Or ſlept away, or ſpent in the Extreme.
Thou art, dear *Jack*, from this *hard Fate* exempt,
'Tis thou deſerv'ſt *applauſe*, and theſe *Contempt*;
This *Jargon* thou not mark'ſt, or doſt not know;
Thou without this doſt *mount*, with this we ſink *below*.

The *Epicureans* cou'd not feign their *Gods*
More bleſt than *Thee*; for in their bright abodes,
In full *Fruition* of themſelves, they lay,
And made *Eternity* one ſportive Day:
Careleſs of all our petty Jars on Earth,
Which they not minded, or but made their Mirth.

So

So thou, in thy exalted *Station* plac't,
Enjoy'ſt the *preſent Minute* e're it waſt,
Thoughtleſs of all to come, *forgetting* all that's (paſt.

Tell me thou *man of Knowledge*, who haſt read
What *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Socrates* have ſaid,
With all the *Labours* of the *Mighty Dead*;
Inform me, when the *fatal hour* comes on,
And the *laſt ſands* are haſtning to be gone,
What ſignifies your *Wiſdom*? do you know
What the Soul *is*, or *whither* 'tis to go?
Are not your Minds with *dreadful Viſions* fraught?
Are you not loſt in the *Abyſs* of thought?
But, which is meaner yet, can *human wit*,
Can all in Pulpits *taught*, in Authors *writ*,
Make you, contentedly, reſign your Breath,
And free you from the *ſlaviſh Fears* of Death?
An *Inſect's* chattring, or a *Dog* that howls,
Your merry *Crickets*, and your midnight *Owls*,
Makes ye imagine Heav'n has *ſeal'd* your doom,
And ſummons you to your *eternal home*:
On every thought the *Spleen* ſtrict watch does keep,
And rides your *Haggard Fancy* in your ſleep.

Tell me, deny th' Aſſertion if you can;
Is not my *natural Fool* the *happier Man*?
Remorſe he feels not, which the beſt muſt feel,
Though guarded with a ſeven-fold ſhield of ſteel;
And well he feels it, for who feels it not
Has, of the two, a yet more wretched *Lot*.

The

The *Stings of Conscience* (and some *Authors* say
Hell Flames are not more violent than they;
Nay, which is yet far bolder, some will tell
There *is* no other, *needs* no other *Hell*)
This *Plague* thou art not troubl'd with; thy Breast
Is with a constant calm of Peace possest,
That Wings thee smoothly on to *Everlasting Rest*.
No noisy storms of *Nature* on the deep
Break thy repose, which the same state does keep,
Alike, if Winds are still, or if they blow,
And shatter all *above*, and loosen all *below*.
No *Clangor* frightens thee, or beat of *Drum*,
Or *Visions* of the *dismal day of doom*,
When, trembling, some awake and cry, *'tis come! 'tis come!*
With rowling, Haggard Eyes, they gaze around,
And think they hear the last, loud *Trumpet* sound.
Start'st not in *Dreams*, when, lab'ring with short Breath, (*Death*,
We think w'are plunging down the Precipice of
When *Vapours* rise, and dreadful thoughts instil
Of hissing *Fiends*, and Fears of *future ill*:
Thou dost not with such dozing Dolts comply,
Nor in this *worse* than dying posture ly;
For to *fear* Death's more irksom than to dy:
Free from these horrid *Apprehensions* sound,
Thy *Peace* is lasting, and thy *Rest* is sound.
Let thoughts of Death the Coward Restless keep;
To dy's no more than to drop *fast asleep*,
To rest from *endless toyl*, and wake no more
To find those *ills* that tortur'd us *before*.

What

What wou'dst thou say, dear *Jack*, cou'dst thou but mind
The shifts, the tricks and slavery of Mankind?
What wou'dst thou say wer't thou to walk the *street*,
And mark the two legg'd *Herd* you'l daily meet?
To see some passionately hug and kiss, (hiss;
And when past by, put out their Tongues and
Some creep like *Snails*, and some like *Monkeys* walk,
Some all *hum drum*, and some *eternal talk*;
Some dreft in *Silks*, and some in double *Frieze*,
And some with Foot-thick *Rolls* upon their *Knees*:
Wert thou to see 'em *drink* to an excess,
But *little Reason*, yet will make it *less*,
And when intoxicated, draw and stab,
And cling like a *lin'd Bloodhound* to their *Drab*:
Wer't thou *three hours* i'th' *Theatre* to sit,
And hear the Fools clap *Bombast* off for *Wit*,
Farce for true *Comedy*; and the good *sense*
That *Manly* speaks, run down for *Impudence*:
Were't thou behind the *Gawdy Scenes* to go;
(The former Age lov'd *sense*, and we are all for *show*)
There see the Fops to *Leonora* bending, (ing:
Like *twenty* fawning *Spaniels* on *one Bitch* attend-
Or shou'd'st thou there a base-born *Mimick* see,
Hugg'd and Ador'd by Coxcombs of *Degree*,
With nothing but his hardned Impudence,
To recommend him for a *Man of sense*;
Observe his haughty *Port*, and towring *looks*,
That *peddl'd* once for Bread, and sold *old Books*;

To

T' observe him scorn, flusht with a little pelf,
Those that were ever better than himself;
How big he looks, when any *honest Pen*
Does tell how much he's loath'd by *worthy men*;
But vain's his Anger, impotent his Rage,
His *Valour* all is shown upon the *Stage*;
His Tongue is *sharp*, and in abuse delights,
But *blunt* must be the *Sword* with which he fights.
Or shou'd'st thou, for diversion, take the pains
To go and see the *Prisoners* in their Chains;
What Wretches, doom'd to Durance, thou wou'd'st meet
In *Kings-Bench*, *Bridewel*, *Newgate* and the *Fleet*;
The *Bench* where many won't come out that *may*,
And *lesser Knaves* that *wou'd*, are forc't to stay:
Bridewel, where Vagrants must work out their Crime;
The Gally Slave has a more hopeful time.
Newgate, where Villanie's ne'r out of Vogue;
Pimp, *Padder*, *Palliard*, *Parricide* and *Rogue*,
Like Swine, are penn'd up battling in their dung,
And with a mouldy *Shoe*, and mournful *Tongue*,
Angle for *Farthings* as you pass along:
What wou'd'st thou say too, shou'd'st thou go to *Court*,
Where all our empty, *Pageant-Fops* resort,
Each scorn'd by all, each making all his sport;
There see the Ladies, with their *high-heel'd Shoes*,
Walk as their *Hipps* were fastn'd on with *Screws*;
See 'em thrust out, taught by some *bawdy Mother*,
Their *Buttocks* one way, and their *Breasts* another;

Ten

Ten times a Minute mending their attire,
And mount their Top-Knots a yard high, or higher.
Or shou'd'st thou see how many wait in vain,
And hope *Preferment* none but *Knaves* attain;
See *Titles* bought by Fops unlearn'd and Base:
But *Honour* is as hard to get as *Grace*;
For that's not so deriv'd from *Sire* to *Son*,
Much more with *Money* bought, or *Flattery* won:
Show me the Man (for which the *Times* be prais'd)
Who by his own *Intrinsick Worth* was rais'd:
Just to serve *Turns of State*, put *in* and *out*,
Him that is now *carest*, anon they *flout*;
High Office is a constant Slave to *doubt*.
Shou'd'st thou see all this, *Jack*, and from thy Heart
The *Truth* and nothing but the Truth impart,
Wou'd'st thou *be* any thing but what thou *art*?
No, no; thou rather wou'd'st thank *Providence*
For easing thee of the *Fatiegues* of *Sense*.
The Knight, *Sir Guy*, who overcame an *Host*,
Was not so dreadful then, as now a *Knight o'th' Post*:
With *thee* his perjur'd *Affidavits* fail;
Nor can the *Flatt'rer*'s florid Cant prevail;
Destructive both, to human quiet Foes,
Th' Eternal Troublers of the Worlds Repose.
From *Feasts* thou'rt also quit and *Serenade*,
(By none but *Apes* and *Am'rous Coxcombs* made)
And being so, art free from *Surfeits*, *Noise*,
Which our loose *Gallants* take for *lasting Joys*.

Free from the Watchmens *Bills*, and Bully's *ſtab*,
And the *Embraces* of his Pocky *Drab*;
And being ſo, art free from *Purging*, *Sweating*
At *Spring* and *Fall*, with *bliſt'ring* and *blood-letting*,
Nodes, *Shankers*, *Bubo's*, *Ulcers* not forgetting.
Nor art thou for thy Actions call'd t' account,
Or for a word old Reverend *Tripos* Mount;
Where many of our wiſeſt men have ſwung,
For want of the due Government of Tongue.
Taxes and *Gabells* take no hold of thee;
From all *State-Impoſitions* thou art free:
Pay'ſt not Exciſe for wearing of a Head,
Thy *Hearth*, or *Oven*, that does bake thy Bread.

How well are they, then, guilty of our ſcorn,
That ſay, *'twere better thou had'ſt ne're been born?*
That look on thee with a Contemptuous Eye,
And ſneer and grin when e'r thou paſſeſt by?
As if thou wert compos'd of *courſer Clay*,
Or were not form'd by the *ſame hand* as they.
But 'tis not *Thee*, 'tis their *own ſelves* are ſham'd;
Ought that *Seraphick Folly* be defam'd,
That is our *Main ſecurity* from all the *ills* I've nam'd?

The wiſer *Turks* when, by kind Heav'ns Decree,
Nature produces ſuch a Fool as *Thee*,
Make him their Care, and as a Saint adore;
Their *Mahomet* himſelf has hardly more:
Think they're oblig'd to cheriſh, ſerve and love,
What Heav'n ſo kindly ſmiles on from above,

And

And fixes in a State, free from the wiles
Of Princes Courts, and all Earths fruitless toils;
While they, obnoxious to their *Tyrans* hate,
Their *barbarous Policy*, and turns of State,
Are made the Prey, Revenge and Sport of Fate.
O let us then, like them, think *thee* the same,
As worthy of the fond embrace of Fame,
And to all future Times transmit thy glorious Name!

Hail! *awful Fool*, thou *mighty Ideot*, hail!
Thou *Conq'rour* against whom nor Men, nor Hell prevail,
Thy *Shield of solid Dullness* but oppose,
And streight thou see'st the Backs of all thy *Foes*;
Impenetrable! for w' have try'd it oft,
Compar'd with it, ev'n *Adamant* is soft!
What e'r his *Holiness* may urge in Pride,
While on the Necks of *Monarchs* he does ride,
Thy *Dullness* is a far more certain *Guide*;
What e'r he boasts of an *unerring sway*, (say,
What e'r *Monks* teach, and hood-wink't *Bigots*
H'has no pretence to *Infallibility* any other way.

Great was the *wise man*'s saying (he I mean
That *wise* we call, Stallion of *Sheba*'s Queen,
And (beside *Wives*) three hundred *Punks* obscene:)
And, truth consider'd, it must be confest,
Of all his Aphorisms much the best,

* *Much* Wisdom *brings much* Grief, *and while we here*
This ponderous load of Flesh about us bear,
He that increases Knowledge *but increases* Care.
Which is as much as if his Ghost shou'd rise,
And thus the *Text* explain before our Eyes.
I knew, while Living, all that Man below,
In all his height of Wit, cou'd boast to know;
All that our mortal Fabrick can receive,
More than e'r Heav'n, before, to Man did give.
From the tall *Cedars* that on Mountains grow,
Ev'n to the humble *Shrubs* in Vales below;
All *Plants* the Fertile Earth cou'd e'r produce,
I knew their several *Natures* and their *use*.
To that exalted pitch my *Knowledge* flew,
'Twas ev'n unknown to me how much I knew:
But having *cast* to what *Account* 'twill come,
I find all *Cyphers* for the *total summ*.
'Tis *nothing*, *nothing!* all that we can here
Attain with utmost study, search and care,
Is but to know (yet *knowledge* hard to gain)
Our Care is fruitless, and our search is vain.
Against proud *Wisdom* 'twere enough to say
It raises doubts it never can allay,
And, being Blind, presumes to shew the *way*;
Or if not wholly blind, with *blinking Eyes*
Wou'd pry into *abstrusest Mysteries*,
And grasp *Incomprehensibilities:*
Talks but at random, varying to Extremes;
Fond of wild Notions, and fantastick Themes,
More Incoherent than a Madmans Dreams.

* Eccles. Cha. 1. Ver. 18.

Thus

Thus it betrays us to ten thouſand ills,
And, Tyrant like, it tortures e'r it kills:
Want pinches, for while thus we Books adore,
Our *Caſh* grows leſs, and Knowledge ne'r the more:
Meagre and wan they look, and *ſleepleſs nights*
Is the main *Eſſence* of their *beſt delights*.
Eternal Jangle! who cou'd ever find
Two, though of *one Religion*, of *one Mind*?
Here *One* on his dear *Labours* caſts a ſmile,
Another ſtreight unravels all his toyl, (*Soyl*:
And ſhews how *courſe* the *Grain*, how *lean* the
Another does the ſame by him; A *Fourth*
Proves all the *third* has ſaid of neither *force*, or *worth*.
And thus the *Game* is plaid from hand to hand,
And made a *Medley* none can underſtand.
Wiſdom's but trifling, then, well underſtood,
And *Folly* is the *only human good*.

The End of Jack Pavy, *aliàs*, Jack Adams.

TO
JULIAN
Secretary to the Muses,
A
Consolatory Epistle
IN HIS
Confinement.

DEar Friend, when those we love are in distress, (*redress:*
Kind Verse may *comfort*, though it can't
Nor can I think such *Zeal* you'l discommend,
Since *Poesie* has been so much thy *Friend*:
On that thou'st liv'd and flourish'd all thy Time,
Nay more, maintain'd a *Family* with *Rhime*.
And that's a mark which *Dr---n* ne'r cou'd hit,
He lives upon his *Pension*, not his *Wit*.

Ev'n *gentle George*, with flux in *Tongue* and *Purse*,
In shunning *one snare* run into a *worse*.
Want once may be reliev'd in a Mans Life,
But who can be reliev'd that has a Wife?
Ot--y can hardly *Guts* from *Jayl* preserve,
For though he's *very fat*, he's like to *starve*.
And Sing-song *Dur---y*, plac't beneath abuses,
Lives by his *Impudence*, not by the *Muses*.
Poor *C----a* too has his *third days* mixt with *Gall*;
He *lives so ill* he hardly *lives at all*.
Sh---l and *S---le*, who pretend to Reason,
Though paid so well for scribling *Dogrel Treason*,
Must now expect a very barren Season;
But chiefly he that made his *Recantation*;
For *Villain* thrives best in his own *Vocation*.
Nay *Lee* in *Bedlam* now sees better days,
Than when applaus'd for writing *Bombast Plays*;
He knows no *care*, nor feels *sharp want* no more;
And that is what he ne'r cou'd say before.

Thus, while our *Bards* e'en *famish* by their *wit*,
Thou, who hast none at all, did'st *thrive* by *it*.

Wer't possible that *Wit* cou'd turn a penny,
Poets wou'd then grow rich as well as any:
For 'tis not *Wit* to have a *great Estate*,
(The blind Effects of Fortune and of Fate)
For oft we see a Coxcomb, dull and vain,
Brim full of *Cash* and *empty* in his *Brain*.
Nor is it *Wit* that makes the *Lawyer* prize
His *dagled Gown*, but *Knavery* in disguise,
To pluck down *honest men* that *he* may rise.
Nor is it *Wit* that makes the *Tradesman* great;
'Tis the compendious Art to ly and cheat.

The

The base-born Strumpet too may roar and rail,
But 'tis not *Wit* she lives by, 'tis her *Tail.*
Nor is it *Wit* that drills the Statesman on
To wast the sweets of Life, so quickly gone,
In toyling for Estates, then, like a Sot,
Dy, and leave *Fools* to spend what he has got.
Nor is it *Wit* for *Whigs* to scribble *Satyrs,*
No more than for their *Patriots* to be *Traytors*;
For *Wit* does never bring a Man to hanging,
That goes no further than a harmless banging.
How justly then dost thou our Praise deserve,
That got thy Bread where all Men else wou'd starve? (wrought
And what's more strange, the Miracle was
By him that han't the least pretence to *thought*;
And he that had no *meaning* to do wrong,
Can't suffer, sure, for his *No-meaning* long;
And that's the *Consolation* that I bring;
Thou art too dull to *think* a treach'rous thing,
And 'tis the *thoughtful Traytor* that offends his King.

TO

TO THE

Much honoured and my dear Friend, D. D. *Esquire.*

Sent him

With my Satyr against Woman.

SOme Men do the *Fair Sex* so much adore,
That to *dispraise* 'em makes 'em *dote* the more:
Spur'd by *blind Appetite* they hurry on,
Nor see the *Precipice* a Child might shun:
So 'tis but *Woman*, all, they think, is well,
Though she's the *steep descent* that leads to *Hell.*
Slaves to a smile, for one commanding nod,
The *Profligates* wou'd ev'n renounce their God.
Nay some have set their whole Estates to sale,
But to redeem a *Prostitute* from *Jayl.*
To such as these, a *Satyr* of this kind
Wou'd scarce their *favour*, or *acceptance* find:
But you, Sir, made by your Misfortunes wise,
Look on that Sex with more discerning Eyes,
By sad Experience, and your Cost you know
How little to that *treach'rous Sex* we owe;

Our

Our Natures *bane*, that give Wings to *ill Fate*,
Which comes *too soon*, ev'n when it comes but *late*.
Trac'd from their Youth, when vitious deeds (begin,
Till they're grown old, mature and ripe in sin,
They're all a *Quicksand*, dang'rous, wast and wide,
Where if we leave *fond Passion* for our Guide,
We'are soon o'ertaken and o'erwhelm'd by an Impetuous Tyde;
Th' inevitable Fate nought can restrain:
Who can withstand the anger of the Main,
When Winds and Waves, with equal fury, roar
And join their strength to beat us from the shore?
Such is the *Sea* when *Neptune*'s pleas'd to lower,
And such are *Women* when w'are in their Power,
Sooth us with *Calms* at first, then, *Tempest-like*, devour:
Now they're all coy, a Maiden blush you'l see,
Which some fond Sparks mistake for *Modesty*;
But *Modesty* they've none, and never had,
He that believes 'em *modest* must be mad,
Or else must be in *Love*, and that's as bad.
Woo till your Heart akes, they shall still deny,
But then their *Conscience* gives their *Tongues* the ly,
For meer *ill Nature* (not want of *desire*)
Makes 'em seem *cold* when they're all *flaming Fire*.
But gain'd, at last, with endless toyl and cost,
You'l quickly find your Expectations crost,
And your Imaginary Heav'ns all, in a moment, lost.

For

For the *strait Gate* a gap so wide you'l find,
As if it had been *leap't* by all Mankind;
Some well-hung Groom, clasp't in his Brawny Arms, (*Charms.*
Cropt her *First-fruits*, and blasted all her *Virgin*
But marry'd, the poor Slave must be content,
He sees his Doom, and does in vain repent:
For she that was demure, now talks aloud,
Impertinent, expensive, slothful, proud,
At once involves you in a Maze of strife,
And makes you, like a *Packhorse*, drudge for Life;
Nor with old age does her perverseness cease,
But watches your *last gasp*, nor lets you dy in Peace.

O *Hymen!* boast no more thou giv'st us Joy,
Thou rather dost all humane Peace destroy:
When thou arriv'st, our *Pleasures* quit their ground,
And num'rous cares whirl us an endless round,
And no dear Interval of rest is found,
But all *black Horrour*, *Sorrow* and *Despair*,
All that the *damn'd* can *feel*, and all that *Sinners fear!*

Well says the *Text*, and shows to Man much love,
That in the glorious, peaceful Realm above
There will no *Marriage*, fatal *Marriage* be,
No Ty of *Conjugal Society*:
For shou'd those Matches hold, contracted here,
'Twou'd make us stand of *Paradise* in fear,

The

The very *Essence* of our Heav'n destroy,
And prove a place of *pain*, but none of *Joy*.

Happy were poor, deluded, lost Mankind,
If they at first, or if they yet cou'd find
Some decent way to propagate their kind.
Coition, but, methinks, I blush to name
That *Act*, so oft committed to our shame.
Have you e'r seen a *Dog* throw down a Dish
Of any sort of Victuals, Flesh or Fish,
And mark't how sillily he sneaks away?
His tail between his Legs, his guilt and shame display.
Just such a thing is *Man*, when he comes cloy'd
From the sallacious *Punk* he has enjoy'd.
A knowing Man, if such a risque he run,
Must loath himself, methinks, for what h' has done.
Yet after all, say it *short Joy* does bring,
It is attended with a *lasting sting*;
And all that love t' indulge it, soon will see
Th' abhorr'd effects of *Goatish Venery*.
It rots the *marrow* and consumes the *Brain*,
And all the *Spirit* of the Blood does drain,
That shou'd the *Principle* of Life *maintain*;
Then *fretful pale Consumption* does succeed,
And, of Diseases, all the *meagre breed*.

O *Woman! Woman!* every way our bane!
Though still of *Marriage* we must most complain!
Ev'n *Pox*, by fluxing, is in part reliev'd,
But fatal *Wedlock* ne're can be retriev'd!

How

How many Men are sunk upon that score,
That hope to see the dawn of Peace no more?
The account is endless, and, O gen'rous Soul,
I wish I cou'd not add *you* to the *Roll*:
The Plagues of Marriage you, at large, possess,
No Man has more, no Man deserves 'em less.
But since 'tis so, and since 'tis, now, too late
E'r to reverse the hard decrees of Fate,
You'll show the Resolution of a Man,
To bear your Cares as calmly as you can.
And since to those that are oppreſt with Grief,
'Tis Charity t' endeavour their Relief,
Accept th' *enclos'd*, and lay it in your sight;
It was design'd to do the injur'd right:
To read it may divert your pains a while,
Suspend despairing thoughts, and, oft, inspire a smile.
So they that pick our Pockets, if they're caught,
And at the *Carts Tail* suffer for their fau't,
Though we our *Money* lose, our *Anger* ends;
To see the *Rascals* lash't does make amends.

TO

TO THE

Ingenious, and my Dear Friend,
Mr J. Knight.

Writ in the Year 1685.

WHile I am here in a rich fertile soyl,
Which e'en anticipates the Lab'rers toil;
A Country where *substantial joys* abound,
And every season with fresh plenty crown'd;
Where the blest *Natives* in firm health appear
Till they have weather'd out *twice forty year*,
Yet live and dy without a thought of care;
While I remain in such a *Clime* as this,
And take full Draughts of harmless, rural Bliss,
I cannot but, with indignation, frown
At what is your Delight, *the vitious Town*:
The *Town*, which you extol ev'n to the sky,
But I wou'd gladly know your Reasons why.
Though you are blest with Honesty and Sense,
What more can you say in the *Town*'s defence
Than *Shepherds* in their *State of Innocence*?
Where free from noise, and all tumultuous strife,
They make the best of an uncertain Life.

Ambition's

Ambition's deadly Rock they wisely shun,
Where most *Aspiring Spirits* are undone.
Unnecessary things they ne'r require,
Nor beyond *Natures wants* stretch their *desire*.
To hoard up heaps of wealth they little mind,
'Tis *sweet Content* they *seek*, and that they *find*.
Their Mistresses are *brown*, of *Sun-burnt* hew,
But then, to make amends, they're always true.
Here when a *Shepherdess* does chance to wed,
She comes, unsully'd, to the *Nuptial Bed*;
But a new *Comet* sooner will appear
Than any Virgin found that does so there.
Through your lewd streets salt Drabs in Legions goe,
The *Strand* has, every night, its *Ebb and Flow*.
Nay, to the City the same Fate arrives,
But there the Trade lies most among the *Wives*:
The *Husbands* they *get money* by *their Wares*,
The *Wives* are forc't to *give* to put off *theirs*.
Like the *Court Ladies* modesty explode,
Keep brawny Stallions (which is now the mode)
And scorn to go to Hell the *vulgar road*.
O blessed Sex! O vertuous Womankind!
That ev'n in damning strive to be refin'd!
I grant indeed that all strict knowing Men
Detest their loose embraces, but what then?
We see, 'tis obvious, there is a time
Vertue may be surpriz'd into a *Crime*.
A thousand ways they have t' enflame desire,
And *fan* the blood into a *Lustful Fire*:
'Tis best, then, to be absent from the *Lure*,
And here, 'tis only here we are secure:

With

With us that Sex is free from all trapan,
They blush if they but look upon a Man:
But blushing Maids are out of Vogue with you;
The Men there blush to see what Women do.
Bastards, we know, with you are daily got,
And 'tis as sure they daily go to *Pot*:
No *Privy*'s free; where they in *ordure* ly,
Yet *sweeter* than their Mother's *Infamy*.
If such a thing does chance to happen here,
It is a Theme of Horror for a year:
The sad Offender does receive her due;
But there they live and glory in it too.
There many dwell *seven years*, and, to their shame,
They shall not tell what's their next Neighbour's name:
But, in this point, here's a vast difference found;
The honest *Farmer*'s known *seven Miles* around.
Divide your *Town*, one part in three are *Slaves*,
The next and greatest, *Mercenary Knaves*,
The third *Buffoons*, *Pimps*, *Fops* and *Empty Braves*:
The last of which, though they roar, huff and damn;
Search 'em, they're tame at bottom as a *Lamb*.
As who *swears most* is *least* believ'd of all,
So *big words* shew the *Courage* to be *small*.
Were these *three num'rous herds* driv'n from their *Folds*,
We may affirm, you wou'd not meet *three Souls*,
Three honest Ones, from *Charing-Cross* to *Pauls*.

It may be urg'd, the *Country* is not free
From many spreading Vices, sad to see,
Particularly, that of *Knavery*.
But where, alas! where is that Plot of ground
In which no *wast*, no *Weeds* are to be found?
Now, here to *root 'em up* we daily strive,
At *London* care is taken they shall *thrive*:
They flourish there, grow *popular* and great;
That *soil* is never without *Knaves of State*.
That this is so we boldly may express,
Our late *Divisions* testify no less,
When *Royal Power* was thought a *senseless thing*,
And he most *Popular*, that curst the *King*.
Your *Lawyers* are Incorporate with *these*,
For they, at all times, can be false with ease,
Side on both *sides*, and damn themselves for *Fees*:
And though they shou'd redress and help the poor,
Peel 'em quite bare, and make 'em suffer more
Than twenty hard, sharp Winters did before.
Though all this be deplorable and sad,
The *Grievance* is, in other things, as bad.
How many *vain Fops* buz about the Court
Like *Butterflies*, which nature made in sport?
But shou'd they pay the *Tradesman* what they owe,
You'l find the *Peacock* turn'd into a *Crow*.
Yet these are they who such strange charms impart,
They glide unfelt into a *Female Heart*:
To get whose love, *much talk* and *little wit*
Are two sharp Darts that never fail to hit.

Now

Now *Coxcombs* are, we know, compos'd of these,
And that's the reason they are sure to please.
Such men that Sex admire, and well they may,
For nothing but a *Fop*'s so vain as they.
Nor is this all that makes the *Town* our hate;
The very *drink* it self's sophisticate:
For your *French Wines* (and yet the trash does please)
Are grown as dang'rous as the *French Disease*,
Stum'd, mixt, adulterate, for nothing good,
But *sharpen* and *corrupt* the *wholsom blood*.
Not that I am a Foe to the *rich juice*,
If it be right and free from all abuse,
For it helps *Fancy*, makes it *walk* as high,
(The *Muses* Friend) as 'twou'd, without it, *fly*.
But as the Age goes now, good Wine's as scarce
As *Truth* in *Friendship*, or as *Wit* in *Farce*.
Free from all this, and what ere else we find
That shocks the peace and quiet of the mind,
The happy Country Swains supinely ly,
In the soft Arms of kind *obscurity*.
Nor *Death* nor *Poverty* by them are fear'd,
Against the *worst of ills* they stand prepar'd;
For a *good Conscience* is the safest *Guard*;
And that they ever have, as wronging none,
And living on that little of their own;
And *very little* is a boundless store,
To him who, wisely, does desire no more.
More Instances might easily be shown
To prove the Country Life excell'd by none;
But I shall mention, at this time, but *one*,

One fit to *crown* the reſt, and that ſhall be
Good Houſe-keeping and *Hoſpitality.*
The *Gentry* there can dine upon a Diſh,
Two or three *Eggs*, or ſome ſmall ſcraps of *Fiſh*;
You think they're frugal, but 'tis all a cheat,
And this, in ſhort's the truth of the deceit;
They ſpend ſo much on Drabs, they are not able
To live up to their *Birth*, and keep a *Table:*
Hence you may gueſs how they relieve the *Poor*;
Two or three Bones, perhaps, not a bit more,
Which *Footmen* and the *Dogs* had pick't before:
Footmen, I ſay, for in this *Courtly Age*,
Though they want *Bread*, they'l have an *Equipage.*
But here 'tis ſeen, to their Immortal Fame,
That *Charity* is not an *empty Name.*
For to the *needy* they *relief* diſpence,
With a *free heart* and *general Influence.*
No man can ſtarve, if to the *Bounty* ſhown
They add ſome little *labour* of their own.
Conſider but theſe *Truths* impartially,
And I dont doubt but you will ſoon comply
To think as lightly of the *Town*, as I.

TO

TO
My LORD of
ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,

PLeas'd with the Fate that, from the noisy Town,
To this *Retreat* of yours has charm'd me down;
And, at once, freed me from the *City Foes*,
That are so troublesom to Man's repose;
The *Flatt'rers smiles* and the *false Friend's embrace*
(*Fiend* at the *heart* though *Angel* on his *Face.*)
From *Tradesmens Cheats*, ill *Poets dogrel Rhimes*,
Which now are grown the grievance of the Times:
To this, add that which does Mankind most (wrong,
The *Harlot's Tayl*, and worse, the *Lawyer's Tongue*.
The *Lawyer* who can be a Friend to none,
False to *our Interest*, *falser* to his *own*;
For if a *future doom* their Errors wait,
Where is that *One* will pass the *narrow Gate*?
The *Text* that says, a *Camel* may as well
Go through a *Needle*, as the *Rich* scape Hell,

Was meant of *Lawyers*; for the ill got store
That makes *one rich*, has made *three Nations poor*:
Had I a thousand *Sons*, e'r one shou'd be
A *Member* of that vile *Society*,
I'd in the *Temple* hang him up, nay boil
His *Quarters*, as a *Traytor*'s are, in *Oyl*,
To fright all *future Villains* from the *Soil*.
Freed from all this, and pleas'd I now am here,
Where the *fresh Seasons* breath their *vital air*,
And all the various Fragrancies dispence,
That, with a grateful flavour, charm the sense,
On *tuneful rapture* I my thought employ,
And am e'en lost in a *Poetick Joy*.
As when a *Lark*, after a gloomy night,
The Cloudless Morn indulgent to her flight,
Stands glad a while, stretching her airy Wings,
Then, with a *sprightly vigor*, upward springs;
So fares my *Muse*, who, vail'd in darkness long,
While the *Town Mists* obscur'd her humble Song,
Does now again her *wonted spright* resume,
And with *gay Feathers* deck her *airy Plume*,
Looks smiling all around for *subject*, where
T' employ her *utmost skill* and *nicest care*,
Some worthy *Theme*, that, with a *prosp'rous wing*,
She, like the *Lark*, may mount, and mounting sing:
But long she need not rove, her *Game*'s in view,
Sh' approves my choice, and says it must be *you*:
Whose Praises she has oft long'd to rehearse,
Her dear *Mecænas*, *Patron of her Verse*;

To

To bless your *Choice* that here set up your rest,
Where *Innocence* and *Honesty*'s profest,
And shun the Vice that does *large Towns* infest:
Where the loose courtly Coxcombs wast their Days
In *Brawls*, in *Jilting*, *Game* and *Bawdy Plays*.
While you, in nature prime and vigor's pride,
The gaudy fry of *Vanities* deride,
Temptation still have with firm Soul withstood,
Nor think your self *too Noble* to be *good*:
But, with judicious choice, have plac't aright
In useful Authors your sublime delight:
Such as of *Heav'n*, of *God* and *Nature* treat,
Religious, Philosophical and great;
These with nice Judgment, and a piercing Eye
You search, and into *hidden causes* pry,
Nature explore, make *abstruse notions* plain,
And find what men well learn'd have sought in vain.
Ah wou'd the *Atheist* seriously encline,
Like you, to study things that are Divine;
Observe how God's high Wisdom does disperse
His pow'rful *Genii* through the *Universe*;
How orderly *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars* advance,
Create the *Seasons*, in their *various Dance*,
And shew their *Essence* not the work of *Chance*,
But that some *Power* first *made*, and is the *Soul*
That *actuates* and *maintains* the *mighty Whole*;
Wou'd he but faithfully on this reflect,
With just Confusion he'd his crime reject,
And, when unprejudic't, by *Reason* see
In the least *spire of grass* the *Deity*.

But such you rather *pity* than *deride*,
Led on by *Sin*, and hoodwink't by their *Pride*:
To say they're *Fools* they'd think a gross abuse;
Yet, if they've *sense*, alas! where's the excuse,
That can put *such a Gift* to *such a use*?
Than Beasts why are we better, but to *know*
And *contemplate* the *Power* that made us so?
Though living these let vain expressions fly,
And to be Hero's thought high Heav'n defy,
They're sordid Cowards when they come to dy;
The boldest of 'em shrink; unhappy Men!
'Tis well, indeed, they see their errour then;
But ah! that shou'd not be left last to do,
For *late Repentance* scarce is ever *true*.
Happy the Man that to be Vertuous strives,
And is *prepar'd* when the black hour arrives;
Ten thousand *Fears* he daily does eschew,
That, in wild shapes, the *guilty wretch* pursue;
His *Smooth-pac't-hours* glide pleasantly away,
His troubles *vanish* and his Comforts *stay*:
For of all good with which Mankind is blest,
That of a clear, untainted *mind* is best; ---
Which you enjoy; for all your *Actions* show
The Fountains *Purity* from whence they flow.
In Converse *charming*, and in courage *brave*,
A lasting Eye-sore to the *Fool* and *Knave*:
Not *rapt* with *Pleasure*, nor with grief *depress*,
But to your *steady temper* owe your *rest*.

Honour is talk't of much, and some men think
'Stead of Embalming Names it makes 'em stink,

As

As being oft but nasty popular Breath,
A *Fume* in Life, and *nothing* after Death:
And, to their shame, it in most men holds good,
For *Honour* lives ith' *Mind* more than ith' *Blood*.
What signifies it, though one boast he brings
His *Pedigree* from Conquerours and Kings,
If he debase the *Stock* from whence he springs,
Strips *merit* bare, prefers the flatt'ring Slave,
And is himself a *Coxcomb*, or a *Knave*?
If he be thus, let what will be his *stem*,
There is more *Honour* in a *Dog* than *him*.
He only is the *Honourable Man*,
That ne'r does ought unworthy of his Name.
In this Exemplar path, you bravely show
How far a true Heroick Soul may go:
And then, to make the summ compleat, we find
Your *Noble Birth* proportion'd to your *Mind*;
And they both shine the more, when with each other join'd.
By Honour such as this good deeds are nurst,
For who has this can never be unjust;
And Justice we in all you do may scan,
Without which, what a Brutish thing is *Man*?
How undeserving the *high name* he bears,
That can do worse by's *Fellow Creatures*, than wild Beasts by *theirs*.

Nor must we here forget (what ought to be
Admir'd and prais'd by all) your *Charity*.
On those that love the *Poor*, what Joys attend?
But chiefly *this*, he makes his *God* his *Friend*!

Who

Who that had *Charity* e'r was a Slave?
Or who e'r *wanted* the relief he *gave?*
Let those, ye Pow'rs, be poor themselves, that be
Regardless of the Sting of *Poverty:*
And, to be plain, what pity can they find
From Heav'n, that are so dogged to their kind?
Has the rich man a *greater God* than they?
Or can he boast he's made of *finer Clay?*
'Twas *Charity* redeem'd us from the *Sin*
Which our first Parents Fall had plung'd us in,
Set us within the view of Heav'n; and can
We do no more at his Command that did so much
for Man?

In short, who can, like you, *Rich Knaves* despise,
With *dull Buffoons* that get their Bread by Lies,
And the yet *duller Fops* that think 'em wise;
That hate the *Town*, the *Mart* of all false Ware,
With all the Villanies that flourish there;
Whom *Tawdry Courts* to Folly can't entice,
Those *Antick Schools* of *fashionable Vice:*
Before all this prefers his *Country Seat*,
And rellishes the sweets of his *Retreat*;
Thinks it a Blessing *London* cannot give;
So *lives*, nay more, and so *designs* to live:
That loaths the sordid *Flatt'rer*, though he be
Belov'd by *Kings*, and Rascals of *Degree:*
That strives to counter-act the Ages Crimes,
And be a *good Man* in the worst of *Times:*
Who fearless can do all these worthy things,
We ought to prize above the wealth of Kings,

The

The *mighty Nine* united Forces raiſe,
And with a noble flight adorn their praiſe.

Pardon, my Lord, that I have here ſo long
Done both your *Vertue* and your *Patience* wrong:
On *One* I have intrench't, but blame my fau't,
Nor have deſcrib'd the *other* as I ought;
Yet, ſince you condeſcend t' indulge my *Muſe*,
What you *encourage*, you'l, perhaps, *excuſe*,
For kindly you on her *endeavours* ſmile,
And with a *Bounteous hand* reward her *Toyl*.
O had I ſtrength to ballance my *deſire*,
Or wou'd the *God* Heroick thought inſpire,
To your *high Worth* a *laſting Fame* I'd give;--
Nor ſhall it *dy*, if what I write does *live*.

TO

TO
The Reverend
Mr *Francis Henry Cary*, &c.

Upon my fixing in the Country.

THough all Afflictions that ill Fate can ſend
Againſt our *Peace of mind* their batt'ry bend,
We have a *Refuge*, if we have a *Friend*;
There we ſtand ſafe, his ſmiles our hearts revive,
Suſpend *Deſpair*, and keep our *Hopes* alive.
Permit me then, if I may dare preſume
To think your Breaſt retains for me a room,
Who not deſerve that Friendſhip I implore,
But will endeavour to deſerve it more;
Permit me, yet, to hope your pitying Ear,
While, by my ſorrows *paſt*, I paint my *preſent care*.
Complaining, oft, brings the ſad Soul relief,
And is a kind of *Sabbath* to our grief.

Young and ſcarce able yet to get my *Bread*,
My *pious Parents* mingled with the Dead;

Both

Both happy now, free from Misfortunes power,
Who did pursue 'em to their latest hour.
Industrious, Careful, Frugal still they were;
But 'tis not Toyl, Industry, Art or Care,
That always gets a *Portion* for the *Heir.*
Ill Fate to their *Endeavours* was unkind;
They ne'r accomplish't what they oft design'd,
Nor left the *Orphans* a support behind,
No method, how to live, no stay, no hold;
Such was our *Case* --- and *Charity* is cold.
Money is still an *Antidote* to *Woe*,
For that's a *Friend*, who ever is a *Foe.*
Nay, which was yet an equal wretched Lot,
The *little* I had learnt was soon forgot:
There was *foundation* laid for something good,
But *rac'd* before its *use* was understood.
So oft the first Bloom of the Spring is lost,
"*Nipt with the lagging rear of Winters Frost:*
But, ah! there's hope, that will again revive,
But *Learning* blasted once, no more will thrive.
My springing years, alas! will soon be gone,
The Winter of my Age comes rowling on:
The *Grass* does wither, and rough Winds do blow,
My head, alas! will soon be crown'd with *Snow*;
Ev'n now the *Soil*'s too bare for such a *Plant* to grow,
Which ought to be well tender'd while 'tis young;
The *Branches* then spread wide, and it takes *rooting* strong.
Thus, e'r I knew to hope, by *Fortune* croft,
Future Preferment and my *Hopes* were lost.

Else

Else I, perhaps, the *Holy Badge* had born,
Which is by *you* with so much Honour worn,
As does redeem it from the *Atheist*'s scorn:
At least, some *gainful study* I had made
My choice, nor been to *various wants* betray'd.
Just as the *Lark* does from the *Hobby* flee,
So Man from Man in his Adversity;
When plung'd in Water, if they see we swim,
Some pitying hand may pull us to the brim;
But sunk, though *all* have skill, not *one* will dive,
The hapless Wretch comes up no more alive:
So when once poor, so tedious are supplies,
There's scarce a possibility to *rise*.
Thus, failing here, to *servitude* I ran,
And was a *Slave* before I was a *Man*;
A *Slave* to some of *Arbitrary Will*,
Learn'd in the *snarling Art* of using Servants ill:
As if the *Hireling* were of *coarser Clay*,
Brown Earthen Ware; and of *right China*, they:
China, indeed, kept only for a *Show*,
'Tother's for *use*, and *God* wou'd have us so.
From *thirteen* Years to *Thirty* was I tost
In various Stations, and much time was lost,
In various Stations, here unfit to name.
" *Servants of all degrees are but the same.*
Though some will flutter in their Lords *cast Cloaths*,
The only Coxcomb that my nature loaths:
Trick't up in all his Foppery, yet, alas!
He's but a tawdry, thread-bare selfish *Ass*,
Abounds in Flatt'ry, Nonsense, lies and noise,
Despis'd by *men of sense*, and mockt by *senseless Boys*.

The

The servile, Rake-hell *French* in this excel;
And we, as servile, Mimick 'em too well.
Among these evils, *Poesy*, not least,
Took full Possession of my Careless Breast,
And did my *talk*, my *thoughts*, and very *Dreams* infest;
And, as it serv'd old *Homer*, heretofore,
Lent me it's helping hand to keep me *poor*.
However, thus far I my Fate must prize,
I saw the World, and did the World despise,
Its Vices, Follies, and its Vanities.
Some of my time was spent in *Plays* and sport,
And some (my Stars wou'd have it so) at *Court*,
Where the lewd fry of either Sex resort;
The *Nices* and the *Flutters* there abound,
Empty in *Sense*, and therefore loud in *sound*:
With *Parrots*, too, the trifling Dames keep touch,
Their *Wit* as *little*, and their *Chat* as *much*.
Some time ith' *Temple* too I past, among
That *noble Science* Fencers of the *Tongue*;
What honest Man wou'd herd with such a throng?
Shou'd a poor Country-man in *Term-time* stand
One hour to see 'em crowd along the *Strand*,
He'd swear the *Locusts* had o'er run the *Land*.
Thus, with strict Eyes, I every Vice did mark;
Cou'd tell who was the *Punk*, and who the *Spark*
That, after ten in Summer, walk't the *Park*:
Cou'd see a *Playhouse Strumpet* gull a *Lord*,
And *fluttring Captains* run from a drawn Sword,
And *Statesmen* laugh at breaking of their word:

Did

Did hear *Vice* Vertue, Vertue *Vice* declar'd,
And so believ'd by the unthinking *Herd*;
The *Flatt'rer* put in trust, and who was *just*,
Cashier'd.
Though plac't my self but in an humble *sphere*,
Yet cou'd I mark abuses, see and hear;
Nor did an Ass appear through all the *Town*,
But if, indeed, a Coxcomb of Renown,
But streight I cock't my Pen, and had him
down.
Thus *Error*, in its rise, I strove to quash,
And where I spar'd the *laugh*, I gave the *lash*;
Hoping, *at last*, the vitious wou'd reclaim,
And better grow, either for *fear*, or *shame*.
But ah! *at last*, I found, in vain I writ,
In vain I *threw* my Shafts, in vain they *hit*,
No *Reformation* follow'd, vain my skill;
Though every *Dart* was sharp enough to kill,
Yet Folly, Fops and Knavery flourish't still.
This made me, from my Soul, abhor the place
So prone to *Vice*, and so averse to *Grace*;
Repin'd at Fate that did condemn me still, (will;
To what was most my scorn and irksom to my
And oft petition'd that I might not be
A Vassal longer to Dependency.

O Heav'n! still wou'd I cry, encline thine Ear
To a long harrast Wretch's humble Prayer:
Riches I do not beg, nor length of days,
Which on the Vitals of the Judgment preys;
Let me not languish till my *Sense* decays:

But long e're *second Childhood* does come on,
End Lifes preposterous Journey, and be gone.
This grant, I may be *Master* of my self;
And live few years in peace, in ease and health;
Nor longer in this hated Town abide,
Where *Factions*, *Biggotry*, *Profaneness*, *Pride*,
Adultery, *Murder*, *Treason*, *Fraud* are found,
And whirl a lewd, fantastick, endless round.
In some far-distant *Village* let me live;
A little *Income* let thy Bounty give,
A little, yet enough, and not to spare,
For where there's *too much cash*, there's *too much Care*:
A *Beechen Bowl*, the Honour of my *Hall*,
Will serve to hold my drink, which shou'd not be *too small*;
Nor yet so *strong* as shou'd the Senses steep
In an unwholsom, and a Death-like sleep,
When waking, the loose *Epicure*, in pains,
Finds *Tumults* in his head, and *fire* shoot through his veins.
There wou'd I sport with what the Season yields;
Cold shades, and sunny Banks, and Flow'ry Fields,
Green Meadows, chirping Birds, and purling Streams,
These, with my *Maker's praise*, shou'd be my daily *Themes*.
There men are drest in their own native shape,
Not like *Court Antick*s, or the *City Ape*;
This clad in *Silks*, and which wou'd make one sick,
The other wrapt in *Furs*, two handful thick:

Cool *Searge* for Summer they convenient hold,
And *Frieze*, a Fence against the Winter's cold.
Design'dly they ne're do their Neighbours ill;
The Golden Age is extant with 'em still.
Their converse, free and innocent, does tell
What our *grand Parent* was before he fell.
Under his *Vine* each Man supinely lies;
While o'er his head the *fatal Arrow* flies,
That strikes th' ambitious in their full Career,
And fills the anxious thoughts of Kings with care;
Makes 'em despise the glories of a Crown,
And ly upon the rack on Beds of Down.
A *plain Carriage*, and an *honest Soul*,
A *Friendly Gammon*, and a *Cheerful Bowl*
Y'are sure to meet; Unknowing to deceive,
They wear their inmost mind upon their Sleeve.
If angry, as there's none from Passion free,
They'l not dissemble that you may not see,
But soon will let you know it, sooner will agree.
Thrice happy who the Country's Peace does know;
" *'Tis an Essay, a tast of Heav'n below.*
O Blessed Life! and O ye Immortal Pow'rs,
Here let me pass my few remaining hours,
Redeem the time I've lost, e'r the wide Grave
devours!

Not without Tears, thus wou'd I oft complain,
Thus wou'd I pray, nor did I pray in vain:
Kind Heav'n at last inspir'd my *Patron*'s mind,
Mecænas, still to *Charity* enclin'd,
Mecænas, noble, generous, just and kind:

Nor shall the *grateful Muse* forget his Name,
Till *Vertue* cease to be the *Theme of Fame* :
You know his Worth, too copious to be penn'd,
The *best of Masters*, and the *kindest Friend!*
His Bounty here has fixt my wandring thought,
And, without asking, gave the thing he sought;
Far from the *City*, far from noise and strife;
An easy, frugal, temperate, studious Life.

Now, Sir, you may conclude, I thought to find
All human things adapted to my mind :
The Country like *Arcadia* I believ'd :
Ah ! thus too long I thought, and was too soon deceiv'd !

In vain we toyl and labour to be blest,
And with a swarm of thoughts our minds molest;
We grasp but Air when e're we reach at *rest* :
The *slippery Wanton* sometimes comes in sight,
But in a moment mounts and takes her endless flight;
And in ascending cries, There is no Peace
In City, Country, Waining, or Increase,
Till *weary Life* does *end*, and all our Labours *cease*.

By sad Experience, now, I find the Swain
Is worse than Heathen, more a Slave to gain :

His

His dullness but a politick disguise
To cheat those *Coxcombs* that believe they're wise:
Though not so fine, or florid as the *Cit*,
His *brutish Cunning* baulks the other's *Wit*.
For, like the *Town*, the *Country*'s Custom's Slave,
More full of *Fool*, and quite as full of *Knave*:
And though Vice here is not so frequent known,
Because the Inhabitants are thinner sown,
Yet let regard to *Quantity* be had,
Drop Man for Man, and they are e'en as bad.
Half void of Reason, and quite void of Shame;
Before they know the *Person*, or his *Name*,
They shall expose, and gibbet up his Fame.
Since a *good name*'s so pretious, of all wrongs,
The worst is suffering from malitious Tongues,
Which prove all Tortures end not with our Breath;
For an *ill Tongue* can wound us *after Death*.

Now what Relief? ---- yes, I Relief may get,
If I cou'd trace th' Example *you* have set:
For seldom, in *that Function*, have I found;
In all things, One so *Orthodox* and *sound*.
Cou'd I, like you, be *Master* of my *Will*,
Keep guard on every thought that's prone to ill;
Be ever studious of the *publick Good*
(As every true-born worthy Subject shou'd.)
Stand fast ev'n now when Popery does prevail,
And, but for such as You, wou'd turn the Scale.
Cou'd I (were I as able in my store)
With the same liberal hand relieve the *Poor*;

Suppress

Suppress all vain, inordinate desires,
And clip the Wings of Love's fantastick Fires:
T' *Apostasie* and Errour be severe,
And make the vertuous *Man* as much my care:
Cou'd I be thus, and still be cheerful, gay,
And just (as Heav'n avert but that I may)
I need not *value* what the *envious* say;
Dauntless I'd stand their rage, and take the Field;
When *Vertue*'s our *Impenetrable Shield*, (yield.
The *World*, the *Devil*, *Flesh* and their loose *Agents*

FINIS.

X 4